



**C. F. ANDREWS**  
**REPRESENTATIVE WRITINGS**

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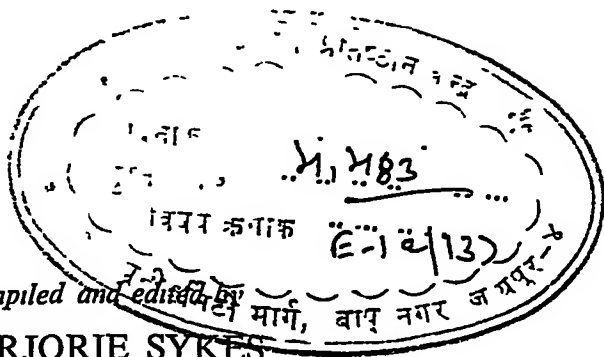
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# C. F. ANDREWS

## REPRESENTATIVE WRITINGS



Compiled and edited by  
MARJORIE SYKES

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## FOREWORD

C. F. ANDREWS was one of the most remarkable Englishmen ever to come out to India. He combined a mind of the finest quality with a total commitment to the first principles of Christianity. He was a close friend of Mahatma Gandhu, Tagore and Jawaharlal Nehru, he taught generations of students in Delhi and Santiniketan, and he served with love and devotion the Indian people both in their own homeland and wherever they were settled abroad. It is, therefore, fitting that we should remember this gentle yet unrelenting rebel against untruth and injustice wherever they were to be found; and the best way of doing so is to read a representative collection of his writings. The collection here, put together by Miss Marjorie Sykes, another fine example of the true Christian tradition, both depict the evolution of his noble spirit and reveal the diverse ways in which he served our country and humanity. I am sure they still have a message for us, especially our young men and women.

S NURUL HASAN

MINISTER OF EDUCATION AND SOCIAL WELFARE  
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

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## INTRODUCTION

C F. ANDREWS WAS KNOWN during his lifetime by a number of titles of affection and respect, and some also of abuse and contempt. Among the needy and oppressed he was *Deenabandhu*, 'the friend of the poor'; for those who understood the *bhakti* which inspired his work he was 'C. F. A.—Christ's Faithful Apostle', friends who watched his tireless efforts to build bridges between conflicting parties or hostile political and racial camps nicknamed him affectionately 'the hyphen' or 'the shuttlecock'. Men of narrower vision, whose loyalties were limited to their own nation, called him (from the English side) 'a traitor' and a 'rebel', and (from the Indian side) 'an insidious enemy' and 'a Government spy' And those who saw the humble and loving spirit in which he accepted abuse and suffering and danger, and the triumph in his life of love and joy and peace, did not hesitate to call him a saint.

Andrews deserves another title of honour He was one of the prophets, he was the rebel-prophet of our times A 'prophet' is not only, or chiefly, a man who foresees the future; he is a man whose spiritual vision penetrates below the surface of life to its inner core He sees into the real meaning of the age in which he lives Any power he possesses to foretell the future depends on his power to pierce through externals and discern the truth of the present

Andrews' claim to be called a prophet rests upon his writings; some of which have been collected in this book The passages have been compiled from books and magazine articles which only historians now seek out Some were written as long ago as 1907;

the most recent of them are between thirty and forty years old; yet they are almost startlingly relevant to the human situation in the seventies. Andrews' prophetic vision made him a rebel, he cried out against the false gods of his times and proclaimed revolution, in the name of justice, humanity, truth—and Christ Revolution was an unfashionable word in the twenties, and to call Jesus a revolutionary was for most people almost blasphemy. But Andrews' thought should have meaning today, when so many young and sensitive spirits are in rebellion (as he was) against the same false gods and seek (as he did) a better and more human way of life. This book is for youth and the future.

The following selections have been chosen from Andrews' published writings to illustrate as many aspects as possible of his interests and his career. The first section reflects the development of his attitudes and interests through the long period which he called his 'apprenticeship'. The second recalls the influence of Tagore, and the third the many campaigns for freedom and justice, in which his life-long concern for the down-trodden found new expression through his friendship with Gandhi. Then follow a group of somewhat longer passages which illustrate Andrews' sense of the significance of history, not as a mere academic study, but as a record of human achievement and failure which is the clue to the present and the key to the future. Finally, the 'inward autobiography' begun in the extracts from *What I Owe to Christ* is supplemented by later autobiographical writing and by some of his loving studies of the life of Jesus.

Andrews, the prophet, was wholly concerned with the message he had to deliver, and not in the least with the style in which he delivered it, except insofar as the style might help to get the message understood by the largest possible number of people. A friend remembered him, 'sitting through the cool morning hours writing his articles, paragraph after paragraph with scarcely a pause, scarcely a correction'. His articles and books were written under a great sense of urgency and among the pressures

of a thousand demands. For most of his life he had no 'office facilities'; he would copy out an important article six or eight times with his own hand, and then himself hurry with it to the post-office. If he missed the mail, some Santiniketan schoolboy would be sent running to catch the later despatch from Bolpur. Obviously, no revision or 'polish' was possible.

Further, the same material, in identical or closely similar words, would be incorporated in several articles, pamphlets or books, and published by more than one publisher, and in both India and England. The same incidents may be described over and over again in different books. On the other hand, a topical article on a 'hot' subject might assume, in a contemporary reader, knowledge of background material which now, fifty years later, must be supplied from some other article

These circumstances are recalled in order to explain the method followed in making these selections. Many of them have been considerably shortened, the aim being to preserve Andrews' own words, and the trend of his thought or argument, while pruning away repetitions, superfluous phrases, and material of no permanent interest. When several alternative versions are available, an attempt has been made to select the most complete, and to fill in any omissions, when necessary, from other sources. Some of the writings are therefore compilations; where this is so, it is indicated in the introduction to the passage itself

This partial re-arrangement of the text of Andrews' published writings has been made in the belief that for the purpose of this volume the exact original context is of minor importance. The volume is planned to offer to the student and the general reader a clear and balanced presentation of Andrews' thought in his own words

Finally I wish to thank Andrews' publishers who have permitted these extracts from his works to be re-published, and to express my



warm appreciation of all the courtesy and help I have received from the staffs of the Delhi libraries (St Stephen's College, Gandhi Memorial Library, Nehru Memorial Library, National Archives) which have preserved copies of Andrews' books and of the periodicals in which some of the articles appeared. I am also grateful to the staff of the library of the United Theological College, Bangalore, for copies of material preserved there; and to the Gandhi Peace Foundation for much practical help and support. Unlike Andrews, I have had some 'office facilities,' and am grateful to Quaker House New Delhi for providing them, and to the patient, friendly typists who copied and re-copied material.

MARJORIE SYKES

# C.F. ANDREWS : A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

## I

CHARLES FREER ANDREWS WAS BORN in England in 1871. He died in India, in his seventieth year, in 1940. For the first thirtythree years of his life he lived wholly in England; his whole character and outlook were formed there. Then, in 1904, he came to India. By 1907 he had come to look upon India as his second motherland, and for the next thirty-three years, he served India as faithfully as he served England. The years 1904-1907 were not only the central point of his life-span in an arithmetical sense. They were also the critical turning point of his life. He himself used to say that he was one of the 'twice born'; and that these three years were the period of his second birth.

Therefore, if we want to understand fully what message Andrews has for us today, we need to know first what kind of man he was when he came to India in 1904; and how his early experiences in India influenced him

## II

'Charlie' Andrews was the second son of a large family, and lived during most of his childhood and youth in the industrial city of Birmingham. The family belonged to a small Christian sect which practised its religion with very great devotion. Charlie's grand-father had been one of its leaders; he had sacrificed a good deal of worldly success and comfort in order to serve God according to his conscience. His father had the same courage and devotion. He was a minister of the Church; he was also active in local politics. He was a conservative with a strong belief in personal freedom; it is said that he would vote boldly and openly for the things he believed in, even if he was only one against hundreds. Charlie

certainly learned from his father his courage to stand alone, and the principle that religion and politics should not be kept apart. He also learned a sensitiveness to the claims of honour and self-respect, and a great love for natural beauty.

There was another lesson which he never forgot. In his own autobiography<sup>1</sup> he tells of how the friend who had been entrusted with the care of his mother's money had misused it, so that the family was reduced to poverty. The manner in which his father was able to overcome anger with forgiveness and to lead his family in prayer for the man who had wronged him, made an impression on Charlie which shaped his whole life.

The sudden loss of money might have cut short Andrews' education, but he had won a school scholarship which enabled him to continue his studies.

### III

After a brilliant school career, Andrews was able to win a university scholarship and so to enter Pembroke College, Cambridge. This was in 1890, when he was nineteen years old. Shortly before going to Cambridge he had the great religious experience which he describes in his autobiography<sup>2</sup> and which made him a life-long *bhakta* of Jesus Christ. He expressed his love and devotion by beginning at once to visit the poorest and most degraded slums in Birmingham, to make friends with the people and try to help them. Even as a boy, he soon understood that it was not enough to offer "first-aid" to individuals, but that the economic *system* would have to be changed if the injustice and suffering were to be ended.

When Andrews went to Cambridge, therefore, he was already trying to apply his religion to problems of public affairs. He soon met Bishop Westcott of Durham, who was the founder and President of the Christian Social Union, and who was entering actively

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<sup>1</sup> See *My First Forty Years*, p. 24

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* p. 26.

into the problems of industrial labour and of urban slums. Pembroke College had a house in a poverty-stricken area of London where Andrews worked as a volunteer during his vacations. In other ways also Cambridge, and especially Westcott, broadened his religious outlook and kindled his interest in India. "India is one of the great *thinking* nations of the world", Westcott would say. He looked forward to a friendly interchange between western Christian thinkers and Indian spiritual leaders which might shed new light on such treasures of Christian *bhakti* as the writings of St. John. Westcott's son Basil, who was a close college friend of Andrews, himself joined the staff of St. Stephen's College in Delhi, of which his father was a keen supporter.

That came later, however. During the years 1890-1895, Andrews took degrees in classics and in theology, both with first-class honours. He was told later that his papers for the second examination were the best which had been submitted in Cambridge for ten years. A year later, he wrote an essay on *Christianity and the Relationship between Capital and Labour*, which won a Cambridge prize and was published in 1896 when Andrews was twenty-five years old. It is specially interesting because it shows that Andrews was already thinking out the principles of economic justice which occupied his attention all through his life.

Charlie Andrews, in fact, was gifted with a first-rate mind, and his thorough university training had taught him how to study, to collect evidence and check it, to select significant facts, to present an argument clearly and methodically. This academic education was to be of the greatest practical service to him. When, in later years, he met hard-headed businessmen and cynical officials in order to put the case of indentured labourers, or inarticulate railwaymen, or some other oppressed and exploited group, he had all the relevant facts at his finger-tips. He could marshal his arguments with a clarity that was unanswerable, and with a courtesy and charm that were irresistible. As a friend said of him, he could be 'wise as the serpent' while he appeared 'harmless as the dove'. His keen intellect met the best minds of India and the world as their intellectual equal.

In 1895, however, Andrews left Cambridge to devote himself to the poor and needy of his own country. He spent a few months in a ship-building town on the northeast coast of England, trying to live on the same pitifully small amount as the people around him, and often having to do without a meal. Then he went to work at the Pembroke College House in London. The five years he spent there were of critical importance in moulding his life. He had the greatest admiration for the courage and gaiety with which so many poor people carried their burdens, and a deep affection and pity for them in their weaknesses. Alongside his daily personal service of the needy, he studied the underlying problems of slum housing, unemployment, and the power-structure. "My experience," he wrote, "made me an out-and-out opponent of the capitalist system". At the same time, it was expected that in his position he should become an ordained priest of the Church of England, and he was eager to dedicate himself fully to Christian service in this way. But in some of the forms of worship which a priest had to conduct there were old phrases of vengeance against the wrong-doer and the unbeliever which seemed out of place in the church of the forgiving and loving Christ. Because of these, Andrews hesitated; but in the end his desire for service overcame his doubts and he became a priest.

The conflict in his mind, however, brought a serious breakdown in health, and in 1900 Andrews returned to Cambridge and joined the staff of his own College. During the next three or four years he was fully occupied with college affairs. He had not forgotten his interest in India, but it seemed that his own work might be in England, as a Christian pioneer of radical social change in his own country. Then news came that his friend Basil Westcott had died of cholera in Delhi. In March 1904 Andrews arrived in India to take his friend's place as a teacher in St. Stephen's College.

#### IV

The next three years, as we saw at the beginning, were the turn-

ing point of Andrews' life. The key to them is found in Andrews' close friendship with the great Indian Christian nationalist, Sushil K. Rudra, who was then Vice-Principal of St. Stephen's College. Rudra had been Basil Westcott's closest Indian friend; he was a good deal older than Andrews, and their relationship illustrates another aspect of Andrews' character which was important for his achievement in India.

Andrews was by temperament an artist. When he was still a schoolboy, his gift for drawing and painting was so outstanding that he was offered a scholarship for the School of Art, and he might have become an artist if he had not refused this and gone to Cambridge instead. Painting in water-colour was one of his hobbies even in India. He had also the power to identify himself with another man's experience which makes a great actor, he could act well and loved drama; he loved poetry and music. From time to time his spiritual experience found expression in visions, which sometimes decided his course of action.

This highly sensitive artistic temperament made him, like other artists, a blend of the masculine and the feminine. The feminine element in his nature was very strong; he was devoted to his own mother, he entered with immediate understanding into the Indian reverence for motherhood and the Indian concept of God as Mother. In his friendships, masculine comradeship was blended with maternal solicitude. He admired Rudra's vigorous thought; he also felt a "motherly" compassion for the man who had recently lost both his friend and his wife, and had been left alone with three motherless children.

In Andrews' first weeks in Delhi, he and Rudra would take long long walks together, outside the Kashmir Gate and along the Ridge. Rudra's talk was in many ways a shock to Andrews. Andrews had thought that British rule had been a blessing to India, Rudra showed him the evidence that India had been impoverished. Andrews had never met any race prejudice in Cambridge (it did not exist there when he was a student), Rudra told him how Indians could be humiliated in India. Andrews had had no religious fellowship with Christians outside the Church of England;

Rudra showed him how un-Christian such isolation could be. In short, in those few weeks Rudra had directed Andrews' thoughts to the three areas in which he was to do his special work for India: the moral and spiritual case for national independence, the challenge of racial pride, and the search for a life of true religion transcending man-made divisions.

After a month in Delhi with Rudra, Andrews went to Simla to learn Urdu. There he saw for himself the 'white-caste' spirit of which Rudra had spoken. He defied Simla custom and made friends with his gentle, cultured Urdu teacher Maulvi Shams-uddin—the beginning of a lifetime of humble learning from saints of all religions

Two years later, when Andrews was acting temporarily, during the hot weather, as Chaplain at Sanawar, 'white-caste' exclusiveness touched him in a very personal way. He discovered that the attitude of one of his British colleagues was such that it would not be possible for Rudra to stay there as his guest. The insult to his friend, and to India, made Andrews burn with shame. Just at that time, a letter was published in a Lahore newspaper which abused Indian leaders in humiliating terms. With a heart full of indignation and sorrow Andrews sat down and answered it. The writer, he said, had been cruelly unjust. He strongly defended the Indian leaders, signing his letter with his full name, address, and official rank: Military Chaplain

The letter was a landmark in Andrews' life. In 1906, a great new wave of national aspiration was sweeping over India. Japan's victory over Russia at the battle of Tsushima in 1904 had made a tremendous impression throughout Asia. In India, the partition of Bengal in 1905 had seemed to symbolise the failure of the British rulers to respond to the feelings of those they ruled. There was in the national movement much noble idealism and readiness for sacrificial service, but most British officials were too isolated from educated Indians to be aware of this, they were afraid that the fiftieth anniversary of the 'Mutiny' in 1907 might bring another rebellion, and they were tempted to regard all nationalists as terrorists

In such an atmosphere of racial suspicion and hostility, a letter such as Andrews' at once attracted attention. Leading Indian nationalists sought him out, he met men like Lala Lajpat Rai, Ramananda Chatterji, Tej Bahadur Sapru, Gopal Krishna Gokhale. His writings began to appear in Indian journals. He attended the Indian National Congress in Calcutta in December 1906, and heard the President, Dadabhai Naoroji, publicly claim for India 'Swaraj like that of the United Kingdom' Andrews welcomed the claim, and said so in the press

So by 1907, Andrews had become a rebel. It was, essentially, a moral rebellion. He rebelled in the name of the brotherhood of man against racial pride and caste arrogance—for Andrews always felt that caste pride in India was as bad as racial pride elsewhere. He rebelled against the continued denial of political equality and freedom, because of the moral degradation of both rulers and ruled which resulted. He rebelled against his own middle-class security, as something to which he had no moral right in a world of desperate need.

Before the end of 1907 St. Stephen's College, led by Rudra and Andrews, had declared itself, publicly and clearly, for racial equality and for political freedom. During that year the English Principal retired; Andrews, strongly backed by other young Englishmen on the staff, insisted that Rudra the Vice-Principal must become Principal, and flatly refused to accept the position himself. The College also deliberately ignored an official Government circular which forbade the discussion of 'political questions' in colleges. Again, Rudra and Andrews led the way. It was not consistent with the honour and self-respect of the College, they declared, to submit to orders which infringed its academic freedom and were contrary to the most elementary educational principles. The harassment by the C.I.D. which followed convinced Andrews more than ever of the moral degradation of foreign rule; the happiness and moral strength of the Indian-led, inter-racial team at St. Stephen's inspired countless young men to stand up for racial equality and justice.

In 1907 the rebel had thirtythree years of service before him. Those years may be divided, very roughly, into three parts. First



there are the years of service in St Stephen's College, up to the end of 1912. They were years of teaching and study in Delhi, and of widening contacts in India, during this period Andrews wrote many articles, and his first well-known book *The Renaissance in India*. The second phase of his service opens with his meeting with Rabindranath Tagore, and with his comrade Mahatma Gandhi. For the next fifteen years, from then until 1928, his work lay almost wholly in India, or among Indian communities in East and South Africa and in Fiji. These were the years during which he became known as *Deenabandhu*, friend of the poor, brother of the humble. During the third phase from 1928 onwards, he was increasingly the bridge-builder between India and Britain, between East and West. There were nearly ten years of world-wide travel and of writing, from which he returned to India for two or three years of quiet service before the worn-out body was laid to rest.

## V

Andrews was a rebel not only against race prejudice and foreign domination, but also against his own middle class security. In Delhi he felt the contrast between his own comfortable room in St Stephen's and the life of the Hindu *sadhu* whom he could see seated beneath the tree outside his window, homeless and penniless. He saw how the people came to the *sadhu*, and how the *sadhu's* life of renunciation spoke to them in a language they could understand. He remembered Jesus' words that 'the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head,' and Jesus' challenge to the rich. He met Sadhu Sunder Singh who was rejoicing, like St. Francis, in his poverty. He led the St Stephen's College students in their work of social service among the 'outcastes' of Delhi; he proposed that he should give up his college rooms and go and live among the *chamars* in Subzi Mandi, sharing their hardships, as he had lived among the poor in London. Andrews' own bad health made it impossible for him to carry out this dream, but it inspired many of his students. A number of them devoted themselves to this kind of service in

later years, living among villagers and sharing their poverty. The Christian *ashrams* which were founded in India during the twenties owed a great deal to Andrews' vision of communities where *bhaktas* might live together in simplicity and poverty, to serve the poor in the spirit of St. Francis.

Andrews was a great teacher, with the two essential qualities of a teacher—a great love of youth and a great love of knowledge. Classes with him in St. Stephen's, and later on in Santiniketan, were experiences which the lucky students never forgot. Starting from some "text" in English literature, or some theme in world history, he would link up mankind's great thoughts and great achievements from the past with the students' immediate and personal interest in the present and the future. He brought St. Stephen's College into the full current of national life, and related all his teaching to the great task of 'building a new India not unworthy of the old'.

## VI

In 1912 in England Andrews met Rabindranath Tagore. He met him on the historic occasion when some of Tagore's poems were first recited in an English version to an English audience at a private meeting in London. Andrews was drawn to Rabindranath both by the compelling beauty of the poetry, and by his admiration for the moral nobility of Tagore's social and political thought, with which he was already familiar. He was also moved by his 'motherly' compassion for the poet alone in a strange country. The meeting was the beginning of a life-long friendship.

Step by step Andrews came to feel that his 'apprenticeship' in St. Stephen's College was now at an end, and that he should cut loose from institutional security and financial dependence on the church, so that he might be completely free to serve India as and where he was needed. He longed to make his new home with Tagore at Santiniketan, but he did not actually do so until after his first visit to South Africa early in 1914.

For several years G. K. Gokhale had been leading a campaign

in India on behalf of indentured labour in South Africa. In November 1913, Gandhi had started his 'March on the Transvaal' in protest against a number of injustices, and Gokhale was touring India to make Gandhi's case known and to collect funds for the *Satyagrahis*. Andrews offered the whole of his savings for the fund, and volunteered to go to South Africa in person. Gokhale eagerly welcomed this proposal, Rudra recognised that Andrews' real work now lay outside the college, and affectionately let him go. On the 1st of January 1914 Andrews landed at Durban and Gandhi met him at the ship. There, in front of the astounded "white" on-lookers, Andrews bent and touched Gandhi's feet in the Indian gesture of respect.

The visit to South Africa in 1914 made Gandhi and Andrews friends for life. They were almost of the same age, and treated one another as comrades and equals. Their common passion for truth and the service of the poor was deeper than all their many differences of opinion about methods and programmes. "I never did mind disagreeing with Mr Gandhi", wrote Andrews once. "It only makes us love each other better !" During those weeks Andrews saw very little of indentured labour, but his understanding of the moral issues of the Indian struggle, and the personal warmth of his support, meant much to Gandhi both then and later.

In 1915 Gokhale died, worn-out by his labours, and Andrews took up his unfinished work for the indentured labourers and fought to end the near-slavery in which they were bound. Three years later, he had succeeded. "The abolition of the indentured labour system", said a distinguished British official, "was Andrews' greatest single service to the Indian people."

The work was done not in South Africa, but in far-away Fiji, during two visits to the islands in 1915 and 1917. It was done by day after day of tramping the plantations, sleeping anywhere, patiently collecting and sifting the evidence. It was done by keen study of the official reports and statistics, and above all by the clear grasp of moral issues which enabled him so surely to put the first things first. It was done against bitter opposition, not only from the wealthy sugar company that abused him as an agitator,

but even from a Hindu *sadhu* who suspected his motives and called him a double-dealer. But the wretched, half-starved people understood him, it was in Fiji in 1917 that he was first called *Deenabandhu*, friend and brother of the humble

For the next twenty years the Brother of the Humble was to be found everywhere. He travelled India and the world, in his worn and shabby clothes, often with scarcely the price of a meal in his pocket, but driven by his compassion for those whom Tagore had called "the poorest, the lowliest and the lost". Among them, like Tagore, he found the Lord

In 1919, after the terrible events of Jallianwala Bagh, he was in the Punjab, visiting the sufferers, asking forgiveness in person for the wrongs done by his own nation. Many times he was in South and East Africa, defending Indian self-respect against the insults of racial discrimination. He carried his life in his hands—on one night journey in East Africa he was dragged out of the train by angry 'whites' and almost murdered. He refused to report their names to the police, refused to retaliate. Fair-minded white citizens of East Africa were his firm friends, and he had friends also among all the races of South Africa—the British, the Boers and the Africans alike. He pleaded with Indians too to be fair-minded; he rebuked rich Indian merchants who exploited the poor; he also refused to support any political 'reform' which would benefit Indians at the expense of Africans

In India he was to be found always among the poor; he lived among railwaymen who were on strike because of unbearable conditions; among Oriya villagers left homeless by floods, among the frightened people in a cholera camp in East Bengal; among the millworkers of Madras and the 'untouchables' of Kerala. Always he reported faithfully what he saw, always he pleaded—and often in vain—that the powerful should come and see for themselves the sufferings of the poor.

His friendship was a delight and a support to Gandhi, and he was with him in person in his times of special need. He was there to help when Gandhi was sick, and during his great fasts of self-purification. Even when he went 'home' for a few days to Tagore

at Santiniketan he got little rest, for there also were human beings who were lonely, troubled or in need. And there was one other special campaign which he carried through with the same combination of thorough study, shrewd strategy and moral passion which he had shown in the fight against indentured labour. This was the campaign against the opium traffic which culminated in the international Opium Conference at Geneva in November 1924.

## VII

From 1928 until 1937 Andrews was not often in India. He was India's unofficial ambassador in Britain, in the countries of North and Central America, in many parts of Africa (including the west coast where he had never been before), and even in Australia and New Zealand. At first he concentrated on preparing the ground in England for Gandhi's visit to the Round Table Conference in 1931. His books *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas* and *Mahatma Gandhi at Work* were written then.

Then and later, he worked on the principle that a deeper mutual understanding between the best minds of Britain and India, on the plane of their social and spiritual ideals, could be of far more lasting importance than mere political bargaining. When Gandhi arrived in England, Andrews' careful planning ensured that he was able to meet not only political leaders, but thinkers and men of religion. During the following years, as Andrews worked hard to interpret India to those in the British Government who were responsible for drafting the Government of India Act of 1935, his final appeal was always to moral principle rather than to political expediency.

In 1928, Andrews had been invited by a British publisher to write a 'spiritual autobiography', an account of his own religious development. At first he hesitated, but when other people independently made the same request, he realised that this might be one way of sharing a quest for truth which had led him to the East, and so of building bridges between East and West. The book,

*What I Owe to Christ*, was begun during a strenuous and stormy journey in America, and completed in all the turmoil of Gandhi's office in London during the Round Table Conference. "Andrews is a fraud", joked Gandhi. "He pretends he needs quiet for his writing and then sits down in the middle of confusion and produces quiet from within".

This comment was not merely a joke. It describes the secret of all Andrews' influence in the last period of his life. He travelled continually, especially among students and young people in every continent. His intellect was as keen as ever, his devotion to the victims of oppression was as passionate and as self-forgetful; but what impressed people most was the 'quiet from within', an inward peace and joy which marked all he said and did.

During the nineteen-thirties in Europe and America the speed and pressure of the age of technology were just beginning to be felt. This pressure was still very small compared with what it is now, but Andrews himself felt it deeply. The books which he wrote during the last ten years of his life refer again and again to those values which may help humanity to find its way forward to a more serene and more profoundly satisfying way of life.

There was one book that was never written. An intimate Hindu fellow-worker wrote to him in 1933: "I want you to write in simple English the story of the Life of Christ. That is the most important thing you can do, for you have lived like him all these thirty years in India." Andrews tried to respond; he made studies, he wrote fragments, but the calls upon his Christ-like compassion were too many, and his health and strength were failing.

## VIII

"No truth worth knowing can ever be taught, it can only be lived," wrote Andrews once. "Is not this the ultimate thing, to keep the inner light in one's own soul so pure that the truth shines through with its own radiance?"

In Andrews' own life the truth was lived, and its radiance shone

through; all kinds of men recognized it. Even young schoolboys felt 'a change of atmosphere' when he came into their classroom, and 'thought that 'he looked like Jesus'. In 1929, in London, Andrews had lunch with a distinguished British Colonial Governor, in order to discuss wise policies for the multi-racial colony then called British Guiana. After Andrews had gone away, the Governor watched until he was out of sight. Then he turned to his companion and said : "I feel so honoured, it is as though the Lord Himself had come to lunch with me"

That is why men call *Deenabandhu* Andrews a saint, for a saint, it is said, is a window through which men may see God. No one who knew Charlie Andrews could ever forget the radiance of love which streamed from his wonderful eyes. It was a divine radiance. "Love is of God", he would say, quoting his favourite St. John, "and everyone who loves is born of God, and knows God"

Andrews was an artist-saint. He combined the artist's passionate love of all the world's beauty with the saint's power of renunciation. Andrews the artist-rebel was profoundly in debt to Tagore the poet, the revealer of beauty, Andrews the rebel-saint responded eagerly to Gandhi's ascetic strength and moral fervour. He did not see these as contradictions, but as complementary aspects of the one all-embracing Truth. Renunciation and joy, he reminds us, go together. He lived in the spirit of the Christian ideal, 'as having nothing yet possessing all things.'

I

THE 'TWICE-BORN'





## MOTHER AND MOTHERLAND

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED *what it was that made me love India with such an intense love My mother's love and devotion played a unique part in it. All that I saw and learned of Indian motherhood reminded me of my own mother. I have been able to leap to the recognition of Indian devotion because it is so like my mother's. It has made India my home.*

Letter to Rabindranath Tagore, 1914

## MY FIRST FORTY YEARS

(The following account by Andrews of his earlier life was published in 1932 in the book *What I Owe to Christ*. The book was written at the request of the English publishing house Hodder and Stoughton, who asked Andrews to give them a 'spiritual autobiography', an account of the development of his religious experience. It therefore contains very few outward facts, and a few additional details may be of help)

Andrews was a brilliant boy who won prizes easily at school. Besides this, his talent for drawing and painting was so great that when he was about sixteen years old he was offered a scholarship for the full professional course as an artist. His headmaster, however, advised that he should continue to prepare for the university. At Cambridge his achievements were outstanding; he took first class honours with special distinction in his final examinations. When he was obliged by bad health to give up his social work among the London poor, he returned to the university to teach. This academic experience enabled him to bring to all his later work for the oppressed not only a warm heart, but a trained mind, which could master the essentials of a problem and present them with objective accuracy.)

### CHILDHOOD

MY FATHER'S ANCESTORS were religious leaders of the strict Puritan faith in the Eastern part of England. My grandfather followed the family tradition, he married happily and settled down as a preacher in charge of a small congregation.

But during that dark age which followed the fall of Napoleon, it seemed to many as though the Day of Judgment was near. Devout souls expected 'the return of Christ in glory to judge both the quick and the dead,' and spent their time in fasting and prayer. My grandfather was drawn to these gatherings, and leaving his settled home and his church, he went forth on a spiritual adventure, with the full consent of his wife.

In the midst of these heart-shaking events my own father was born, in the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. in 1836

I have never known a more unworldly man than he was. In later years, he used to give us one simple, practical lesson on religion which to him was worth everything else put together. It was this: that if our conscience ever told us clearly at any time that a certain path was right, then we were to take that path in spite of all consequences. He laid every stress upon this inner light and followed it himself in all his undertakings.

My mother's temperament differed widely in certain respects from that of my father. Her nature was more practical than his. He was humble and wise enough to understand this and usually trusted her judgment. She took great care that my father should not be troubled about family matters.

We were fourteen in all, and only one baby girl died in infancy. My own place was fourth, two sisters and one brother coming before me. We made our home in Newcastle-on-Tyne and all my early childhood was spent on the Tyne-side. My mother would never leave our home if she could possibly avoid it, except to go to church and return. We could not conceive of home without her.

When I was six years old, I very nearly lost my life owing to an acute attack of rheumatic fever. This long and severe illness left its mark very deeply on my whole future. My physical weakness remained for a very long time and induced in me a love of reading. In my father's bookcase on an upper shelf I discovered all Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems. They were printed on poor paper with small type, but to me they proved a golden store of wealth. No author has even appealed to me as Scott did, he was my first love in the realm of literary art. The romance of his stories fascinated me.

Soon after I had recovered, my father's religious duties brought him to the crowded industrial city of Birmingham. At rare intervals my father used to take us for a day's excursion outside Birmingham, to a large open park with forest glades and pools. I would dramatise all sorts of incidents from Scott's novels happening in those very woods. Afterwards, in our tiny garden at home, I would carry out on a small scale the same wonderful adventures.

In those early days the inner world of imagination was vividly real

to me. It was possible for me to visualise before my eyes things that I saw with my mind. This led on in boyhood to acute religious fears. My father and my mother taught me that Christ's 'coming' might happen literally 'in a moment'; they were both looking forward with intense joy to this 'coming', and they had no idea that there was anything terrifying in it to me. But on my way home at night time, I would hurry past a certain cemetery with a kind of frantic dread lest at that moment Christ might descend from heaven with a shout, and that the dead would rise out of their graves. These bewildering doctrines about Christ's literal 'coming' began to repel me unconsciously from the first. In later years, it was possible for me to see that the instinct of my childhood had been a true one, and that the theory which had so attracted my grandfather and my father was altogether too literal. The Kingdom of God is already in our midst; wherever the earth is full of darkness, and the sunshine of God's love breaks through, there his Kingdom has come.

My mother had a considerable income of her own, and we were able to live in comfort when I was very young. My father took no stipend from the Church for which he worked, because my mother's income from invested capital was ample for our needs.

But one day it was discovered that the trustee of my mother's property, my father's friend, had been speculating with her money and had lost it all. I can even now see my father's anxious face and my mother trying to console him. I was too young to understand it all. Only the fact that my father's friend had robbed my mother of all her money became clear to me; I wondered what my father would do.

Then came the hour of evening worship, when my father would regularly read one of the psalms from the Old Testament. That evening, it happened to be the psalm that was written by the Hebrew singer concerning a treacherous friend:

"For it is not an open enemy that  
has done me this dishonour;

"But it was even thou, my companion,  
my own familiar friend."

Then my father paused. Some terrible verses followed in the old scripture, calling down a curse upon the traitor; but my father never read those verses. Instead of that he began at once to pray to God for the friend who had done him such a terrible wrong.

In the long run, this event proved to be the best fortune in our family life. Owing to our poverty, we became a united family and learned to find our true pleasure in personal affections rather than in external possessions. We became very poor in outward circumstances but rich in home peace and inward happiness. Later, the trustee asked my parents' forgiveness for what he had done, and a reconciliation was effected.

My father had inherited from my grandfather an ardent belief in the divine right of kings. "All power is of God", he would say, and Queen Victoria represented to him God's sovereign. With great pride, he would tell me that she was Empress of India. The vast Empire in India was, in my father's opinion, the most glorious achievement of the Anglo-Saxon race. Tales of British heroism in India fired my own imagination, and I said to my mother. "When I grow up I am going to live in India." Not one word was told me of the evils and weaknesses involved in the British imperial system. My father simply could not believe that his country had done anything that was unfair or ungenerous to others. These same patriotic convictions were so strongly in-wrought in my own character that it was long before I could be induced even by my own experience to believe that there was 'another side to the medal'.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *The Other Side of the Medal* is the title of a well-known book written by Edward Thompson which shows how much cruelty and injustice had been committed by the British side during the 'Mutiny' of 1857, and so corrects the one-sided emphasis in earlier English accounts of the events.

## ADOLESCENCE

At King Edward VI School, Birmingham, when adolescence came, temptations arose for which I was altogether unprepared. The strain of public school life tended to force the pace of mental development while the body still remained feeble. At a rapid pace I was pushed up the school from one class to another. This process left me always the youngest boy in the class and an easy victim for the stronger boys to bully. In self-protection I gradually gave way to the school environment and soon learnt evil habits which my conscience told me were wrong. Yet the externals of piety remained, and I knew that I was expected to follow my father in the ministry of the 'Catholic Apostolic' church.

The time had nearly come for me to leave school and go to Cambridge. One day my father proposed to me quite definitely that I should seek to enter the ministry of the Church. I had not the courage to tell him that in such a state of mind as I was in then, I should be nothing less than a hypocrite if I did so. It was the right moment for a frank confession and I missed it. During the weeks that followed, my conscience became acutely awake, but still I refrained from speaking to my father as I should have done.

An evening came when, in the usual formal way, I had knelt down to say my evening prayer. Suddenly without warning the strong conviction of sin and impurity came upon me with such overpowering strength that every shred of false convention was torn aside and I knew myself as I really was. To describe the sudden agony which followed is quite beyond my powers. I buried my head in my hands and knelt there alone with God in an anguish of spirit that blotted out everything else and left me groping for the light. So intense was the agony that I was quite unconscious of the lapse of the hours. The struggle went on long into the night.

At last a new and wonderful sense of peace and forgiveness came stealing into my life at its very centre. I dare not venture to explain further the process of the change, but I knew without doubt that Christ was my Saviour and that his love had won my heart for ever. The chain of evil habit was broken; its hold over me had vanished.

The first thought that came to me was a practical one. Like the lepers who were cleansed by Christ I ought to 'return and give glory to God'. There was an early morning service each day at six o'clock in the church. I went to sleep, and opened my eyes in the morning at half-past five. During the service the new song was ringing in my heart all the while and my thoughts were soaring upward. All the peace and joy of forgiveness came back, until the flood of God's abounding love was poured around me like the great ocean, wave upon wave, while I knelt with bowed head to receive it. I waited on in the church a long while, kneeling in thankful adoration, in the end the doorkeeper came and tapped me abruptly on the shoulder, thinking I had fallen asleep. Christ has been the living Christ to me ever since. My articulate life as a Christian began from that day. This fact has to be taken for granted by anyone who wishes to understand the meaning of Christ in my life and what I owe to him.

Almost the next day, I began to put this new-found joy into practice. Near the church was a slum quarter where drunkenness and vice were forced upon the poor by their poverty itself. Never before had I even dreamt of visiting these houses or seeing these poor people. But now they became very dear to me for Christ's sake. It was not difficult for me to make friends, and I would go from house to house seeking to help them whenever occasion arose.

During this wonderful time something entirely new changed the very scenery of daily existence. The sky seemed a brighter blue, all the earlier joy I had in nature came back to me with redoubled power. One night of the full moon I got up and went walking on and on, right through the night into the sunrise, singing to myself all the way. On another day, a holiday, I entered Lichfield Cathedral at the time of evening prayer. The evening light came streaming through the windows; as evensong began, the voices of the singers reached me.

Then something happened. I became lost altogether to time and space and outer things as I passed upward into realms of unimaginable light. In the end I found myself back amidst external things and went on my way rejoicing. On the road outside the



Cathedral, a tramp met me who begged alms from me, and I can remember well the joy with which I emptied my pockets and gave him every coin I had, in sheer delight

Clement of Alexandria described the Christian life as a 'perpetual spring time'. That was my own experience during these wonderful days, and I do not think the freshness of that period has ever passed out of my life in spite of very great suffering and sorrow.

### CAMBRIDGE

All this came just before my entrance in October 1890 into University life at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

My college tutor, Charles Hermann Prior, was able to share with me my new-found joy; for he had experienced the same awakening. His home became my home during the stormy years that lay before me. Never till I reached India have I had a friendship like that. How wonderful a thing is human friendship!

It was an age of intellectual enquiry, and Cambridge University was open to every wave of thought. I have valued the many years I spent at Cambridge as a student and as a teacher, during the critical years of early manhood. In such a keen and biting air, it was not possible to creep along by sheltered channels with the vessel of my life.

In those years the peculiar religious creed which had supported my home life was shattered. I had already broken with the idea of the verbal inspiration of the Bible. Other questionings also sorely tried me. I was obliged to surrender much that I had held sacred before.

As the years went forward, the conviction was being strengthened that I could no longer hold to my father's church. Our common faith in Christ remained unchanged, yet the step had to be taken which would spiritually sever me from my home. I was confirmed in the Church of England, but the pain of separation from my father and mother by this act was too great for me to feel any joy in it. The inner light of the Spirit had grown dim.

One evening I sat in my room with a Bible open before me, in utter heart weariness. Just then there came to me a vision that changed once more the tenor of my life. I saw no outward form, but I was conscious of an over-shadowing presence and an ineffable peace. The radiance was inward, not outward, and it flooded my whole being. It came upon me suddenly, just as in my conversion, it was the fulfilment of that earlier experience and it brought the final and complete assurance of inner peace. It gave me courage where courage was most needed; and it seemed to renew the inner light to guide me on my way.

My one supreme wish now was to find my life work among the poor, in South-East London. I found there a joy which carried me through the doubts of college days. There among the poor I found Christ.

In the late autumn of 1895 I left Cambridge and went as a lay worker to Sunderland in one of the most poverty-stricken districts in the north of England. The place was a centre of the ship-building industry; poverty and hunger were widespread. I tried to live on nearly the same scale as the shipyard labourers who were my daily companions. A room had been provided for me, for food and everything else I tried to manage on ten shillings a week. I often felt hunger and knew what it meant to go without a meal.

The history of the ancient church where I worshipped went back unbroken for fourteen hundred years; the Venerable Bede had worshipped on that very spot. Now at last came to me a new vision of the past. I made pilgrimages to the ancient shrines of Christianity in the north of England, and began to cherish a deep love for the Mother Church of England. If I was obliged later to revolt against some things, it does not mean that my love has grown less. The very opposite is the truth. Long years spent in Eastern lands have only served to draw me closer to this home worship in my own country.

From Sunderland I went to the Pembroke College mission in East London. In those days the district was not only full of poverty but of crime also. Owing to lack of employment, whole families would sink down to hunger bordering on starvation. Death was

constantly present. But a happier crowd of people could hardly be imagined. The way in which they went through their troubles with a brave smile did one good to witness. There was no difficulty about loving and serving people like these, for they gave out love in return in overflowing measure. In this atmosphere of human fellowship the Gospel rang out true and real to me as it had not done at Cambridge.

I now felt certain that it was God's will for me to work among the poor, but some things made me hesitate to face ordination. If I desired to find Christ not only as the life and the way but also as the truth, I must be scrupulously honest with myself. I had misgivings about some of the 'Articles' of belief which have to be signed by each candidate. At last I signed in a "general" sense, without accepting every clause. I still retained misgivings which became greater as the years went by. My conscience troubled me in other directions. There were two recitations which I could never tolerate without shame in a Christian Church. Certain psalms of hatred and vengeance had to be recited in the daily service on certain days of the month. I was literally afraid to repeat them. The second stumbling block was the crude dogmatic narrowness with which all 'unbelievers' are condemned in the opening clauses of the Athanasian Creed. I blamed myself for lack of faith, while as a matter of fact God was calling me to be more faithful.

The subconscious strain brought chronic ill-health, and it became evident that I must give up the college mission work. Soon after I had returned to Cambridge, Charles Prior became seriously ill. His death was the first great sorrow of this kind that I had ever had to bear. It was followed closely by that of the Master of Pembroke, and our President Sir George Gabriel Stokes and others. Basil Westcott, the greatest of all my college friends, had gone to Delhi; he fell a victim to cholera there. Bishop Westcott himself, Basil's father, died in a good old age. He had been the founder and president of the Christian Social Union which inspired our work in the college mission, and I had worked under him in Sunderland.

In those days the unseen world became real to me in a way I had

never known before. A strange incident happened towards the end of my days at Cambridge. One summer evening I was standing alone in the college screens, outside the hall facing the porter's lodge. It was twilight and the air was still and calm. I saw someone coming towards me slowly, bearing the sacred vessels in his hand. The thought at once came to my mind that it was the Vicar of Little St. Mary's Church bringing the sacrament to someone who was ill in college. There was no sense of mystery, everything appeared quite natural, and my mind was untroubled. I was preparing to stand aside when, instead of proceeding further, the figure turned towards a door in the Old Court and vanished away. The door that he was facing was half covered with a creeper and unused.

It was some time before I realized that the vision had come from within, but for many years afterwards it helped me to keep my hold upon those realities which are eternal. To others, of course, it could have no such significance, yet in my own personal life it carried with it a sustaining joy.

## DELHI

There is a second birthday in my life; the date is March 20. For that was the day in 1904 when I first set foot on Indian soil and began my new life in the East. Thus, half of my life has been lived in the west and half in the east. Any claim I have to being an interpreter between East and West comes from this source.

After nearly thirty years of life spent in the East, Christ has become, not less central and universal, not less divine, but more so, because more universally human. Some day I would like to draw his likeness anew, with the colour of the Eastern sky added to the scene.<sup>1</sup>

Susil Rudra, who had been Basil Westcott's greatest friend, welcomed me to St. Stephen's College, Delhi. I found in him one

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<sup>1</sup> See *Fragments of a Life of Christ*

who was a friend indeed. His friendship made me able to appreciate the new life of India from the inside. Susil was able to bring me into close contact with all that young India was thinking. He was a patriot in no ordinary sense of the word and he also brought to his Christian belief an independent and original mind. Each day we would walk together on the Ridge, or enter the crowded city to meet Hindu and Muslim friends whose sons we taught in College, or cross the bridge over the River Jumna in order to see the nearer villages. Susil soon made me enthusiastic for village India, and saved me from the fatal mistake of judging everything in India by the towns.

In some mission circles there was a controversial attitude towards other religions. This was repugnant to me, and I was not alone in my opinions. In all such discussions Susil Rudra expressed the opinion that the fragrance of a true Christian life was worth all the propagandist teaching in the world. It was of very great interest to me to find in later years that Mahatma Gandhi has stated the same view as Susil, in almost identical words.

Talks with Bishop Westcott had done more than anything else to prepare me for this new life in India. He had placed India side by side with Greece—these, he said were the two great *thinking* nations who had made the history of the world. There was one other influence for which I ever remained grateful. Professor E.G. Browne was a fellow of my own college; the long talks I had with him gave me a background of appreciation of Islam. Yet it was not easy to get rid of prejudices. Susil was in this respect the greatest help of all, and he gradually weaned me from racial and imperial ideas.

For some years I had settled down very happily to the work of the college in Delhi. Then the longing came back to me to live among the poor. There was a suburb of old Delhi called Sabzi Mandi, which was within a bicycle ride from the college. In that quarter, the Chamars, who are untouchables and outcastes, have their dwellings. It seemed to me it might be quite feasible to live among the Chamars and continue to lecture in the college.

Susil was at one with me, and the bishop at once responded to

such a venture of faith But the plan broke down. Attacks of malarial fever became so persistent that it became necessary for me to spend considerable time in the hills In these hills I was brought into closest contact with two remarkable men, Samuel Stokes, a young American of Quaker origin, and Sadhu Sunder Singh Both of these shared all the longing I had to live among the poor. They had already done this themselves They used to come down to the plains in the cold weather and go barefoot through the villages, homeless and penniless like the first Franciscans, the 'little brothers of the poor'.

This great experiment was a 'corn of wheat' sowed in the fruitful soil of India. It died a natural death when Stokes married, but the germinal idea has risen again in the Christian ashrams These and other ventures of faith have shown that Christ is still calling those who will follow him to the service of the lowliest and the lost.

### SOUTH AFRICA

Mr Gokhale in the early years of the present century was one of the most trusted leaders of the Indian people. In November 1913 he asked me to go to South Africa to help the Indian community, which was suffering the wrongs of the indenture system. Ever since the year 1861, Indians had been recruited for the plantations of Natal Very many thousands had gone, until there were more Indians in Natal than Europeans.

The original signed agreement with the Indian Government was that if the labourers fulfilled five years' service under indenture, they should be free to settle in Natal. But the Natal Government hoped, by imposing a three-pound tax on every Indian who came out of indenture, either to get back the Indians on to the plantations or to drive them out of the country. They were far too poor to pay such a tax

When every other method of appeal had been tried, Mahatma Gandhi gathered together a 'ragged army' of indentured labourers

from the coalmines of northern Natal, and marched into the Transvaal with more than two thousand men, women and children. By leaving the mines and also by entering the Transvaal they invited imprisonment, for these were punishable offences. In the end every leader including Mahatma Gandhi was in jail or under arrest. The news was sent to India, and the public indignation, 'burning and deep', was expressed by Lord Hardinge himself, the Viceroy, in a famous speech at Madras. It was at this juncture that Mr Gokhale asked me to go to Natal. My friend Willie Pearson accompanied me. When we arrived at Durban, to our great surprise we found Mahatma Gandhi waiting for us. He had been released by General Smuts unconditionally with a view to coming to terms.

We soon found out that the root of the mischief was the colour question. The *Grondwet* or fundamental law of the Boer Republics had run: "There shall be no equality between white and black either in Church or State". The desire of Europeans generally was to get rid of Indians as a 'coloured' race, and to keep them in an inferior position so long as they remained. Soon we experienced racial prejudice personally, the Christian Church was itself infected.

One Sunday morning the Dean asked me to preach in the Cathedral. My heart was burning within me at the cruel things I had seen. I had taken as my text Elijah's challenge to the priests of Baal.<sup>1</sup> There were two idols, I said, in South Africa; 'gold' and 'race prejudice'. All the pent-up feeling in my mind came out in that sermon.

Afterwards it seemed as though I had utterly failed to make any impression. But a generous letter came, thanking me, from J.S. Merriman. "I would like you to know that there are a few here who have not 'bowed the knee to Baal'". One of these is a saint, and I am sending you a book of his poems." The book was by *Arthur Shearly Cripps*,<sup>2</sup> a young poet who was living in a very simple

<sup>1</sup>The story is found in the Old Testament, I Kings, Chapter XVII.

<sup>2</sup>Later in 1934, after meeting Andrews, Arthur Cripps wrote a lovely poem about him.

fashion among the Africans, sharing their hard lot.

I learned the secret of Africa first from a South African lady, Miss Molteno, who in a life-long struggle for the oppressed 'had not bowed the knee to Baal'. "Only as you are ready to suffer", I heard her say at an Indian meeting, "can you become worthy children of Africa Suffering is our divine right."

On another occasion a meeting had been arranged by the Indian community in Durban, and a large number of Zulus were present I had marked the grave dignity of their bearing After the meeting I had just sat down to tea with an old Musalman named Mian Khan in his shop, when two Zulu leaders entered, and we invited them to sit down with us Then one of them, pointing to me, said to Mian Khan, "We want to ask him a question". When this was interpreted I said, "Please tell me what is in your mind" He answered "We have seen by the look in your eyes that you are ready to die for the Indians Are you ready to die for us?"

This simple question went direct to my heart I paused, in order to speak with entire sincerity, and then said, "Yes, if the time comes, I am ready." For it came to me like a flash while I paused, that in Christ's service there can be no thought of race at all.

At Phoenix Ashram, where Mahatma Gandhi and his followers had built up their own religious life together, there was a sweetness and simplicity in utter contrast with the racial bitterness outside One day, while I was walking with Mahatma Gandhi there, we saw a man crouching near the sugarcane He drew close and touched Mr Gandhi's feet, and then pointed to some unhealed wounds across his back which had evidently been inflicted by a lash. He had run away, and had now come for protection I came forward to examine the wounds, but when he saw that I was a European he suddenly started back with fear, as though I might strike him. That look of fear on his face haunted me for many days. I saw with my own eyes what was occurring under the indenture system in Natal

After a settlement of the Indian question had been reached I went back to England. My mother had passed away soon after I



arrived in South Africa, and I had promised to stay with my father for a while. My home visit was one of the greatest happinesses of his declining years

Then I went back to India, determined to launch out at last into a wider world. I desired to throw in my lot with the people of the country, and no longer to depend for support on foreign resources. I was in constant revolt against the narrowness of Government control of education. More than anything else perhaps, I was in revolt against the outworn order of things. A new age was thundering at the door. Now that my apprenticeship had been served at Delhi, it was right that I should be free. The Cambridge Brotherhood of which I had been a member recognized that God was calling me to new work, and the separation came without any break in our inner relations of love and fellowship.

I have been blessed with wonderful friendships. They have sprung out of the love in my heart for Christ, the friend of friends. Among the dearest of all are Muslims and Hindus. Their love has been so spontaneous and generous-hearted that it has brought with it a wider perspective surmounting all conventional barriers of race or religion. I have found myself a learner at the feet of saints whose life-surrender to the will of God was far more wholehearted than my own.

My one great longing in recent years has been that the bounds of this fellowship should be enlarged, and our bitter religious jealousies, which are utterly unworthy of the name of God, should cease. This longing I owe to Christ. But without a change of environment, I could never have come out so completely under God's open sky. Contact with such great spirits as Susil Kumar Rudra, Rabindranath Tagore and Mohandas Gandhi gave me the shock I needed. Owing to Rabindranath Tagore more than any other living person, I have learned to claim that spiritual freedom which is the very soul of truth and love.

## INDIA AWAKENS

(Andrews began his career in India as a teacher of English and history in St Stephen's College, Delhi. The College had both Indian and British members of staff, and relationships were warm and friendly. Professor Susil Kumar Rudra was Andrews' own closest friend. But he soon became painfully aware of the arrogance and contempt which poisoned the attitude of many British residents towards Indians, and was deeply hurt by an incident in 1906 which involved discourtesy towards Rudra himself. He protested publicly in a letter to the press at the gross injustice of the accusations made in influential circles against Indian national leaders. As a result, many of the leaders got in touch with him, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, who was so closely associated with Mahatma Gandhi's work in South Africa, won his special respect. From that time, Andrews began writing regularly for Indian journals, and also undertook the interpretation of the Indian national awakening to the English public by means of articles and books published in England, such as *The Renaissance in India*, from which this extract is taken)

AT THE CLOSE of the year 1904 it was clear to those who were watching the political horizon that great changes were impending in the East. Storm-clouds had been gathering thick and fast. The air was full of electricity. The war between Russia and Japan had kept the surrounding peoples on the tip-toe of expectation. A stir of excitement passed over the North of India. Even the remote villagers talked over the victories of Japan as they sat in their circles and passed round the *hugga* at night. One of the older men said to me, 'There has been nothing like it since the Mutiny.' A Turkish consul of long experience in Western Asia told me that in the interior you could see everywhere the most ignorant peasants 'tingling' with the news. Asia was moved from one end to the other, and the sleep of the centuries was finally broken. It was a time when it was 'good to be alive', for a new chapter was being written in the book of the world's history.

My own work at Delhi was at a singular point of vantage. It was a meeting-point of Hindus and Musalmans, where their opinions could be noted and recorded. Men of all religions spoke

freely to me of their hopes and aims To the Musalmans, the reverses of Russia seemed to mark the limit of the expansion of the Christian nations over the world's surface To the Hindus, the old-time glory and greatness of Asia seemed destined to return. The material aggrandisement of the European races at the expense of the East seemed at last to be checked The whole of "Buddha-land" from Ceylon to Japan might again become one in thought and life, Hinduism might once more bring forth its old treasures of spiritual culture for the benefit of mankind. Behind these dreams and visions was the one exulting hope—that the days of servitude to the West were over and the day of independence had dawned. Much had gone before to prepare the way for such a dawn of hope . the Japanese victories made it, for the first time, shining and radiant.

The movement which followed among the nations was as sudden and unexpected as one of those great cyclonic disturbances which sweep over a whole continent and change the face of nature. Few could have dared to prophesy that within six years Turkey and Persia would each have deposed its sovereign and framed a new parliamentary constitution, that Arabia would have been in open revolt, that India would have passed through a crisis only less serious than that of 1857, and that China would have thrown off the yoke of the Manchu dynasty. Yet, as we all know, these very things have happened and much else besides There is not a single country in Asia, not even remote Afghanistan and inaccessible Tibet, which has not been deeply affected The storm has passed from one end of Asia to the other and reached, also, Russia and the Mediterranean shores

In the East today English Literature and Western Science have brought about a new Renaissance, wider in its range than that which awakened mediaeval Europe more than four centuries ago The Modern Age, if we may so call it, is of comparatively recent origin in India and Japan It takes its date in history from the time of Raja Ram Mohan Roy and the governor-generalship of Lord William Bentinck in Bengal, and from the Meiji, or Era of Enlightenment, in Japan. In China the date is more

difficult to fix with any accuracy. One fact, however, is apparent to all—the new Renaissance is now established in all these countries; and a movement somewhat similar but not so clearly pronounced, has spread over the Muhammadan lands of Western Asia and Egypt.

But this awakening would have been wholly insufficient to usher in a new era if it had not been combined with a second, and even greater, change. There is a revolution in the established religions. Apparent on all sides are those changes and conflicts, those actions and reactions, those advances and oppositions, which go to make up a religious Reformation. New sects and new societies have been formed during the last century within the older faiths. In North India these tendencies are specially noticeable. The young and vigorous Arya Samaj is in strong opposition to orthodox Hinduism. The latter is putting its own house in order and displaying stubborn powers of resistance. The same effect may be witnessed, to a lesser degree, in the new Islam of the Aligarh Movement, side by side with the orthodox Islam which still tenaciously holds its ground and has its stronghold along the borders of Afghanistan. And this religious upheaval is not affecting the middle classes alone. It is penetrating far into the villages. The poor and the outcast, the ignorant and the depressed, are being stirred and moved. The leaven is leavening the whole lump. Out of the ferment of these two great movements, the intellectual and the religious, the Renaissance and the Reformation, a new social order is being slowly constructed in the East.

A comparison between Europe of a century ago and Asia of today is to be found in the sudden rise of the spirit of nationality. This has now been welcomed everywhere as a kind of creed, having all the binding force and fervour of religion, and moulding together into a new corporate life disorganised masses of mankind. Japan has been the great outstanding example of this new spirit, but its effect has been hardly less evident in India, Persia, and Turkey. The national spirit in Europe, which led to the regeneration of Prussia, the unification of Italy, and the rise of modern Germany, is finding its close analogy today in the East. Asia is shaping

itself in our own generation, as Europe did a century ago, on national lines.

In Bombay and Calcutta, and in almost every Indian centre, a circle of advanced thinkers and workers may be found with whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to converse on subjects covering the widest range of thought and life. They are the men who will mould the future, men of character as well as intellect, men who have often gone through an almost tragic struggle as they breathe the new mental atmosphere. There is a chaos of confused emotions

For, everyone in the East who takes up the New Learning finds himself not merely a generation, but often centuries ahead of his surroundings. He gradually finds himself out of touch with his old home in the village. He belongs to a new order—the educated community. The old and the new jostle one another in the streets, pass one another in the bazaars, share even the same homes, but all along they live, as it were, in two different worlds.

The future is all with the new. There can be no ultimate return to the old when once it has been left behind.

There is a day in the east never to be forgotten, the day of the coming of the monsoon rains after the long dusty drought. The dead parched ground seems to put on new verdure in a single night, and the new tender grass appears upon the barren soil. Even so it has been in the last few years in India.

The strain and stress of the new ideas are visible on every side. They produce whirling eddies in the rising flood of waters. The onward tide is like one of the great Indian rivers after the monsoon rains. There is much froth and foam, much turbid and muddy overflow, many new-cut channels losing the main course for a time; but wherever the flood passes, the land is fertilized and becomes fruitful.

There is life where before was stagnation. The spiritual nature of Indian thinkers and writers is absorbed in the prospect of an awakening East, an Indian Nation, a free and enlightened People, a deliverance from the nightmare of superstition and the tyranny of caste. Perhaps the nearest approach to it in Western literature

is that contained in Froude's *Life and Letters of Erasmus*. There the reader can see the crude and gross superstitions of old European life being left behind by educated men and a new world coming into being.

Young India is wakeful alert and filled with a new earnestness. A village student in one of our North Indian cities told me his life history. He was a clever lad with a passion for the new western learning, but up to the age of twenty his ambitions had been selfish and worldly, centred in his family and caste. The Russo-Japanese war set him thinking, and at last he read of the overthrow of Russia by Japan. That night, he told me, he was quite unable to sleep. There came to him what might have been called in religious language his conversion. With overwhelming force he heard the call come to him to give up his life for his country. For months he could think of nothing else. Day and night the dream was before him. At last he determined to put himself to the test. Hindu though he was, he tried to win the friendship of Muhammadans as fellow Indians and inspire them with his new ideals. He persisted for more than two years, and succeeded in gaining their friendship. Then his father insisted on his marrying and taking up Government service, but he steadily refused, having determined to lead a celibate life in order to be free to work for his country. He was banished from home in consequence, and reduced to great poverty, but he kept his resolution. As a worker in a plague camp he risked his own life to serve his countrymen. When I last heard of him, he had been spending the whole of his vacation administering famine relief to the lowest castes.

There is an example of the new earnestness that is spreading in the land. I have met with it in every city which I have visited. It is by men of this character that Young India is being built up.

Here is a young movement, potent for good, which needs the help of educated patriots. Will the large, educated Christian community stand aloof? In later years would it not be said with justice: "You put yourself by your own choice outside the current of the new life, you must remain in isolation"? What is

our true position? Do we wish to make a new caste of our own, or do we wish to have done with our caste spirit and enter into the life of the whole? As Christians we should ask: Is the awakening genuine, has it elements which make for a higher humanity?

While I am writing these words I am looking down from the hills over the valley of the Sutlej. Near me a fresh stream of water is gurgling out of the hill side. How it frets and foams! But as it leaps down it grows steadier in its flow. Far down I can trace it at last a noble river, its banks covered with green meadows and fruitful fields. I look back to the hill side and see here and there pools of water separated from the main stream. They stagnate, grow muddy, dry up and disappear.

The rushing stream and the muddy pool give me the illustration I need. The stream is the national movement, the pool is the community which keeps aloof. No great movement ever came without agitation and disturbance. In the stream there is a great deal of froth and bubble, but there is life, movement. The pool may look large for a time but there is stagnation once it is cut off from the main current.

There is a situation which every thinking Indian Christian must face. It will not do to wait on the banks. Later on it may be too late. I believe with an intensity that I cannot well express that Indian Christians, just because they are Christians, may help the rushing waters to find their main channels and be of infinite service to the Motherland. They can point to that course which the noble Indian patriots of every community are beginning to appreciate—upraising the fallen, giving new hope to the depressed, elevating the masses to be good and worthy citizens of their country.

This very river Sutlej passes on until it comes to the desert. Unguided the precious waters would be wasted, but let the channels be wisely cut and the desert will blossom as the rose. There is in the midst of the Indian people a vast desert—the many millions who are still outcast, still famine stricken, sick and wounded in the sore battle of life. There are fifty million of our fellow countrymen who belong to the class of *pariah*, *namasudras*, etc. It is through this soil, now barren, but which may become fertile with

a thousand wonderful fruits, that the stream of the national movement needs to run if India is to become a great nation. We Christians have been taught by our Master to look on everyone who is in need as our neighbour, our brother and our friend. Should we not join with our educated fellow-countrymen in their new aspirations for their Motherland? A new spirit is wakening men's minds in Asia, a spirit that starts from that deep love of country which I for one believe to be worthy of the Master who loved his own city Jerusalem and wept over her and longed to save her. I feel that the time has come for Indian Christians to make their influence felt for all that is good and true and right in the new spirit which is spreading over the East.





## II

### ANDREWS AND TAGORE



## ON FIRST HEARING GITANJALI

Soft as slow-dropping waters in a pool  
Kissed by the moon at midnight, deep and cool,  
Whose liquid sound upon the ear doth fall  
Fraught with enchantment brooding over all—  
Such was the spell which held my soul in fee  
Entranced on hearing first *Gitanjali*

Silent within the temple of the soul  
I worshipped, and beheld life's vision whole.  
No false mirage seen in ascetic mood,  
But, as when God first made it, very good.  
Each door of sense unbarred, and open all  
To greet his advent and obey his call

Singer, who from thy spirit's height doth bend  
To call me by the dearest name of friend,  
I lay this verse, an offering to thee,  
With heart obeisance for *Gitanjali*

## THE BENGAL RENAISSANCE AND RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Andrews' first meeting with Tagore in London in June 1912 is described in the biographical sketch in this volume. During the remainder of the year while both remained in England, they met frequently. Andrews returned to India in November 1912, and paid his first visit to Santiniketan early in 1913, while Tagore was still absent in the west. In May of that year the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, invited him to give a lecture at the Viceroyal Lodge in Simla. The lecture, which was repeated in substance many times to audiences in India and South Africa, was published as the introduction to Tagore's *Letters to a Friend*, from which the following is taken.)

THE COURSE TAKEN by the Bengal Renaissance a hundred years ago was strangely similar to that of Western Europe in the sixteenth century. The result in the history of mankind is likely to be in certain respects the same also. For just as Europe awoke to new life then, so Asia is awakening today.

In Europe it was the shock of the Arab civilization and the faith of Islam which startled the west out of the intellectual torpor of the Dark Ages. Then followed the recovery of the Greek and Latin classics and a new interpretation of the Christian scriptures, both of which, acting together, brought the full Reformation and Renaissance. In Bengal it was the shock of the western civilisation which startled the east into new life and helped forward its wonderful re-birth. Then followed the revival of the Sanskrit classics and a reformation from within of the old religions. These two forces, acting together, made the Bengal Renaissance a living power in Asia. In Bengal itself the literary and artistic movement came into greatest prominence. Rabindranath Tagore has been its crown.

Early in the nineteenth century the burning question in Bengal was whether the spread of the English language should be encouraged or not. Between 1813 and 1833 a battle royal was being carried on in Calcutta between two schools of Anglo-Indian opinion. The Orientalists, as they were called, wished to confine

education to the study of Sanskrit and Arabic literature, and to exclude the teaching of the west. Their opponents, the Anglicists, wished for many reasons, chiefly practical and commercial, to make English itself the educational basis.

Macaulay's famous minute, written in 1835, fixed the English tongue as the medium for higher education. 'Never on earth,' writes Sir John Seeley, 'was a more momentous question discussed.' The phrase is an arresting one, and at first sight the words appear to be a gross exaggeration. But this impression is modified when we consider carefully all that lay behind the decision. It represented the first full inter-penetration of the two greatest civilisations that the world has ever seen. Before this, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, eight hundred millions of mankind who lived East of the Persian Gulf were nearly as widely separated in thought, religion, and civilisation from the millions of Europe as they had been in the days of Alexander or Asoka.

Macaulay won the victory. Nevertheless, some of his premises were unsound and his conclusions inaccurate. He poured contempt on the Sanskrit Classics; he treated Bengali literature as useless. In expressing these opinions he committed egregious blunders. Yet, strangely enough, in spite of his narrow outlook, his practical insight was not immediately at fault. The hour for the indigenous revival had not yet come. A full shock from without was needed, and the study of English gave the shock required—but the new life which first appeared was not altogether healthy. It led immediately to a shaking of old customs and an unsettlement of religious convictions, carried often to a violent and unthinking extreme. The greatest disturbance of all was in the social sphere. A wholesale imitation of purely Western habits led to a painful confusion of ideas. It was a brilliant and precocious age, bubbling over with a new vitality; but wayward and unregulated, like a rudderless ship on a stormy sea.

The one outstanding personality, whose presence saved Bengal at this crisis, was the great Raja Ram Mohan Roy. Towering above his contemporaries, solitary and majestic, this extraordinary genius seems to have measured accurately the force of every

new current as it flowed quickly past, and to have steered his own course with an almost unerring precision. As practical as Macaulay, he was no mere opportunist. He was a true prophet, and had the prophet's sacred fire of enthusiasm. On the literary side he was one of the most ardent promoters of the new Western learning, and eagerly helped forward Macaulay's programme. But the best energies of his marvellously full life were directed to re-create in the heart of the Bengali people that true reverence for the Indian past which should lead to a revival of their own Sanskrit Classics. Above all, he did not despise his Bengali mother-tongue, but brought it back into full literary use.

Debendranath Tagore, the father of Rabindranath, was the next outstanding figure in the Bengali literary revival. His work and influence lasted for more than half a century. If Raja Ram Mohan Roy may be likened to the root of this tree of literature, planted deep in the soil, Debendranath Tagore may be compared to its strong and vigorous stem, and Rabindranath, his son, to its flower and fruit. Rarely in the history of literature can such a direct succession be traced. Debendranath Tagore's religious character illuminated the age with a moral grandeur of its own. So impressive was his spiritual authority, that he received by universal consent the name of Maharshi, 'great saint.' During the flood-tide of English fashion he held fast to the ancient moorings and strengthened every bond which kept his country close to its own historical past. His autobiography, translated by his son, reveals the deep religious spirit of modern Bengal, along with its passion for intellectual truth. The Tagore family had already been attracted within the orbit of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, and the vivid memory of the great reformer was one of the strongest influences in moulding the life of Debendranath as he grew up from boyhood to youth.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, owing to these initial movements, a creative period in Bengali literary history had set in. It represented not merely an awakening of Bengal, but the beginning of a new era for the whole of Asia.

This Bengal Renaissance bears on its surface the marks of con-

flict between the new Western learning and the revived Sanskrit Classics Toru Dutt, the fairest and frailest flower among the writers, composed her songs only in English, but the fragrance of the Sanskrit past pervades all her works and makes them a national possession Michael Dutt began by writing English verse; but he abandoned this, while his literary powers were still at their height, and composed his later poems in a wonderfully sonorous and majestic Bengali metre He has been called the Milton of the Bengal revival. Bankim's novels carry back the mind at every turn to the romance writers in the West. We can almost feel behind them the zest with which young Bengal explored their new-found treasures

The strength of the period consisted in this, that the writers, amid all their passionate and devoted study of English, remained true to the ancient Indian ideal They did not despise their own birthright. Not only the language, but also the subjects, of this new literature were brought more in touch with the people The village life of Bengal, which had tended to fall into the background, gained a new appreciation The mediæval as well as the classical times were laid under contribution for subject-matter The commanding ideal at last rose up before the minds of men, to build a truly national literature and art out of the living stones of indigenous poetry, music and song.

Into this rich heritage of the past the young poet Rabindranath entered, and he has done more than anyone else to make this ideal a living inspiration in Bengal. A friend of mine has described to me the scene that took place when the aged novelist Bankim was being honoured and garlanded The old man took the garland from off his own neck and placed it on that of a young writer who was seated at his feet—Rabindranath Tagore This act of Bankim has now been universally recognized as both generous and just That which others were struggling to attain, in the midst of insuperable difficulties, Rabindranath has reached with the quick leap and joyful ease of supreme genius The ideals of art, which were before only dimly discerned, he has seen with open vision



Moreover, in his later works he has carried still further the spiritual mission of his father, and he has clothed his own deepest religious thoughts with a raiment of simplicity and beauty. His fame has come to the full in recent years, and his poetry has taken on a more prophetic tone. He has passed forward from the subjective period of unbounded delight to Nature, to enter into the mystery of the vast sorrow of the world; to share the heavy burden of the poor; to face death itself unmoved; to look for and attain the unclouded vision of God.

One dark, foggy morning in London, late in 1912, Rabindranath Tagore told me the story of his life. His first literary awakening, he said, came from reading the old Bengali poets, Chandidas and Vidyapati. He studied them in a recently published edition, when he was twelve or thirteen, and revelled in their beauty. He went still further, and, with the precocity of youth, imitated their style and published some poems under the name of Bhanu Sinha. Literary Bengal wondered for a time who this Bhanu Sinha could be. He laughed as he told me of this exploit of his boyhood, and went on to say that these and many other juvenile poems were merely conventional and imitative. They followed the old classical style.

When he wrote, however, the poems published later under the name of *Sandhya Sangit* (Evening Songs), he broke away from the classical style altogether and became purely romantic. At first he was derided by the older generation for his new metres; but the younger generation was with him. He chose no English model; the early Vaishnava religious literature was the source of his inspiration. These religious poems ever afterwards remained intimately dear to him. Their influence is marked in his own lyrics, and especially in the *Gitanjali* series.

The time of his real birth as a poet he dated from a morning in Free School Lane, Calcutta. "It was morning", he said to me, "I was watching the sunrise from Free School Lane. A veil was suddenly withdrawn and everything became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music—one marvellous rhythm.

The houses in the street, the men moving below, the little children playing, all seemed parts of one luminous whole—inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Everyone, even those who bored me, seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality; and I was full of gladness, full of love, for every person and every tiniest thing. Then I went to the Himalayas, and looked for it there, and I lost it. . . That morning in Free School Lane was one of the first things which gave me the inner vision, and I have tried to explain it in my poems. I have felt, ever since, that this was my goal, to express the fullness of life, in its beauty, as perfection—if only the veil were withdrawn.”

I copied this account down as the Poet told it on that dark, misty London morning, and I can remember distinctly even now the quiet laugh he gave as he said, ‘and I lost it’, and also the emphasis he laid upon the words ‘fullness of life.’

His father, seeing his son’s remarkable genius, very wisely insisted that he should leave Calcutta and go down to the banks of the Ganges in order to supervise there the family estate at Shileida. This work brought him into closest touch with the village life of Bengal. He had to deal each day with the practical affairs of men, and to understand and appreciate the elemental hopes and fears of mankind, stripped of all convention. To his own good fortune, also, as a poet, his joy in communing with Nature found at the same time its fullest and freest expression. During pauses in his active business life he would live all alone on the sand-flats of the Ganges, moving up and down from village to village in his boat. “Sometimes”, he told me, “I would pass many months absolutely alone without speaking, till my own voice grew thin and weak through lack of use. I used to write from my boat the stories of the village life which I had witnessed in the course of my work, and put into written words the incidents and conversations which I had heard. This was my ‘short-story’ period, and some think these stories better than the lyrics which I had written before.”

It was during this long residence at Shileida that the deepest love for Bengal, his motherland, developed. The national movement had not yet come into actual outward shape and form; but

the forces which were to break forth later were already acting powerfully in the hearts of leading Bengali thinkers, and Rabindranath's soul caught the flame of patriotism, not in Calcutta itself, but among the villagers. His unshaken faith in the destiny of his country received its strongest confirmation from what he saw in the village life of his own people. He was not unaware of the dangers which threatened that life through its contact with the new social forces from the West. Indeed, this forms the theme of many of his short stories. But he believed, with all his heart, from what he had witnessed, that the stock from which the new national life was to spring forth was sound at the core. He spoke to me that morning with the greatest possible warmth and affection of the Bengali villagers, and of the many lessons he owed to them of patience and simplicity, of human kindness and sympathy. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Bengal, from whose soil he seems to draw his deepest inspiration, should have been inspired in turn by his music and song with a high consciousness of its own destiny. He has given vital expression, at a supreme moment of history, to the rising hopes of his own people. Song and music are mighty instruments, when the spirit of a people is beating high with hope, and today men, women, and even little children, are seeing through the eyes of Rabindranath the vision of 'Golden Bengal'.

Slowly there came to him the clear call to give up his life more wholly for his country. He first went to Calcutta in order to found a school, and afterwards to Santiniketan with the same object. On his arrival at Santiniketan, to take up this new work, he was handicapped for want of funds. "I sold my books," he said to me pathetically. "I sold all my books, my copyrights, everything I had, in order to carry on the school. I cannot possibly tell you what a struggle it was, and what difficulties I had to go through. At first the object in view was purely patriotic, but later on it grew more spiritual. Then in the very midst of all these outer difficulties and trials, there came the greatest change of all, the true Varsha Sesha, the change in my own inner life."

He went on to tell me how, when he was forty years old, his

wife had died, and almost immediately after, his daughter showed signs of consumption. He left the school and went away with his daughter to nurse her and tend her, but after six months of mingled hope and fear she passed away from his arms and left his heart still more desolate. Then came the third overwhelming wave of sorrow. His youngest son, to whom he had learnt to be father and mother in one, was taken suddenly ill with cholera and died in his presence—the child of his love.

As he spoke of these things that morning, the darkness of the London mists rolled away and the light shone through the clouds with a majestic radiance. This outward scene was but a faint symbol of the story that was being told me so quietly in that upper room. The Poet spoke of the days and hours wherein Death itself became a loved companion—no longer the king of terrors, but altogether transformed into a cherished friend.

“You know,” he said to me, “this death was a great blessing to me. I had through it all, day after day, a sense of fulfilment, of completion, as if nothing were lost. I felt that if even an atom in the universe seemed lost, it could never actually perish. It was not mere resignation that came to me, but the sense of a fuller life. I knew then, at last, what Death was. It was perfection.” Through what depth of suffering that peace and joy came out at last triumphant, the lines in his face told me as he spoke these words.

It was during this period that *Gitanjali* was written in his own mother-tongue, Bengali. “I wrote,” he said, “those poems for myself. I did not think of publishing them when I was writing.” They mark the great transition in his life, when the Poet’s social and national longings became wholly merged in the universal. He has attempted—to use his own words—“to express the fullness of human life, in its beauty, as perfection.”

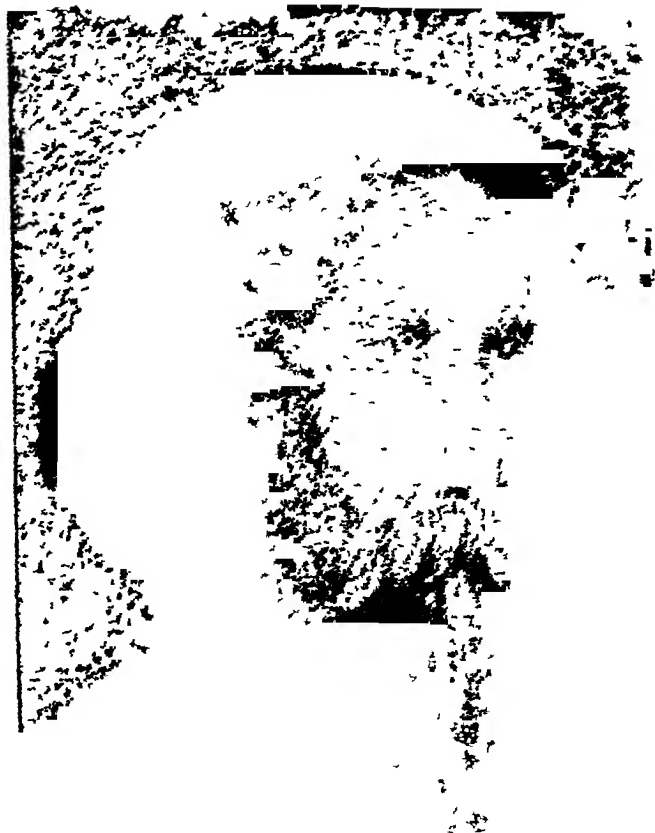
Since that period of sorrow he has fared forth as a voyager, a pilgrim. This is the last phase of all. It was his own health which first compelled him to set out to the West. But here again, as in the former period mentioned, the outward circumstance has brought with it a new spiritual development. “As I crossed the

Atlantic", he wrote to me, "and spent on board ship the beginning of a new year, I realized that a new stage in my life had come, the stage of a voyager. To the open road! To the emancipation of self! To the realization in love!"

In another letter, which he wrote earlier to me, dealing with the meeting of the conflicting races of the world and the removal of colour prejudice, he uses these words: "This meeting of the races affords the greatest of all problems that men have ever been asked to solve. It is, I believe, the one question of the present age, and we must be prepared to go through the martyrdom of suffering and humiliation till the victory of God in man is achieved."


When Rabindranath Tagore first landed in London, in 1912, he had placed before his English friends some translations of his Bengali poems. He had offered them with singular diffidence, without at all realizing the value of his great achievement. "I found", he said, "that I had to strip my Bengali verses of all their gaudy ornaments and to clothe them in the simplest English dress." That English setting has since been acknowledged, by those who are best able to judge, to represent a beautiful and musical prose—a comparatively new form of English, which has enriched the literature of Great Britain. The triumph has been won—a triumph hardly ever before achieved in literary history—of an author translating his own poems into a wholly new language, thus giving his message to two peoples at once in a noble literary form.

This crowning success of Rabindranath Tagore has already brought East and West closer together in a common fellowship and understanding. Where the forces of racial rivalry and religious division are so strong, it is indeed no small blessing to humanity when a generous voice can be clearly heard, above the discordant tumult of the times, which the whole world welcomes as a messenger and revealer of peace and good will to mankind.




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PORTRAIT OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE  
BY C F ANDREWS IN 1912

*By Courtesy, VISHVABHARATI*



SKETCH OF GANDHI AND TAGORE DISCUSSING THE NON-CO-OPERATION



ENT 1921 IN ANDREWS PRESENCE BY ABANINDRANATH TAGORE

(By Courtesy VISIVABHARATI)





A BUDDHA AT BOROBODUR BY C F ANDREWS 1924  
(By Courtesy VISHVABHAPATI)

## TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

on the occasion of the Poet's birthday—May 1915

(The letter which follows was first published in the Andrews Centenary Number of *The Vista-Bharati Quarterly*. It is a moving expression of Andrews' love and admiration for Rabindranath Tagore. Many of the references in it need no explanation, the context of others is given in these notes.)

Tagore returned to India from the west in October 1913. Meanwhile Mahatma Gandhi had organised *satyagraha* on behalf of indentured Indians in South Africa, and on November 6 the 'Transvaal March' began. Andrews identified himself with Gokhale's campaign to raise funds for the marchers in India, he also felt more and more strongly that he should volunteer to go to South Africa himself, and he went to Santiniketan to discuss his plans with Tagore.

The news that Tagore had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature had just reached India. On November 23, while Andrews was with the poet, a large party came to Santiniketan from Calcutta to offer their congratulations. Andrews describes the scene, which touched him deeply. A few days later, after very hurried preparations, he left Calcutta for Durban. He spent the last night before the ship sailed with Rabindranath at the old Tagore family house in Jorasanko and received the poet's blessing.

After returning to India in April 1914 Andrews joined Santiniketan as a teacher, along with his friend Willie Pearson. During the following year he lived in close contact with Rabindranath, although the poet would sometimes withdraw to an old house two miles away, at Surul, when he needed quiet for writing.)

I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, as a birthday gift to you, dear friend, of the joy you have brought into my life, especially during the last year. I remember your own word about receiving your love in the silence. But you know my nature now by this time, and understand how I could never keep anything in that was bubbling over, whether a joy or a hurt. What I am going to write is brimming over in me like new wine, and I am very happy, I cannot keep it in even if I would.

It was your own writings that first drew me to you. First, there was your speech as President at that Bengal Conference, at a time

when everyone's ideas were topsy-turvy, and a kind of tornado was blowing in the political world.

I cannot tell you how many times I read that speech. It was so fearless—fearless, I mean, of your own people as well as of the British Government. And it was so true. After reading that speech I used to put to my Indian and English friends: "Who is the greatest living Indian politician?" and they all said Gokhale or Tilak according to their taste, and I would say "No" and tell your name, and the English people, and some of the Indians, would say that they had never heard of you.

After that I used to look out eagerly for fresh writings of yours. A great landmark was the Autobiography of Maharshi. That book appeared to me very great indeed, so simple and direct and sincere. I said to myself, "Here's something quite by itself." I saw it was a fearless sincerity which made your father so great. I had felt the same in Raja Ram Mohan Roy, who was a hero with me. I had a singular wish to know which of these two you were most like. You had this fearless nature, that I knew, but I could not get any one to tell me whether you were more like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, keenly intellectual, or like your father, meditative and deeply religious.

The effect of Maharshi's book was to make me wish more than ever to know more about you, and I even began to plan out a visit to Bengal for that purpose. I am glad it did not succeed. You would have found me conceited with myself, and even a little 'patronising'. For your people turn an Englishman's head when they begin to call him 'Friend of India'. You tell me (and I believe you) that this strain of conceit is still there. But that 'patronising' which is far worse—I do hope that has gone.

All these years I had not got an idea what you looked like. On the evening when I first met you at Hampstead, and you came up to me on hearing my name, I did not quite know who you were till you began to speak, and then I guessed at once and my whole heart went out to you.

It is quite true, what I have said, that my whole heart went out to you, but all the same, when the evening was over I had

almost forgotten you in the wonder of your poems I was literally intoxicated I hardly knew what was happening to me or what was going on around me At last I went out on the Hampstead Heath alone It was a clear, soft moonlight night I do not know what absurd things I did that night The recital of your poems filled my whole vision and seemed to open up new worlds of beauty There is nothing except that wonderful sonnet which really describes it.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken,  
Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien <sup>1</sup>

It was the haunting, haunting melody of the English, so simple, like all the beautiful sounds of my childhood, that carried me completely away. Yet it is true also, absolutely true, that my heart was given to you that night, and my whole life was changed.

The next day your face haunted me I could not remember it except very dimly. Then I saw you a second time, alone in your house, and since that day the vision of beauty has come to me through you It is not outward beauty merely that I mean, beauty means now for me something quite different from what it did before—not a mere ornament or addition, but rather the source, the key to life itself, the underlying substance out of which life is made Now I see beauty everywhere and on every side, where I saw nothing before. where I never dreamed to see it It is a new world to me, not the old I knew before The very light and colour of the world have changed Thus that has come is like a burst of sunshine over everything after a time of mist and cloud and fog

Some nights, when I have come home from you from Surul after you have read me your poems, and got quite alone under the

<sup>1</sup> John Keats from the sonnet *On First looking into Chapman's Homer*.

heavens, I have sprung and leapt into the air and thrown my arms up to the sky, and sung aloud, and leapt again for very joy And the sky and the earth and the stars vibrate to it and respond to it. I do not mean that this is always the case; of course the beauty fades away and the joy with it, but now I can almost always recall it, if only I can still my mind and heart

This beauty which has come to me from you is indissolubly one with goodness All that before was best in me has responded, has been raised to a new region. This joy which you brought to me has taken me out of my narrower self, and I can never live again the same morally confined life I lived before. It has been a joy so pure that nothing low or base could stay with it for long It has been a pure truth to me, so true that nothing mean or untrue could keep near it Of course I have been defeated over and over again, I have gone back to untruth, but my eyes have been opened There must be numberless (such) untrue things still concealed from my own view, but I know that while I am by your side love itself will give me strength to do away with them

This new power which has come into my life, transforming, moulding, blessing, does not appear to be a transitory thing Up to the present it has greatly depended on your presence, but in South Africa it never left me for a moment, but then that was quite an abnormal time I have fallen back since then. Still I am beginning to feel that this vision and this power will not leave me—the vision of beauty which has come to me from your presence and your songs and brought to me a new joy in goodness and purity and truth

I must tell you a little about South Africa The memory of that last evening in Jorasanko, when you recited to me those *man-trams* and gave them to me as my very own, literally never faded, night and day, day and night, on board ship, on land, in Pretoria, in Capetown. That vision would come to me again and again, and in my dreams, and keep me peaceful and calm in moments of intense excitement

You know Mr Gandhi now, and you can understand what it was. The excitement of that time was infinitely greater than

anything we experienced last term when he was with us. And you can imagine what it was to be week after week in that closest relation to him and not be carried away by him. I know well my own weakness in excitement; and I was not a quarter strong enough by myself to stand out then (as I had again and again to do) and not be carried away. But those *mantrams* given to me in the stillness of that evening—the very repetition was a peace. Your presence, consciously, almost palpably with me—Mr Gandhi himself bowed before it at the crucial moment and gave way to it where he would have given way to nothing else on earth. I am writing what I know most clearly to be the truth.

There was another picture of you which I carried with me. It came a few days before I started (for South Africa) and is one of the most vivid of all my memories of you. Do you remember that day when the great crowd came down from Calcutta to do you homage as a world poet?—some came to give you true love and reverence, but many came from less worthy motives and you felt the untruth of it intensely. And you stood up like a very lion among them all. and you refused to accept anything from them that was untrue or insincere. I sat on the ground in the edge of the crowd during all those congratulations. And then you rose. I did not know what you were saying but I was feeling your courage, your manhood, your fearlessness for truth. You were a man to me then, a man among men, a king among men.

Afterwards, I went to find you. I did not know Bengali, I could only guess by your whole attitude what you had been saying; I was bewildered, and afraid of making a mistake and perhaps hurting you, and yet I wanted to be at your side. Then I turned the corner of Santiniketan, I saw you standing alone in the open space before the house, and I crushed down my fear and went up to you and looked into your face. I suppose you felt what was surging within me, for in a moment you had taken me to your heart and embraced me. My joy overcame me completely. I said some absurd thing and went away. But my life was determined at that moment.

All this was a very precious memory in South Africa. The

moral fearlessness and spiritual peace that gave me such strength to remember—I could read them in your face as it stood out before my memory, in your poems, and especially in *Sadhana*. You know how, at a special emergency, some book or some saying has a peculiar force. *Sadhana* seemed to meet the very inward needs of that time—the harmony between silence and work, quiet and action, the eternal and the temporal. It quietened my spirit and gave me fearlessness and joy. I was in Pretoria with Mr Gandhi at the time of severest tension, and the strain had been indescribably great and I was getting very little sleep indeed. I turned to *Sadhana* and found there the peace and strength I needed.

This love which I long to give you has never been like the love of those of the same age. I have always felt you to be ages and ages older in experience and wisdom and knowledge, however young in spirit. No, though you have talked over intellectual matters and other things from the level of equal friendship, yet in love itself (by dear illusion or by dear reality, I care not which) this mother instinct in me has brought back, when I am with you, all the joy I had with my mother when I was a child.

This mother love has always been the strongest factor in my life, far stronger than I ever dreamed; the time of childhood which I spent entirely with my mother has been by far the happiest in my life, far happier than I ever knew. And in this new awakening which you have brought me my whole nature has gone back to its truest source and expressed itself in the old old way. It was the mother in you that was drawing me, even when I felt most the mother in me going out to you—while it has always been absolutely true that your glorious manhood roused and stirred and awakened me. Do you know why it was that I loved *The Crescent Moon* so tenderly? You understood so marvellously and intimately the Mother and the Child in their play of love. It is the woman in one, in the very heart of manhood when it is fullest and strongest and best, that is deepest of all and goes back to God Himself.

Now your birthday morning has come and I must not spoil it by writing further.

### III

## ANDREWS AT WORK





## THE INDENTURED COOLIE

There he crouched,  
Back and arms scarred, like a hunted thing,  
Terror-stricken  
All within me surged towards him  
While the tears rushed.  
Then, a change.  
Through his eyes I saw Thy glorious face—  
Ah, the wonder!  
Calm, unveiled in deathless beauty,  
Lord of sorrow.

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*Note.* This poem by Andrews was written at Simla in July 1915 following the vision which he describes in his account of *Race Relations in Fiji* (no. 19). It is printed here, as a preface to the section *Andrews at Work*, because it expresses an experience which inspired not only his work for the indentured labourers, but *all* his service of humanity. He heard his Master Christ say to him daily: "Anything you did for one of my brothers here, however humble, you did for me."

## A FAREWELL TO THE PUNJAB 1919

(The tragic events of April 1919 in Delhi and the Punjab are a part of Indian history. Four days after the firing in Jallianwala Bagh on the 13th, Andrews arrived in Delhi. He had intended to go straight to Amritsar, but his friends urged strongly that he was needed in Delhi itself. His presence there, in close touch with the authorities as well as with Indian leaders, helped to restore confidence and avert the threat of martial law. But when Andrews started for Lahore in May, he was arrested by military police and sent back to Delhi.)

He returned to the Punjab in September to help the Congress leaders to prepare the evidence which was to be laid before the Hunter Commission of Enquiry. His chief hope was to heal the wounded self-respect of the terrified people, and so enable them to give their evidence truthfully and fearlessly. It was not easy to deceive him by malicious and exaggerated stories, one man said to him. "there is something in your face which compels a man to speak the truth."

By the time he made this farewell speech on November 15, the Commission had begun its work, this explains his reference to the "probing of the wounds". The earlier words about "matters of immediate urgency" refer especially to his pleading for a reconsideration of the case of the Punjab patriot Bhai Parmanand, who had been sentenced for life to the Andamans, with "confiscation of property". Andrews had published a movingly human article, describing his own personal visit to Parmanand's innocent wife and child, and the hardships which they had undergone; a few weeks later Parmanand was released.

Andrews bade farewell to the Punjab at a monster meeting in the Bradlough Hall, Lahore. In proposing a vote of thanks to him for his services, Mahatma Gandhi used the following words:

"Mr Andrews, true Englishman as he is, has given his whole life to the cause of India, through his actions he seems to say to us. "You may feel you are oppressed by my countrymen, but do not think ill of them; look at me." Mr. Andrews' love is not a blind love but an enlightened love, the same that was shown by Bhakt Prahlad in his dealings with his father. Mr. Andrews has done more for India than many Indians. He has not spared his own countrymen, but he does not on that account love them the less. So may we, without harbouring ill-will against Englishmen, go on fighting for the sake of justice and our honour".)

## FELLOW-WORKERS,

It is a very difficult thing to say good-bye after months of such close and intimate fellowship in work as we have had together, both in Delhi and in the Punjab. My words will therefore be few.

Except for matters of immediate practical urgency, I have kept my lips sealed on all controversial points both on the platform and in the press, during the time I have been personally working. But now that I am leaving for Africa, where I expect to remain for at least four months, I do not think it would be honest to go away silently without any statement at all.

I wish to go at once to the main issue, and I think I can put my own position briefly in the following manner. I hold as strongly as possible that no provocation whatever can excuse the cowardly and brutal murders of Englishmen by the mob, which occurred at Amritsar and elsewhere, nor the burning of the holy places of the Christian religion. Most cowardly and dastardly of all I regard the murderous attack on Miss Sherwood, who was loved by every Indian who knew her, and was a true follower and disciple of the gentle saviour Christ. But just as I condemn these acts without one single word of palliation or excuse, so all the more utterly and entirely do I condemn the cold and calculated massacre of Jallianwala Bagh.

The massacre of Glencoe in English history is no greater blot on the fair name of my country than the massacre at Amritsar. I am not speaking from idle rumour. I have gone into every single detail, with all the care and thoroughness that a personal investigation could command, and it remains to me an unspeakable disgrace—undefensible, unpardonable, inexcusable.

And I am obliged to go on from that incident to what followed under Martial Law. I have seen with my own eyes the very men who have endured the crawling order, the stripping of their persons naked in public to degrade them, the compulsion to grovel on their bellies in the dust, the public flogging, and a hundred other desecrations of man's image, which according to the Christian scriptures is made in the likeness of God. This ruthless and deli-

berate emasculation of manhood appears to me no less indelible a stain on the honour of my country than the massacre of Jallianwala Bagh itself.

These few words I have felt compelled to say, as an Englishman, with regard to the culminating acts of the "Disturbance". Every day that I have been working, side by side with my Indian fellow-workers, the deep sense of the wrong done has come home to me, and each act has been in very truth an act of penance, of atonement.

When in Lahore, I have gone out each morning to watch the sun rise over the great eucalyptus trees in the public gardens, and have walked there all alone trying to collect my thoughts for the day's work. This morning, out of the stormy time I have been passing through, there came to me these words from my own scriptures: "He makes his sun rise on good and bad alike. . . You must therefore be all goodness, just as your heavenly Father is all good".

Those were the words of Christ my Master, when he taught his disciples that forgiveness was the final thing in life, not vengeance; love was the end, not hate. The same word had been uttered long before, in India itself, by the Buddha who came to save and help mankind. It was given to me, thus alone, on this last day in Lahore: "He makes his sun rise on good and bad alike. You must therefore be all goodness, just as your heavenly Father is all good".

The wounds that have been made must be probed to the depth, in order to draw out all the evil from them. But the last act in surgery is not probing, it is binding up the wounds, the work of healing. I would urge you, as you go forward to face all the facts of the evil that has been done, not to dwell upon vengeance but rather upon forgiveness, not to linger in the dark night of hate but to come out into the glorious sunshine of God's love.

## THE SERVICE OF THE MOTHERLAND

(Andrews had left the Punjab to respond to urgent invitations to visit and help Indian settlers in East and South Africa and he was away from India for several months. Not long after he returned to Santiniketan, Tagore left India for a very long tour of Europe and America from which he returned only in July 1921. Meanwhile in August 1920 the first great Non-Co-operation Movement was launched by Mahatma Gandhi. There was wild enthusiasm, many students went on strike and demanded the establishment of "national" schools and colleges. During the cold weather of 1920-21 Andrews attended many student conferences of all kinds, and spoke to them of "national" education as he believed it should develop. As he wrote in another essay published at about the same time (1921) "Far more deeply than any need of political or economic freedom, India is feeling the need of educational freedom today")

I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY to speak to students, as their friend, about things which seem to me to be of great importance. I wish simply to be regarded as an elder brother and friend, who has spent all his life among students and poor people, and has studied "student problems" and "labour problems" more than any others. I am not a politician who deals with methods, but a thinker who deals with ideas. I shall speak as a fellow-student who may often make mistakes, and what I say may be either accepted or refused.

Hardly a week passes without the question being put to me by students: "How can I serve my Motherland?" For an answer, I shall have to take you into a historical inquiry.

A political answer to this question has often been given. Of late many have devoted their lives to politics in the service of the Motherland. Many too have devoted their lives to social service in the same cause, and done most noble work. Practical experience has shown me, however, that neither of these two answers goes deep enough or far enough.

I used to engage ardently in politics in my youth. I joined the great Labour Movement in England and worked with its leaders. I entered also enthusiastically upon a course of social service and

was secretary for many years of the Cambridge University Christian Social Union. I had many friends among my fellow-workers who shared my own enthusiasm. But I have grown older in that hardly bought wisdom which only comes after heart-breaking failure and unsuccessful attempt, and I have learnt that the political motive and the social motive, however generously and patriotically held, are not sufficient in themselves to bring about a real national regeneration. The wheel comes round full circle and swings backward in a great reaction.

This brings me to the idea of progress. Does each political or social revolution inevitably lead forward? May not these movements often lead backward? Our modern conception of history seems to assume that we have only to extend political rights and to ameliorate social conditions, and then progress is assured. But the story of mankind, when fully studied, lends itself to no such facile interpretation. Vast civilisations of bygone days have become retrograde and vanished. We have records of dead civilisations. To take instances, the Egyptian dynasties in their magnificence passed away almost entirely into oblivion. For more than 2,500 years, Babylon has been a heap of ruins, and its wonderful scientific irrigation has been utterly destroyed. The Roman Empire, which gave the privileges of an equal franchise and a common equal law to all its different races, declined and fell. Many thinkers in Europe are asking whether the decline and fall of the new empire of the west has not already begun.

And now I want to take you by contrast, to one extraordinary phenomenon. In India, a noble civilisation began at least 3,500 years ago and still survives. Before Greece and Rome were heard of, the Vedas had been composed and the culture which they imply had flourished. The great Buddhist movement, which was to transform all Asia, had its origin before the age of Pericles at Athens. Egypt has perished. Babylon has perished. But India, which was their contemporary, has not perished. She is still producing men of genius in religion, philosophy and art. India is still bringing forth fruit in her old age.

What is the reason for this? It is not any political structure

that has saved India from extinction. As to her social institutions, while the caste system has had its uses, in later times caste has been a dead-weight on progress. What then is the salt without which Indian civilisation would have lost its savour? I find it in the deep religious spirit which permeated domestic life and made countless thinkers ready to sacrifice all to attain the Truth. This has been the salt of purification which has saved Indian civilisation from decay.

As a fellow student, not as a teacher, I desire to find out, with your help, something of what national education in India really implies. More and more, thoughtful men and women in India have become aware that the system of Government and Government-aided schools and colleges, which has held the field for more than fifty years, has failed grievously, lamentably failed. I have had my own bitter experience, and at last, after many struggles in my own mind, I determined to be free. I felt that true education could only proceed in an atmosphere of pure and joyous freedom, which would give creative energy to the mind and spirit. I came to Bolpur, and I have been at Santiniketan for nearly seven years.

The true education of ancient India, in the time of her highest aspirations, was not given amid the paraphernalia of great ugly buildings and cumbersome furniture, costing fabulous sums of money, but in the natural school rooms of the forest ashrams underneath the shady trees, and in thatched mud cottages. Outwardly there was every sign of poverty. But inwardly, there were reached, in those very forest schools, some of the highest flights of human thought to which mankind has ever attained. The ideal of the Brahmachari Ashram, the ideal of the forest hermitage, is not a dead ideal of the past. It is the very secret, so I fervently believe, of India's true national greatness in education. It is the secret which must be learnt afresh in the days of freedom which are now dawning.

We must revive this ideal of simplicity which has been snatched away from us. The West has brought in its place a vulgar ideal, the ideal of bigness, the ideal of power. That is not the ancient



ideal, either of India, or China or Japan. It was in the pure simple renunciation of the forest life, that the eternal truths of the Upanishads were given to mankind. Later on, it was in those Buddhist monasteries of Nalanda and Thakshasila and countless other places, that the priceless ethical wisdom of ancient India was lived and studied and taught. If we come later down the stream of history, what period in Islam is more glorious, in its living truth, than the days of the Prophet himself and of Abu Bakr, and the earliest Musalman believers, when they were living as one brotherhood of love amid the barest outward poverty of the Arabian desert?

Again,—to turn for one moment to the West,—the Dark Ages of Europe themselves were illuminated by the learned saintly monks of the Benedictine and Cistercian Orders, who worked and studied and prayed, in utter poverty and renunciation. And this same truth was made manifest in the Franciscan Movement, when St. Francis of Assisi took Poverty as his Bride. Out of this movement of religious poverty sprang one of the greatest revivals of learning that the world has ever seen. I myself owe all the education I have received to a Franciscan College, at Cambridge, whose first walls were made of mud and wattle, and whose first teachers were twelve disciples of Francis of Assisi, the saint who followed Christ in the spirit of utter poverty.

The lesson is true today, that in simplicity alone can national education in India be truly founded. The Brahmachari Ashram, in its ideal of poverty and renunciation, must be restored if our learning today in India is to be worthy of the source from whence it sprang. These are some of the lessons I have been learning at Santiniketan. These are things that I have been finding out through my own personal experience. It is these lessons of pure freedom, pure simplicity, pure renunciation, which I long to see once more restored to the Motherland.

When the call of independence comes to the human soul, it is a divine call, and I believe that this divine call has come to India today. Remember, no one can be truly free himself, no one is worthy of freedom, who enslaves others. To take my own case, I am an Englishman, but England cannot be England to me—

the England I love—if she keeps others in subjection and holds down Ireland and India by military force and repression. And India cannot be India to you—the India of your dreams and of my dreams also—if she keeps others in subjection. Independence can never be won if fifty million untouchables remain still in a state of subjection which amounts almost to serfdom.

One more point and I have done. India will not be the India of my dearest hopes on earth if she turns from the path of love and peace to follow paths of bloodshed and violence. We are all agreed that this great movement of the soul of India for freedom is a movement to win by love and not by hate, by suffering not by vengeance, by non-violence not by violence. But it is a very feeble definition of violence which confines it merely to acts of physical force. There may be certain forms of violence far more terrible than that which is physical. You may well ask me: "How are we to distinguish between violent and non-violent, if it is not a physical act?" I know no better rule than the "Golden Rule": Whatever you wish men to do to you, do the same to them. If Englishmen love freedom and independence, they ought to give freedom and independence to Indians; if Indians love independence, they ought to give independence to the depressed classes. If students wish to be free themselves, they must in no way interfere with the freedom of those who differ from them. It is a very poor sort of freedom that is built on the compulsion of others. There ought not to be any compulsion used that prevents others from doing what their own conscience tells them to be right. Remember, it is not only what we think to be right that matters. They have consciences as well as we, and if they only join the movement out of fear, or out of ridicule, or out of mob compulsion, or even mob psychology, that is no worthy ground to stand on. Today we are standing for the truth, we believe in freedom. Let us not rest on any other foundation. Let us give freedom to those who differ from us. Let us rest upon truth alone.

## INDIAN INDEPENDENCE

(On September 19, 1920, Andrews wrote a brief letter to the press in which he stated "Having witnessed with my own eyes the humiliation of Indians, I can see no possible recovery of self-respect except by claiming an independence from British domination not less than that of Egypt" As he explained in one of his first letters to Tagore, he had reached this conviction not later than 1910, but had not made it public Referring to the passage which follows, which Andrews published in 1921, Jawaharlal Nehru wrote "This brilliant essay seemed to me not only to make out an unanswerable case for independence, but also to mirror the inmost recesses of our hearts It was wonderful that a foreigner should echo that cry of our inmost being"—*Autobiography* p. 66)

AFTER MANY VARIED EXPERIENCES in the British colonies I have been carried forward step by step to the conclusion that the goal of Indian freedom lies outside the British Empire To arrive at such a conclusion has been no easy thing for me, it has represented the complete transformation of the hopes with which I came to India nearly eighteen years ago

It is not the political, but the moral and spiritual side of this great issue of Indian independence which interests me most deeply. It involves, for me, a greater issue still, an issue as wide as humanity, the breaking down of the 'white' race supremacy which I hold to be the greatest menace on earth today The question therefore is not one of politics, but of humanity.

This does not mean that foreign conquest is always, immediately, a disaster The reign of Akbar was an untold blessing to India. But to *prolong* a foreign rule appears invariably to lead to disaster. And the whole controversy with England at the present time is that its rule in India has lasted too long

Two historical maxims put forward by Sir John Seeley, concerning Indian independence, long ago attracted my attention. These have seemed to me to be profoundly disturbing They have forced me to see how deep the evil of *dependence* lies, and how hard it is to eradicate it The first maxim may be quoted in Sir John Seeley's

own words, as follows: *Subjection for a long time to a foreign yoke is one of the most potent causes of national deterioration.* I wish every word of this sentence to be very carefully noted. Not every subjection, but subjection *for a long time*, is a potent cause of national deterioration.

The evils that arise, when subjection has eaten into the soul of the people, are only too well known. There is a slow undermining of the very foundations of truth and honesty and fearlessness of character, when everything is to be gained by accommodation and flattery. No material benefits can compensate for these vicious effects of foreign rule upon the truthfulness of the people's lives. There then is one terrible fact of history to be faced. To remain any further in a state of dependence within the British Empire would appear to mean an increasing measure of national deterioration. We must, therefore, at once awake and shake ourselves free.

I have said to myself again and again, in silence. If this independence, which is every Englishman's birthright, has made my own life free and fearless, what right have I to enslave others? How can I refuse to allow the same freedom to every Indian? I had no answer to that question except to acknowledge the truth it contained.

In the European Middle Ages there was a striking phrase describing anything which brought stagnation upon the future; it was called the *mortmain*, the dead hand. I have seen the dead hand of an essentially foreign rule, such as British rule must always be, laid upon many things in Indian life that were vitally precious. Art, music, poetry, architecture, may for a time be quickened into activity by the impact of a foreign culture; but the 'dead hand' inevitably creeps forward, if the impact is prolonged. In the life of the villages of India, changes which brought the shock of novelty have also brought the shock of destruction. We can see the deadening touch of foreign interference upon many beautiful and natural village customs. I am eagerly longing to see this 'dead hand' removed from India altogether and the country once more entirely free and independent.

In very early days, while these thoughts were present with me,

there came one of those sudden revelations of the truth, which are given like a flash from time to time. In the year 1907, at Aligarh, there had been a dispute between the students and the European staff. This had led to extreme bitterness, and provoked a College strike. The students refused to go back until their wrongs were righted. Early one morning at Delhi, Moulvi Nazir Ahmed and Munshi Zaka Ullah, whom I revered most deeply for their singular beauty of character, came to me with tears in their eyes to tell me that the Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, the darling treasure of their hearts, was on the point of ruin. They asked me to come with them to Aligarh, and we went together. I could feel the outraged spirit of the students, their resentment, their sense of humiliation and injustice. During that very night, when we were present at Aligarh, the insulted students burnt their college furniture, their beds and mattresses, their tables and books. The flames mounted to the skies, a symbol of the students' own flaming indignation. Later, after the strike was all over, I asked Moulvi Nazir Ahmed what words of advice he had spoken to the students. He told me that he had said: "You are slaves. What can slaves do? Get back to your books and work. You are not free men, but slaves."

These terrible words of the Moulvi Sahib whom I passionately loved, haunted me like an evil dream. Was that all the counsel he was able to give these young men at the very opening of their lives? Was that in very truth these students' true position? Were they *slaves*? The more I thought over it, the more I found that the words had truth in them. This foreign subjection was a servitude of the soul, more insidious than any outward slavery. However much it might be disguised by a pleasing exterior, the true fact remained.

I went over and over again, in mind, Sir John Seeley's maxim, which I had just discovered: *Subjection for a long time to a foreign yoke is one of the most potent causes of national deterioration*. The words *for a long time* stuck in my mind. I said to myself: "This clearly must be ended." It was not long after this that the central thought of Indian Independence became firmly established in my mind.

I have tested it since by a hundred experiences abroad, but it has stood the test.

I have maintained in times past, and would still maintain, that the widespread teaching of English was of great benefit to India in the past. It was one of the most potent means of giving that shock, or stimulus, which India needed at one time in her history to rouse her out of sleep. It has given ideals of political freedom and of national unity, which have been invaluable. But the future of India, now that the shock and stimulus have been given, demands a return at all points to the mother-tongue of each great Province and the teaching of all subjects (except English itself) through the mother-tongue. Dangers now lie ahead of India owing to the divorce between the English-educated men (who are forming a class by themselves) and the agricultural and town labourers. Nevertheless, it is almost inconceivable in the present circumstances that such a vital educational change as this can take place, unless India ceases to be an "integral part of the British Empire."

The second of the two historical maxims presented by Sir John Seeley forces Indians into a dilemma from which there appears to be no escape. He faces the ultimate question of the withdrawal of the British Government from India. With regard to such a withdrawal, Sir John Seeley appears to think, the people of India have so lost the powers of self-government and self-defence, that *to withdraw the British Government would be the most inexcusable of all crimes*. The situation is as follows: If dependence and subjection to the foreign rule of the British Empire continue, then national deterioration of India is likely to increase. Yet withdrawal of India from the British Empire is becoming more and more difficult because of the dependence of Indians on British protection. The sentence implies that India has no way out of her difficulties. We are involved in a vicious circle.

I have thought over this problem for many years; and I confess I could find no solution. But quite lately there has appeared to me to be one pathway out of this terrible dilemma. If India could be granted, before it is too late, some genius who could stir up the spirit of independence throughout the whole country, then there

might be hope. If India could produce such an inspiring and unifying personality, then all might yet be well.

And surely this is what is happening today. At this most critical moment in Indian history, when subjection and dependence were becoming unbearable, we have been given one who has roughly shaken our age-long conventions and has uttered the *mantram* "Be free: be slaves no longer!"

With such a volcanic force as the personality of Mahatma Gandhi, there will be much destruction. But the new life-urge from beneath has forced its way to the surface, and this in the end will be creative, not destructive; it will go forward until the whole people is at last awakened to full national consciousness

Whilst I myself find ground for hope and encouragement in the prospect which I have thus outlined, I have had myself, in the past, the strongest leaning towards a conservative and gradual ideal of progress; I can understand the attraction which it has for many of the most thoughtful and patriotic Indian minds. But I would ask those who hold it, how can you face the historical prospect of an ever-increasing dependence, an ever-increasing deterioration, if the British imperial rule continues? How can doles of Home Rule, meted out at the will of the rulers, create a new inner vital force?

The doubt in my own mind has been so great, that I have most gladly turned for encouragement to the other prospect. There, in Mahatma Gandhi, we have a moral genius of the first order, who has revealed to us all the hidden power of a living freedom from within, who has taught us to depend, not on any external resources, but on ourselves. My whole heart goes out to his appeal, and I have a great hope that, along this path, independence will be reached at last.

## THE OPPRESSION OF THE POOR

(Andrews had spent a large part of his time in 1915-18 in exposing the evils of the system of indentured labour in Fiji. "The same evils are rampant in India, in our own industrial cities," said his friends. He found this to be true, and the following extracts illustrate it from his dealings with tea-garden labour and with railway strikes. The three passages have the same underlying theme, the isolation of the bureaucrats, both in government and in big business, from the working man, and the way in which the labourer can be used, by both parties to a power struggle, as a mere "pawn in the game." As Andrews commented, Tundla is only a few hours' journey from Delhi, yet during all the weeks of the strike, *no one* except himself made any personal inquiry, either on behalf of the Railway Board or on behalf of the public. "We *deserve* to suffer inconvenience from the strike," he wrote to the press. "If these poor men are ignorant and gullible it is the fault of our own negligence.")

It is worth recording that the Report of the Royal Commission on Indian Labour endorsed at every point Andrew's analysis of the root causes of the industrial unrest of 1921-22.)

### The Crisis at Chandpur

I HAVE JUST COME OUT of the furnace of affliction at Chandpur, where, in a cholera encampment, we were forced to see, day after day, the misery of our brothers and sisters and their little children, the refugees from Assam. If this record bears upon its surface the marks of the fire that burnt within us, I know that I shall be pardoned by all those who read my words with understanding hearts. For I cannot, at such a time, keep a judicial aloofness from my subject. What we have just been through cannot be forgotten easily and lightly. I am giving hot memories, not cold, calculated thoughts—memories that still burn, even while I put them down in this Santiniketan Ashram, where all around me is smiling with peace, in the pure joy of the fresh monsoon rains, and where nature herself is rejoicing in the beauty of new life.

In the year 1919, which was a period of exceptional scarcity and distress in the Gorakhpur District of the United Provinces, a very



large number of agricultural labourers from the villages found their way up to the tea gardens of Lower Assam. As the tea industry, at that time, was in a prosperous condition, these labourers found a ready employment. They were rapidly absorbed into the ordinary labour force.

But, unfortunately, only a year later, the boom in the tea industry subsided. A sharp depression set in. By the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1921, many of the tea gardens in Lower Assam, especially in the Chargola valley, were very hard pressed indeed. European managers were either dismissed with a bonus, or put on short allowance. Instructions were sent out by the directors in England, that no new cultivation was to be undertaken. It can easily be understood how difficult it became to find employment for the excessively large labour force taken on to the gardens in the year 1919.

During the early months of 1921, there was great excitement in Assam over the Non-Co-operation Movement. Thousands of students from the colleges had struck work, and strikes were frequent in the industrial world. The railways were particularly sensitive. It would appear, from reports sent down by the managers of the tea gardens, that political workers had been urging the labourers in the Chargola Valley to strike. If this was so, they were acting contrary to the instructions of Mahatma Gandhi, who had issued a strong warning against the use of labour strikes as political weapons.

Apart from any action of political workers, however, the distress had evidently become so great, that some thousands of poor famished labourers had fled from the gardens. The only outlet for them on their homeward journey was through Chandpur, where they became crowded in a congested area on the river bank. Their misery and destitution, on their arrival, would be difficult to exaggerate in words; it was pitiable almost beyond description.

In the weeks that followed, we had abundant opportunities of going round to groups of these refugees in the different camps and thus gathering from them by careful cross-examination the reasons why they left the estates. I was particularly anxious to find out

the truth at first hand. The usual explanation given by them was, that work had become short on the estates and that a full day's wage had not been provided. One manager had told them that he did not care whether they went or whether they remained.

Even allowing for the natural exaggeration, which is common to ignorant and illiterate people all the world over, yet it was the opinion of every relief worker who saw their condition, that they had suffered privation for a long time before they left the gardens. The bad economic position of the tea industry seemed exactly to corroborate the story we were told.

Chandpur is a provincial town on one of the branches of the delta made by the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. The Assam-Bengal Railway here meets the river steamer service to Goalundo. The town is on a low promontory jutting out into the river, with channels of water and canals everywhere—a death-trap in a severe cholera epidemic.

Many of the refugees had boarded the trains on their march down and thus had reached the river. Others had tramped the whole distance of more than a hundred miles on foot. Thus some thousands, in a few days' time, had reached the 'neck of the bottle' at Chandpur; and all further progress was blocked to them, unless they could proceed by steamer to Goalundo.

The Government officials on the spot, naturally fearing a cholera epidemic, gave facilities to the down-coming refugees to embark on the steamers immediately and to make the river journey to Goalundo. They were thus being sent forward at the rate of five hundred to one thousand each day. Immediate action had to be taken, without reference to Government head-quarters; and the officials on the spot acted according to their own judgment. There can be little doubt that by doing so they saved the situation for the time being.

Then the representatives of the tea estates in Assam took alarm and intervened. They greatly feared that a panic might set in among the labourers throughout both the valleys of Assam, and that in consequence a general exodus might ensue. I was personally pressed by their agents to use my influence to prevent the refugees.

from going forward. I told them that it would be inhuman to insist that the labourers should remain in this cholera-infected area.

This consideration did not appear to move the planters; they did their utmost to persuade the authorities at Darjeeling to countermand the orders of the local government officials at Chandpur. In the end they won. The countermand was given in such a manner that the local officials interpreted it to mean that not even concession tickets were to be allowed. Later this was found to be a mistake, but it caused a serious deadlock for many days.

The result of the deadlock was immediately felt. The congestion of thousands of refugees at Chandpur became daily more and more acute. Cholera broke out in a virulent form.

The railway station at Chandpur is far away from the town. It is close to the landing stage of the river steamers. In the railway yard itself there is a large shed for Indian third-class passengers. When the refugees came down in great numbers, they occupied this railway shed. No other shelter was available, and the monsoon rains were threatening. Indeed, some rain had already fallen. When the Government authorities refused to help the refugees forward any longer, at first there was intense and bitter disappointment. They actually rushed one steamer, in their eagerness to get away from Chandpur. About three hundred and fifty managed to scramble on board, before the gangway could be unshipped. The steamship and Government authorities, touched by their distress, had not the heart to turn them off the steamer, and they were allowed to proceed. Up to this point everything had been done in a humane and kindly manner; and this last act of allowing those who had rushed the gangway to go forward was the kindest act of all.

Then the Commissioner of the Chittagong Division arrived upon the scene. In order to prevent another "rushing" of the steamers, he decided to turn the refugees out of the railway yard altogether, and to put some distance between them and the river steamers. But he did all this with an inhumanity which was in direct contrast to the kindness and humanity which had been exercised before.

In the first place, he did not wait to provide proper shelter for the refugees elsewhere. He drove them out from the only shelter they had, just at the time of the monsoon rains. The football field, on to which he forcibly drove them, was absolutely shelterless. A few days later it was under water, with only the tops of the goal posts visible.

But far worse than this, he sent the Gurkha soldiers among them at dead of night to drive them out. The result might be anticipated. These Gurkhas used the butt-ends of their rifles on sick and helpless women and children, who were too weak to move rapidly. It was a brutal assault, and it was entirely unprovoked.

The news of this dastardly attack upon invalid women and children spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood. During the remainder of that night the mass of the townspeople went out towards the railway station and took back the stricken refugees into their own quarters, carrying the sick and wounded in their arms. They brought them to their own homes and found them shelter. They fed and clothed them. Cholera had already broken out, an epidemic was almost certain. But they nursed the cholera-stricken patients, understanding well what risks they were running both for themselves and for their families. Hindus and Musalmans were at one in this supreme act of hospitality.

Day after day and week after week the Chandpur people continued their ministry of service. Numbers of young volunteers flocked rapidly into Chandpur from every town in East Bengal. Students from the colleges and schools rendered noble and effective service. Doctors came as volunteers from outside. The resident doctors of the place, one and all, rendered unselfish voluntary aid. The hearts of the people of East Bengal were deeply touched and the response was immediate.

At this critical moment, when the supreme need was to get all the more healthy refugees quickly forward on their journey, a double disaster occurred. On the one hand, no entreaty from the local government officials, who were united in their demand for the refugees to be moved from Chandpur, could shake the Bengal Government at Darjeeling. The tea interests were too strong

The Government refused to help the refugees forward. They only offered medical aid on the spot. Large subscriptions were then collected from the public, and at last it became financially possible to send forward the refugees, even at full rates and apart from Government aid. Then came the second disaster. A strike was suddenly brought about by the political leaders, both on the Assam-Bengal Railway and on the river steamers, as a protest against the Gurkha outrage and the obstructionist attitude of Government. These two strikes were called for by the leaders out of sympathy with the tea garden labourers. This was their declared object. But in reality they only brought fresh difficulties to the refugees themselves. For they prevented the river steamers from running, and thus shut tightly the "bottle-neck" at Chandpur. The refugees had to be sent back into the cholera camp, just as they were embarking.

After this, the cholera epidemic became more and more serious. At one time, it seemed certain to spread to the town and district. But owing chiefly to the labours of Dr. Suresh Banerji and the doctors working under him, along with the band of national volunteers, the cholera epidemic was arrested.

Then, with the heavy monsoon rains, pneumonia broke out in the camp of the refugees. Our anxieties were redoubled. Our doctors and nurses were worn out with day and night duty in the hospitals. But in God's providence, all these difficulties were gradually overcome. The Assam labourers were at last sent back, under volunteer escort, to their homes. Such, in brief outline is the history of the deadlock at Chandpur.

#### **Chandpur : Aftermath and some Reflections**

By far the larger proportion of the Assam labourers came originally from the Gorakhpur District of the United Provinces. Careful arrangements were made beforehand for their reception on their return to their homes. The refugees were quickly absorbed by the different villages; and as the harvest since their return has

been a good one, there has been no distress reported from the whole of this district. Unfortunately about four hundred of the returned labourers had come originally from the Central Provinces. These met with distress on their return, on account of scarcity prevailing there. I have to take personal blame for neglecting to make preparations in their case.

The steamship strike continued for more than six weeks, and was at last amicably settled. Most of the men who had struck work were re-employed. But the railway strike lingered on month after month. Many thousands of railwaymen lost their employment altogether, families starved, and even now, nine months later, much of the distress has not been relieved.

There are many valuable lessons to be learned from this whole series of events, which should not be thrown away. The deadlock at Chandpur may have been one tiny incident in the midst of world convulsions, but for me it has seemed to be a replica in miniature of the whole Indian situation. For it has long been my conviction that the vast revolution through which India is passing is not ultimately political. Far down below the turmoil on the surface lies the agelong problem of the suffering of the poor.

Our modern age confronts us with new problems. Indebtedness in village life is on the increase, and in the towns an industrial system has been developing. There is an entirely new Indian population, saturated with the same slum evils that dehumanise the industrial cities of the west and of Japan. Whatever official statistics may show, there is little doubt left in my own mind, after long personal investigation, that the feeling of poverty among the masses has increased and not diminished. This acuter sense of burden may be due in part to the rapid growth of population. This problem has to be worked out, not only for India, but for Japan and western countries also. It is a world problem of the modern age.

In India we are confronted in addition with all the evils involved in a system of government which is foreign to the people. The misery of the conflict will be terrible if the present almost complete

aloofness of the officials from the common people continues. There was a time when the Government of India was truly called "The Protector of the Poor". But the system of administration now predominant in India crushes the poor, tyrannises over the poor. This is the terrible indictment brought against it by leaders whose lives are lived among the people and who suffer with the people. I have struggled for many years to disbelieve it, but I am daily becoming more certain that it is not to be cast aside as untrue.

The bitterness of my experience goes further.

The English education which the country has been receiving, has created a gulf between the "classes" and the "masses", which is almost as wide as that between the Government and the poor. If the Bengal Government's recent action, when tried in the balance, has been found wanting, there has been much also that has been found wanting among those who have received an English education, but, while obtaining it, have shamefully neglected the poor. The truth is, we have to struggle against the weaknesses of personal moral character which are inherent in foreign rule—the servility, the flattery, the hypocrisy by which men gain titles and power. These vices of the spirit of man lead directly to tyranny over the weak and helpless. It has been well said that "there is no tyrant so brutal towards the poor as the man who is abject towards those who are above him".

There is a Bengali proverb which says, "When great kings go to war, it is the grass that is trodden under foot". The great "Kings" of the National Movement, on the one hand, and the Government, on the other, are now the combatants. But the poor people, who are like the grass, are in danger of being trodden down by both parties.

The greater part of my own life has been given up to the study of educational and labour problems. I have never been what is called a "politician", and I have always profoundly distrusted "politics", because of the incessant opportunism involved and the juggling with human lives. I hate the way politicians exploit the poor and the weak and the defenceless for their own ends; and I

think that the time has come, when all who love humanity should make a determined stand against this

It is because Mahatma Gandhi is essentially more than a "politician" (in this narrow sense of the word) that I have faith in the movement which he has founded. He would never, for a moment, make the poor a "pawn in the game." He is on the side of the poor, living as a poor man among the poor, suffering with their sufferings and never sparing himself. This intimate experience of poverty in all its phases has made his ideas concerning the welfare of the poor extraordinarily stimulating. My mind always reacts to them with a shock of surprise and often of opposition. Yet I can hardly express what a power they have been in fashioning my own life.

Let me give one illustration from South Africa in 1914, which is as vivid to me as if it had happened only yesterday. We had walked out together outside Pretoria. On the way back we sat down in the shade of an overhanging tree and talked about many things. I had, for some time past, adopted vegetarianism as a diet, but I had done so rather out of regard for other people's feelings than from any conviction of my own. The subject turned to the question of meat-eating, and I somewhat perversely argued with Mahatma Gandhi, that in nature herself the lower life was sacrificed to the higher, and on that ground the taking of animal life for food by human beings was justifiable. In a moment, his eyes were aflame; and then he said to me, in that quiet, restrained voice of his: "You are a Christian, and yet you use an argument like that! I thought your Bible taught you that Christ was divine, and that just because he was divine, he sacrificed himself for such a sinful creature as man. That teaching I can understand; but what you have just said I cannot understand at all. I should love to imagine the whole Universe sacrificing itself to save the life of one single worm. That would be beautiful. But your argument is not beautiful at all. And it is not Christian, either!"

This simple instance contains in a small compass Mahatma Gandhi's fundamental teaching concerning the poor. In contrast with this, it was seriously argued at a meeting in Calcutta that the



fate of the few thousand refugees in the cholera camp at Chandpur ought not to stand in the way of a general railway and steamship strike; a few thousand coolies might be sacrificed, if India's three hundred and twenty millions could obtain *Swaraj*. Remembering Mahatma Gandhi's argument outside Pretoria, I told the story to the meeting. It would be a glorious act, I said, if the whole of India was ready to sacrifice itself for a few thousand poor people. The audience at once responded.

In no part of India, not even in the Punjab, have I ever felt the danger of an actual outbreak of violence so near at hand as in East Bengal. For emotion, uncontrolled, is always near the edge of the precipice of violence. If this great national movement is simply to be swayed by emotion, if it is to have no steadying power of quiet concentrated thought behind it, then it will certainly lose its balance. The most precious spiritual weapon which Mahatma Gandhi has given to the national movement is *ahimsa*. That is why he has definitely ruled out of his present programme the encouragement of local labour strikes. It is we, the educated, who ought to suffer. We ought not to make the poor the sufferers.

But suffering and oppression in India are not the product of modern conditions only. They can be traced back historically into those ages of the past, when the Aryan races from the North invaded India and made serfs of the original inhabitants, when the colour bar was drawn against anyone whose skin was not of the same hue as that of the conqueror, when the millions of the aboriginal poor people of India were first made 'untouchable'. Systems of forced labour (*Begar*, *Uttar*, *Rasad*, *Atwara*, and the like) still exist in terrible and relentless power in almost every province of British India and in the Indian States. These are clearly the evil relics of a remote antiquity, when poor unoffending villagers, men and women alike, were treated as beasts of burden rather than as human beings.

The inhuman restrictions which have grown up along with the caste system, especially with regard to untouchability, have placed a barrier between the higher castes and the poorest of the poor, which is no less a disgrace to mankind than the separation between

the "classes" and the "masses". If I have burnt with indignation at the action of the Gurkha soldiers, who were turned out by Government officials to beat and wound defenceless and sickly refugees, I have also burnt with indignation no less deep at the wrongs done to my Indian brothers and sisters by those who have beaten and wounded the souls of the poor through branding them with the curse of untouchability. Untouchability must be rooted out, with all other forms of oppression, if India is ever to be truly free

At Chandpur, we have seen weakness—the weakness of a foreign government which lives its own life entirely aloof from the sufferings of the common people; the weakness of a popular cause which relies upon excitement, rather than sound reason, as a basis for action.

We have seen selfishness—a vivid picture of the selfishness of a capitalistic system with a Board of Directors utterly remote from the poor people whom they employ to make their profits. We have seen this system, through its representatives, ready to sacrifice human life in a cholera epidemic if only its business interests remain intact. We have seen also the selfishness underlying much of the politics of the times in which we live, when the poor are used as pawns in a political game and homes are wrecked by politically directed strikes

At the same time we have seen the essential nobleness within the human heart, as it shines through the generous officials who cut red tape in time of need, and through the townspeople's kindly deeds of human service. In Chandpur we have all been learning a lesson. learning to honour and to serve the poor and oppressed. These refugees might have been regarded as "mere coolies", we have been taught to receive them as our loved and welcomed guests. Could there have been any lesson taught us, which could lead more directly to *Swaraj*?

One more word. During those days of suffering I could find no help in the excitement of the political atmosphere. But from

the records of the inner life of man—in the scriptures of my childhood, in the words of ancient Indian wisdom, in the poems of *Gitanjali*—strength came, and inward peace, and a great calm.

### Some Notes on Railway Strikes

I have been with the railway workmen for some days, here in Tundla, living with them in their own quarters, sharing everything with them. I am among the poor and understanding something of their burden. Always it is the poor grass—these illiterate men—that gets trodden under foot.

Superficial explanations like “political unrest” are absurd. I have not heard a single word of politics and there is no sign of the strike being “political” in origin. The grievance lies in the bullying of the Indian subordinate staff by the Anglo-Indians and Europeans, which has recently become intolerable. The railway workmen refuse to stand these insults any longer.

These men are very nearly inarticulate, and owing to lack of training spoil their own case in the press, but they are in deadly earnest. The present strike is a weak one, but behind it is a deep and painful wound. Intelligent workmen said that Anglo-Indians who were in many cases inferior in intelligence, sobriety and diligence, were taken in superior posts and Indians kept out. The European scale of pay made them socially arrogant and racially intolerant. If they were put in open competition with Indians on the basis of equal pay for equal work, there would be no trouble.

If such is the true state of things, if the foreign Government has decided for purely *political* reasons, that Indians could not be trusted on the East India Railway, then the official version, that the strike has stirred up racial hatred, is somewhat ridiculous. It reminds me of a scene I once witnessed in the streets of London, where one boy kicked another savagely in my presence and then burst out crying with all his might that the boy whom he had just kicked has struck *him*! The Government of India first puts the East India Railway on a political basis, and encourages racial

arrogance by its own policy, and then cries out again the Indian employees if they resent being kicked!

The so-called "gratuity" system is not a genuine gratuity but a strike-insurance policy. It is paid only at the end of a man's service, and only on condition that he has *never* gone on strike. A man has to sell his soul to earn it, because he gives up one of the very few rights he possesses, the right of refusing to work. It is sheer folly, for it never prevents a strike, but it always prolongs it.

As individuals, the railwaymen are remarkable for their patience, reasonableness and sense of fairness. To sit and argue with them in their own homes leads continually to good results. But at a mass meeting, a single violent speech by an outsider can turn them from reason to unreason. I remember so well a certain strike centre where I was all alone with the strikers, and all had unanimously agreed to call off the strike. Then a complete outsider, whom the men did not even know, got up and made a violent harangue of a vulgar and offensive type. It had no reference to the strike, it was completely out of order, but it did its work. The settlement was abandoned, the struggle had to begin all over again.

I have presented the following memorandum to the Railway Board in Simla. It is based upon my experience of four railway strikes. I am aware that my knowledge of railways is very limited, and there may be inaccuracies in my statements, but I have honestly wished to help the railway authorities at a critical time. The working-men are still "children" in all sorts of ways, and unable to take the full independent position, and my object has been purely humanitarian. I have known from an intimate experience of strikes what an amount of misery they cause.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMORANDUM

From what I have experienced, I feel strongly that the workmen should run their own Trade Union. There will be difficulty, there may at times be quarrels, for there are very few railway employees who know to manage a big Trade Union. Some "paternal"

encouragement will be needed if they are to succeed, and this will be very liable to misunderstanding. Yet in little acts of courtesy and kindness a great deal might be done. Such simple things as offering a chair to a Union Secretary make a lot of difference. The thing that has most struck me is the men's immediate response to kindness. I have had to go contrary to their opinions on several occasions, but they have trusted me throughout as one who sincerely wished to help them.

There have been some exceptionally capable and liberal-minded officers in the higher ranks of the railway service, and the workmen appreciate these officers. But there is a strong opinion that on the whole grievances are not considered as carefully as they used to be, and that the *Bara Sahibs* are not so accessible. I am almost certain that this opinion is well-grounded.

Unions are going to be formed, where they are not already in existence, and the problem is to encourage their healthy growth. I strongly believe that a successfully and amicably managed Union will be an important advantage in bringing back that close touch between officers and men which has become difficult owing to the growth and complexity of the railways. Would it be possible for delegates of the Union to meet officers of the Company at headquarters for a monthly conference? The officers could explain the financial position of the company, the Union could put forward suggestions for improvements. Some railways might be able to try out profit-sharing schemes. There would be great gain in any case from the dissemination of knowledge and from mutual personal contact and respect.

If a Union starts with this friendliness, so that the men realise that they do not need people from outside (because they themselves can manage technical questions much better), a railway Union would become a clearing house for grievances, and not be used merely to manufacture strikes.

But I want something more than this. I want the conditions under which the workmen live, and the defects in those conditions, to be as fully understood as the conditions and defects of the permanent way. At Kanchrapara, for instance, I found the water

supply to the workmen's dwellings in an appalling state, and this elementary need had been neglected year after year. It had been one cause of the bitterness that culminated in the workshop strike.

Again I found an ever-increasing *social* barrier between the "European" side and what is still called the "native" side. (Do not Europeans understand how bitterly that word "native" is resented?) I am sure that a better "service tradition" of social intercourse existed in the past, but I have found no attempt in the present to provide healthy recreation for the working-men in which Europeans shared. Just at this time when everything depends on friendliness, such increasing divergence is deplorable.

With regard to immediate improvements I would suggest the following programme:

(i) The "gratuity" should be placed on the same basis as the Provident Fund which is not forfeited in case of an ordinary strike. It should take the form of an added bonus or pension.

(ii) A pension is preferable to a lump sum of money, which designing people get hold of. It would be a continual support in old age.

(iii) Workmen of good character and regular service should be offered permanent employment on a monthly wage; nothing would stabilise the railway more than this improvement of prospects in the workshops. There would be initial difficulties, especially in the habits of the men themselves, but the day-labour system is horribly wasteful; the permanent man would feel honourable ties of active association with the company.

(iv) I am certain that in India, with pension benefits for working men so utterly inadequate, elderly men must be kept on as long as possible, in some capacity. Justice and firmness are needed, but also compassion. The question of discharge on account of age should not be settled by hard and fast rules, latitude should be allowed.

(v) I have gone carefully into the matter of employer's liability for accident or injury. Just because there is no Employer's Liability Act in India, there is all the more moral obligation to do everything they can to protect their men. Very much remains to

be done, for example for the protection of eye-sight especially in the forge work.

(vi) At every workshop centre full housing accommodation should be offered to the men. But in planning workmen's dwellings it is of the utmost importance that the men themselves should be consulted. This point has been neglected, and some absurd things have been done owing to want of consideration of Indian domestic habits.

(vii) This brings me to my last point. The railway workshops attract men from the villages who in five cases out of six leave their wives behind them. This is altogether bad; prostitution and venereal disease make these centres public plague-spots. But if inducements are never given to the men, in the way of family quarters *with decent privacy*, they will never bring their wives, and you will get fewer permanent workers. This whole matter of making domestic life possible and desirable needs to be worked out in consultation with the leaders of the men.

## “THE GREAT SENTINEL”

(This account of the end of the non-co-operation movement in 1921-22 is taken from *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, which was written in order to help the people of England to understand the Indian national movement and the background of the Round Table Conferences held in London in 1930-31. The article by Gandhi which he quotes says that this was not the first time that Andrews had felt hurt by something he had done. In 1918 Andrews had strongly protested to Gandhi against his participation in a War Conference in Delhi at a time when secret treaties had come to light which showed Britain to be guilty of double dealing and deceit. (This was later proved.) In 1920 he had refused to support the Khilafat Movement unless it was quite clear that it did not mean Turkish imperial domination over non-Turkish peoples.)

The terrible occurrence at Chauri-Chaura was itself in part the bitter fruit of oppression and blind despair. Not long before, a student from Chauri-Chaura had commented that when he thought of the exactions that the landlords visited on the poor in that area, he was surprised they were not all murdered in their beds.)

IT WAS NECESSARY for Rabindranath Tagore to go to Europe and America during the year 1920 and the earlier part of the year 1921. He was therefore unable to be present in person at the beginning of the Non-Co-operation Movement. He did not witness, as I did, the amazing way in which vast multitudes of people—ordinary men and women, who had not been drilled, or disciplined, or strictly trained—learnt from Mahatma Gandhi the ethics of Passive Resistance, and offered themselves for prison joyfully without any violence.

At this early stage the authorities acted with some consideration. Although women offered themselves for arrest and were arrested, there were few imprisonments among them. But the imprisonments of men and youths soon mounted up to many thousands, and official power was sometimes brutally exercised. The heroism of those days, especially among the students, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Then a violent spirit began to enter the Movement from the side



of the people, there were also acts of social tyranny against those who refused to participate. As Non-Co-operation gathered numbers, so it gathered excitement. Where it swept the country—as I witnessed in East Bengal—this excitement broke all bounds. I had been with Mahatma Gandhi during the Passive Resistance days in Natal in 1913-14. But this appeared to me to be something entirely new and less spiritual.

When the Poet returned from Europe, and watched the effect of the Non-Co-operation Movement upon the people of his own province Bengal, he was profoundly disappointed. He felt that the popular attitude had become one of wild excitement rather than of deep moral conviction. As he expressed it, in a remarkable phrase, it “shouted to him; it did not sing”. What was still more evident to him was a mere blind following rather than a spiritual leadership. There was a strong outburst of long pent-up feelings, leading to violence of speech and action, rather than that sustained power of patient soul-force, about which he had so often heard from us when we returned from South Africa.

A further divergence was the Poet's inability to take any active part in the *khaddar* Movement, because it appeared to be put forward as a universal panacea for India's poverty, while the Poet regarded it only as an accessory method of rendering help. He could not understand Mr. Gandhi's entire stress upon the manufacture of *khaddar* alone, as though all other things were unimportant.

These were real differences of opinion, and whenever an opportunity offered, the two friends met, and very long discussions took place at which I was privileged to be present. In this difference of opinion between the two greatest spiritual leaders of India, the larger issues of the whole Non-Co-operation Movement were discussed and matters of world-wide importance were debated. The difference of temperament was so wide that it was extremely difficult to arrive at a common intellectual understanding, though the moral ties of friendship remained entirely unbroken. The Poet's belief in soul-force has always been fundamental. It colours all his poems, and his personal outlook upon human life. Whenever popular methods appeared to him to diverge from that high standard, he-

immediately expressed his pain in writing. Mahatma Gandhi's description of him as "The Great Sentinel" was a masterly title, an admirably chosen phrase which described his exact position in that crisis.

A little later, much against my will, I was drawn into the same controversy. It seemed to me that Mahatma Gandhi was literally "playing with fire", when he himself took the lead in burning huge heaps of foreign clothes. Not only did this appear to me to carry a certain racial bitterness, which was foreign to his nature, but also inevitably to lead on to further violence. Great crowds gathered for the burning of foreign cloth in Bombay, and a wave of rowdiness ran through the city. Both in the public press and also by outward action,<sup>1</sup> I felt bound to put forward my protest against this.

In answer to my own protest and to almost innumerable private letters, Mahatma Gandhi wrote the following article in *Young India*.

The reader will, I am sure, appreciate my sharing with him the following beautiful and pathetic letter from Mr Andrews. He writes to me "I know that your burning of foreign cloth is with the idea of helping the poor, but I feel that you have gone wrong. There is a subtle appeal to racial feeling in that word 'foreign' which day by day appears to need checking and not fomenting. The picture of your lighting that great pile, including delicate fabrics, shocked me intensely. We seem to be losing sight of the great, outside world to which we belong and concentrating selfishly on India; and this must (I fear) lead back to the old, bad, selfish nationalism. But I cannot argue it out. I can only say again that it shocked me, and seemed to me a form of violence; and yet I know how violence is abhorrent to you. I was supremely happy when you were dealing giant blows at the fundamental moral evils—

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<sup>1</sup> Andrews appeared at the meeting of the National Congress in December 1921 wearing a "European" suit of foreign cloth, and publicly stated his reason for doing so.

drunkenness, drug-taking, untouchability, race arrogance, etc., and when you were, with such wonderful and beautiful tenderness, dealing with the hideous vice of prostitution. But lighting bonfires of foreign cloth and telling people that it is a religious sin to wear it; destroying in the fire the handiwork of one's brothers and sisters abroad, saying it would be 'defiling' to use it—I cannot tell you how different all this appears to me! Do you know I almost fear now to wear the *khaddar* that you have given me, lest I should appear to be judging other people, as a Pharisee would, saying, 'I am holier than thou'. I never felt like this before. You know how, when anything that you do hurts me, I must cry out to you, and this has hurt me."

This is his letter. It is so like him. Whenever he feels hurt over anything I have done—and this is by no means the first of such occasions—he deluges me with letters without waiting for an answer. For it is love speaking to love, not arguing. And so it has been over the burning of foreign clothes.

India is racial today. It is with the utmost effort that I find it possible to keep evil passions under check. The general body of the people are filled with ill will; I am transferring the ill will from men to things. Love of foreign cloth has brought foreign domination, pauperism, and shame to many a home. Not long ago hundreds of 'untouchable' weavers of Kathiawar, having found their calling gone, became sweepers for the Bombay municipality. The life of these men has become so difficult that many lose their reason and become physical and moral wrecks; some are helpless witnesses of the shame of their daughters and even their wives. Is it any wonder if I consider it a sin to touch foreign cloth?

As the Non-Co-operation Movement proceeded, the defects in it became more pronounced. Its very popularity became its greatest hindrance. Mahatma Gandhi himself saw the dangers, but it was already too late. The excitement had gone too deep. The great masses of India had awakened to the sense of their own power without having received sufficient spiritual training to keep

that power under control. Mahatma Gandhi himself was able, for a time, to hold violence at bay. Along with his lieutenants he worked with superhuman energy in order to maintain control. But they were themselves unaware of the pace at which the current was driving the frail boat of their national endeavour towards the rapids. There were two or three premonitory warnings, and then the crash came at Bombay, when violence raged in the city day after day, in spite of heroic efforts to check it.

During all these tumultuous days I had been away from India in Kenya and South Africa, and had come back into the midst of the confusion at the end of the Bombay riots. Mahatma Gandhi's high courage had not left him, but he looked haggard and emaciated. His efforts towards creating Non-Violence in the atmosphere of Non-Co-operation were ever more incessant. He wore himself out with tireless activity by day and with sleepless watch and prayer by night. Then the second outbreak of violence came, at Chauri Chaura.

At that hour of outward failure Mahatma Gandhi rose to the greatest spiritual height which he ever reached in his whole career. Amid the angry cries and bitter words of his own followers, he called off the struggle. He had declared from the first that Non-Violence must be its essential feature, and he kept his word. Politically, it spelt desperate failure. Morally, it was the greatest triumph he had ever won—the victory of the soul.

## INDIANS IN EAST AFRICA 1919-23

(Andrews visited Kenya and Uganda in 1919, and again in 1921, to make an impartial investigation into the racial situation there. Communication and trade between India and East Africa had existed for centuries, the Imperial Government had assumed control during the 1890s in order "to protect British Indian subjects" who had settled there. The Uganda Railway was begun in 1896 and built and maintained by Indian labour. Indian traders and artisans opened up the country; Europeans came in large numbers only after the country was transferred to the Colonial Office in 1908. Many of the leaders came from Southern Africa, bringing with them a racially arrogant attitude towards Africans and Indians alike. Grants of Crown lands in the fertile Kenya Highlands were "for administrative convenience" restricted to "whites". A system of forced labour for Africans reproduced most of the evils of "indentured labour" in Natal. Acts of racial insult and of criminal violence disfigured the daily life of Kenya. A fair-minded English writer, Norman Leys, pointed out that such abuses "are inevitable whenever men are given both political control over a subject people and an opportunity to profit by their labour". Another, Colonel Wedgwood, confessed that he found it "difficult to write with restraint" about Kenya, and that equal political rights were the only just solution.

After the war ended in 1919, adult suffrage was granted to the whites, but the "Legislative Council" retained an official majority and had advisory powers only. Political leaders among the white settlers began to press for "self-government," by which they meant the complete control of the country's affairs by a population of less than ten thousand "whites", and the permanent exclusion of its twenty-three thousand Indians and its twenty-five lakhs of Africans from any real voice in government. Racial fanatics used every means to discredit Indians, with the object of driving them out of the colony altogether. Andrews struggled for years with this situation, but never wrote a connected account. What follows is compiled from published speeches and scattered magazine articles.

Kenya is now a free African nation, yet an observer of the housing conditions in over-crowded Nairobi has reported during the last few months that "the old colonial lines which once separated black from white now keep rich and poor apart")

IT IS A FACT too little known that Dr. Livingstone's great journeys in Central Africa could scarcely have been accomplished had it not been for the pioneering work of the Indian merchants and

traders who had preceded him. It was an Indian merchant at Zanzibar who marked out his route.

We do not know in what period these trading enterprises first began, but there are evidences of their stretching back even to the Puranic age. In Speke's book *The Sources of the Nile* there is a fascinating passage: "Colonel Rigby, the British consul, gave me a most interesting paper about the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon written by Lieutenant Wilford from the Puranas of the ancient Hindus". Speke then points out the evidence that travellers from ancient India knew Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The Indian settlement in East Africa has had its origin in such early intercourse as this. Intercommunication and settlement have been continuous. Yet today European settlers, who began to come into the country in any numbers less than twenty years ago, claim to drive out the British Indians altogether and to occupy it as their own preserve!

I have travelled extensively, more than once, in British East Africa (Kenya) and Uganda, in Zanzibar, and the Tanganyika Territory. I have remained throughout as the guest of Indian settlers and lived in Indian homes. I have been trying to enter into the difficulties of the Indians, especially those of the uneducated and the illiterate.

Here is one Indian, with his little market-garden plot on which he grows vegetables for sale in the township. Here is another, who keeps his grocer's store in a tin shed near the railway station. Here is a Sikh carpenter living in a tiny room in the railway quarters. Here is a Gujrati goldsmith occupying a corner in the Indian bazaar at an excessively high rent. Here is a Punjabi cultivator on the border of the great Lake. Wherever I have met them, the same questions are asked. "Why is it that we are told we must leave this country?"

It matters nothing that the Indians had opened up the distant places and established themselves in their small shops and holdings long before the European and South African settlers came. Questions of past rights, pioneer services, priority of claims, are brushed aside. The Indian quarter is "too near" to the European, so in

some way or other it must be removed. But the Indian objects to his own removal, and his objection is often fundamentally just.

Let me take a single instance of the treatment of some semi-literate Indians. In their own statement they say that "when the present Nairobi was a small town of tents, a perfect wilderness, they were induced by officers of the Government to take up lands along the Nairobi River, in swampy ground, for the purpose of growing vegetables, fruits etc. for the infant Nairobi. On the strength of promises made they reclaimed land and drained swamps, which had served as a breeding-ground for malarial mosquitoes, improving the health of European and Indian alike". When the area (105 acres divided among 35 persons) had been reclaimed it became valuable. When the value of the land rose, everything was done to get the cultivators to abandon their claims. Difficulties and harassments have increased, while the Indians see daily how every inducement is offered to Europeans to take up land on easy terms.

This poison of racialism has come before me in its most inhuman forms in Africa; it has been hard to refrain from explosions of anger at the deadly insults levelled against our common humanity. The offence is so cowardly, so insensate. Yet anger will not heal; only love will finally conquer. It is necessary to probe deep, if the wrong itself is to be healed, but my hope is that I shall avoid any stirring up of fresh racial passion.

One instance may stand for a thousand others. When I was returning from Uganda I had embarked at Jinja to cross the great Lake. I noticed upon deck a Sikh officer carrying in his arms his baby child. When I went to speak to him the baby smiled, and I took the little one in my arms while we went on talking. The mother was pleased to see her baby laughing, and we talked a little about her home in the Punjab which I had visited long ago. Shortly afterwards one of the European passengers came up to me and said: "I should like to tell you something. Do you realise that when we saw you take that black child in your arms we felt like murdering you and pitching you into the sea? We white people won't stand that sort of thing in East Africa!" When I

had calmed down I tried to reason with him, but arguments could make no impression.

I do not wish it to be imagined that in East Africa the white people in general approve of this racial insolence or of the brutalities to which it leads. There are European men and women all over Africa who are standing out bravely against the racial wrong. I have met many settlers and officials who regard this attitude and the policy associated with it as unjust. A few speak out, and have to suffer persecution. But the majority, who in their hearts dislike the incessant floggings, the bullying, the near-lynchings, bow in a cowardly manner before the minority who approve of them, so strong is the sanctity of the white race dogma. This is the true meaning of the approval of General Dyer's cold-blooded massacre at Amritsar. In East Africa this fanatical cult of the white race, along with the consuming desire to get rich quickly, sweeps away all moral considerations.

There *have* been benefits to Africa in the coming of the white men; I have no illusions about the miseries of existence for some African tribes before the Europeans intervened. But however great these benefits may have been they in no way excuse a civilised man when he ruthlessly exploits for cheap labour purposes the domestic and tribal life of the African, and breaks down the last barriers of those tribal customs which inculcate morality and self-restraint. It is really the same hateful financial system which all the world over makes money the only living God. Land speculation intoxicates like wine—and the Indian blocks the way, especially in the townships. What quicker path to further wealth than to raise the racial cry against the Asiatic? So self-deceptions creep in to hide an uneasy conscience. Biassed stories are circulated against these "uncleanly" people, and it becomes quite easy to believe—many quite honestly do believe—that it is the Indian who keeps the African out of his lawful rights.

So there are proposals for racial segregation in the townships, where a "protective zone" three hundred yards wide is suggested for "health reasons", between the European quarters and those of the Indians and Africans. In Malabar, distances are actually



measured by the range of caste "pollution", we hear the phrases "a Thiyya's distance", "a Puliya's distance", "a Nayadi's distance". In East Africa a similar thing is proposed on a "modern sanitary" scale! The Europeans, in Kenya and Uganda, are the white Brahmans; the Indians and Africans are the untouchables. All the best sites for residence are to be reserved for Europeans; the African and Asiatic can remain in the unhealthy lower lands. In Kampala, the Indian community is forced to live crowded together on the border of a mosquito-breeding swamp which infects almost every Indian with malaria and makes him a centre of infection. Kampala has a bad name, with Indian and European alike, for its unhealthiness; this might have been avoided if racial segregation had not imposed these insanitary conditions. The very same callousness, centuries ago, brought havoc to Indian society. I cannot help repeating it—the caste question and the race question are one. Whoever sets out to attack the one evil ought logically to attack the other.

The new racialism is an intoxication, a mania. It is perfectly well known that in August and September 1921 plans for an armed "white" rebellion were fully matured in Kenya.<sup>1</sup> Mutterings of this threat are still heard (1922); even in the Legislative Council Indians have been described as "the enemy", "warnings" are given that the Africans of Kenya "would like nothing better than to cut the throats of the Indian immigrants".

Africans would like nothing of the kind. I have seen Africans mingling with Indians, again and again, at festivals and gatherings to which Indians themselves had invited them. Great gatherings of Africans came to welcome me, because of my recognized position as a helper of the Indian cause; they were present and welcome at every meeting I addressed in every part of Kenya and Uganda. Why should they not be doubly welcome?—they suffer the same indignities, they feel the same wrongs.

Harry Thuku, the secretary of the East Africa Natives Association

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<sup>1</sup>This was the settlers' response to the statement of the Imperial Conference in July 1921 that the right to citizenship of Indians lawfully domiciled in other parts of the empire should be recognized.

in Nairobi, organised a great gathering of Kikuyus to welcome me, and said in public that the Kikuyus desired the Indian presence in the country. One of his greatest faults in the eyes of Europeans was that he was in touch with Indian leaders. When he was arrested, and there was a violent outbreak of indignation on the part of the Kikuyus, it was stated that Indian leaders had secretly instigated the native rising. The truth is that the European is in constant fear of a native rising. Such rebellions have happened so often in Africa that his fear is well-grounded. His hatred of the Indian is due to his secret anxiety lest the Indian should foment rebellion in the African mind against their common enemy the white man. He knows that the moment the Indian achieves any racial equality with the white man, the African will seek for the same status. To the white man, any racial equality with the Indian is the thin end of the wedge; it would mean that his power not only over the Indian, but over the African, had vanished. And power once enjoyed is rarely given up without a bitter conflict.

Therefore, Europeans are seeking by every means to make the African despise the Indian. The word has been spread abroad from Kenya that Indians have only gone to Africa to exploit the country and send money back to India, that we are the real cause of the African's backwardness and that we are doing more harm than good. The charge is grossly exaggerated. It is made by those who are themselves the worst exploiters. But there is nothing more futile than hurling accusations backwards and forwards. The only way to counteract them is for Indians to go to Africa not to make money, but to serve needy Africans with unselfishness and humility. Until this is accomplished, the relation between India and Africa will not be made perfect.

During my travels in Uganda, my Hindu, Muslim and Parsee companions insisted on taking me to see an old Irish priest who lived in great poverty near Iganga, caring for African orphans. As we left after our visit, one of them said to me: "Mr. Andrews, we are all of us making money in Uganda; some of us in the cotton trade are making it very fast indeed. But what are we doing for the Africans? What can we show to the credit of our nation to compare

with this?" It was to me an unanswerable question. An esteemed English friend, a helper of the Indian cause who is also a lover of Africans, has written to me: "Why is the Indian colony so self-absorbed, so aloof from those movements among Africans which are the beginnings of African emancipation? May there not be an exclusiveness and selfishness towards the African native which is not far distant from the arrogance of the European?" The writer has done more than any single man in England to support the Indian cause, and has suffered much at the hands of his own countrymen for his championship both of Indian and of African. He has the right to speak, for he speaks in the name of humanity. He has put his finger on a weakness in the Indian position which should not be allowed to remain. To me, the temptation for Indians in East Africa to become absorbed in money making, in material things, is a grief far more keen than any harsh outward wrong that has been done to them by men from outside.

It is vitally necessary that the Indian public should take up the cause of the Africans as their own, and not *only* dwell upon the wrongs which have been done by Europeans in Africa to Indians who have emigrated there. With regard to Kenya, thoughtful and earnest people who take up the Indian cause should at the same time study the African problem, and should throw all the moral weight they possess into the prevention of the appalling exploitation which is decimating the African population. If nothing is attempted from the Indian side to right these cruel wrongs, if no voice at all is raised against a system of forced labour which has helped to reduce the native population by twenty-one per cent in ten years, there must be something radically wrong. The Indian in Kenya must claim his own right of racial equality, not selfishly, but in order to obtain the same right for the African himself.

## THE OPIUM CRIME

(Andrews' interest in the scandalous opium traffic was aroused in 1920 by reading a book *The Opium Monopoly* by Miss La Motte. For the next four years he steadily collected statistics and evidence which enabled Indian nationalist opinion to be heard at the International Opium Conference at Geneva in November 1924. He analysed official Excise Reports, he used every opportunity during his travels in S E Asia to extend his knowledge of the facts, his personal friendships helped also. In Fiji, while investigating indentured labour in 1915-17, he had made friends with an Indian doctor, Dr Manilal. A few years later Dr. Manilal went to live in Mauritius and was able to supply Andrews with reliable material about opium addiction there. With other friends, in England and India, he planned an effective strategy for the campaign in Geneva, and arranged for people to carry it out. The result was that the Government of India was forced to reconsider its opium policy and establish a Commission of Inquiry. The following passages are taken from articles published in India, some of which were reprinted in the booklet *The Opium Evil in India*.)

### The Opium Poisoning of China

A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED today which is more deadly, more hateful, more hideous in its hypocrisy, than even the Great War itself. An insidious opium poisoning of China has begun all over again owing to the sale of opium from India.

This nefarious traffic had been forced upon China by Great Britain in two ruthless wars with the help of Indian troops. In 1907 at last, after a century of these criminal proceedings, Great Britain agreed to limit the sale stage by stage. By 1914 it seemed that China was about to set herself free from this curse in a few more years. Then came the Great War, a body of commercial criminals, by underhand methods, began once more the opium poisoning of China for gain. The Indian revenue from opium export went up from £1,572,218 in 1914-15 to £3,160,005 in 1916-17. We are officially told that the increase in the sale of opium in India itself during the ten years ending 1916-17, amounted to 44%. Opium exported to Mauritius (where 70% of the population are Indians

who have finished their indenture) went up from 10 chests in 1912-13 to 120 chests in 1916-17, and the revenue collected from it by the Mauritius Government has gone up in one single year by 400 per cent!

The intense desire for increased riches in order to make up for the economic losses of the Great War affects the world today. Economic and political motives of aggrandisement have become intimately united in a selfish economic imperialism. The facts, taken from official reports, are sufficiently damning. In the Straits Settlements, nine million dollars out of a revenue of nineteen million—nearly one half—are derived from opium. In Hongkong the revenue figures are hardly less. The Government reports themselves acknowledge that large quantities are being smuggled into China.

The Indian Government stands behind the British Government of these two colonies as the ultimate guilty party who knowingly sells the poison, although declaring before all the world that it has stopped the opium traffic into China. Every opium official of the Indian Government knows perfectly well that this is a mockery and a fraud so long as Hongkong and Singapore, Batavia and Soorabaya and Macao and Saigon and Bangkok can get as much opium as they please and then pass it on into China. Macao, a small island with about eighty thousand inhabitants, receives enough opium for the medical needs of one hundred and fifty *million* people. Such a thing is an open scandal. It could be put right tomorrow if the sale of opium to any country were to be limited to the recognized medical needs of its own population.

In the long run, the moral credit that India will obtain by taking up a truly humanitarian attitude on this question is of far more material and spiritual importance to India than a certain number of rupees which are obtained by offering to other people what is recognized as a poison.

**Opium in Assam**

Lakhimpur in Assam has never lost its evil reputation for consuming opium in greater quantities than any other district in the whole of India and Burma. I have seen whole villages in this district ruined by the habit. I would also give the official opinion of the Civil Surgeon for the same district at a much earlier date. He writes to Government: "The habit of opium-eating is one almost universally prevalent, amongst the young as well as the old of both sexes. The habit acts very injuriously on the people, it renders them listless and apathetic; weakens their digestive system and produces congestion of the brain and other organs, particularly of the liver and kidneys. So long as the opium-eater is able to procure good and nourishing diet, the evil effects of the drug are not so speedily seen. But at length, under the use of opium, torpor of mind and body becomes established and goes on increasing, till dropsy or some other disease comes to close the scene. The offspring of such a race is degenerate, weak and sickly.

The evil effects of a warm and moist climate like that of Assam are increased by this pernicious habit of the people. I do not wish to offer any opinion on the question as to whether the use of opium in small and moderate doses, with good and generous diet and comfortable lodging, might act beneficially or otherwise. This, as regards the Assamese, is not the question; for amongst them opium is not so used. In any circumstances, the good is problematical. In Assam, the evil is obvious and tangible".

It is a matter of thankfulness that there were officials like the Civil Surgeon. They did their best. But the fatal policy of making revenue out of the opium traffic—a policy which would never be countenanced for a single day in England—entangled the Government officials from the very start, and accounted for the slowness of every step that was taken to eradicate the evil. The whole Government machinery was intentionally set "dead slow". Meanwhile the revenue increased by leaps and bounds, and we read in the Excise Reports such statements as these, "Five-sixths of the revenue of this district, under the head of Excise, came from Opium".

I have said again and again, and I make bold to repeat, that no Government in the world with one eye all the while fixed on the revenue could see straight to deal directly with the moral evil that opium has caused in Assam. If Great Britain had been drawing its own revenue out of opium in the British Isles for seventy years, Great Britain would never have had her Dangerous Drugs Act today. But just because Great Britain had never taken one penny in revenue out of opium, therefore she was able to see straight, when opium addiction became a serious danger. No one in Great Britain feels any loss of personal liberty, because opium has been catalogued as a poisonous drug, only to be administered by qualified doctors.

The situation confronting the Administration in Assam was more difficult than that of Great Britain, because opium addiction was already commonly practised. But the situation was not more serious than that which faced America when she occupied the Philippines. Before the occupation, opium addiction among the Chinese population was excessive. It would have been quite possible, therefore, for America to have run the Administration financially on the vices of the Chinese, just as the British have done at Singapore. Singapore, in a certain notorious year, balanced her entire annual expenditure out of the opium profits alone! But America, in the Philippines, has never taken any profits from opium. Therefore the islands are free from opium today. Nearer at hand, the people of Burma and Ceylon have been registered for many years past with good effect. Smuggling is easy into both these countries. Yet this has not been made the excuse for retaining the opium sales.

To understand the reason why Assam has not employed the registration system long ago, we have only to look at the Annual Budget. The facts and figures given in the Excise Reports of the Assam Government tell their own story. They show that Government steadily increased its opium revenue until it had grown by 350 per cent between 1875 and 1920-21. There is not a single year in which the Administration would not have been bankrupt if the opium revenue had been suddenly withdrawn. That is why I

have called the Assam Government an Opium Government.

The remedy is to bring the great population of India in the East under the same conditions which prevail in every country in the West. We believe that if opium, as a poison, is regarded as a dangerous drug in the West it should equally be regarded as a dangerous drug in the East. If there is no objectionable restriction of personal liberty in the imposition of a Dangerous Drugs Act in the West, then there can be no danger to personal liberty by such restriction in the East

### **The medical uses of opium**

There is a widespread belief in the efficacy of opium as a common homely remedy to keep away malaria and revive the human system. It is popularly held in India that in certain malarial districts the human body cannot do without it. The scientific evidence now available however goes to prove that the opium habit tends to decrease the power of resistance in the blood against malarial fever. It also renders a considerable proportion of addicts lazy and indolent and unfit for steady work

But first of all, let us consider what diseases opium may safely be used for, and what are its recognized good effects. As a sedative for acute, unbearable pain, it undoubtedly has its place. But as it is a poison, such a dose or injection should be administered by a physician. As a sedative, in a sudden and acute attack of diarrhoea, it may be of great importance, and may be so suddenly required that medical prescription might be difficult to obtain. It is proposed, therefore, that Dover's Powders should be exempted and made obtainable without prescription. In India, if opium were prohibited, this specific remedy for acute diarrhoea could be supplied by the Government in the same way as quinine is supplied today. The League of Nations' index figure of six seers of opium per 10 000 of the population would amply cover all such employment of opium as a medicine.

But when we turn from these long-recognized uses to the preven-



tion of malarial fever, or cholera, or dysentery, we find modern medical science turning strongly against such opium remedies as positively harmful. Quinine directly attacks malarial germs in the blood, while opium does nothing of the kind. Let me quote here a popular account of Prof. Metchnikoff's work on opium at the Pasteur Institute, Paris. His results have never been challenged

"There is one aspect of this opium question which has been entirely neglected. That is, the relation of opium to the matter of infectious diseases—cholera for instance. As Metchnikoff himself relates in his volume *Immunity in Infectious Diseases*, the injection of opium in a non-fatal dose narcotized the guinea-pig and at the same time prevented the movement of the leucocytes. Guinea-pigs treated with opium died of cholera because the leucocytes, on account of the narcotic action of opium, were tardy in coming up. Animals treated with opium are very much more susceptible to infection than are normal controls. Evidently opium does to the leucocytes (the white corpuscles of the blood which normally guard the body against infections) precisely what it does to human individuals, it puts them to sleep, or leaves them unfit for the job. They work slowly, stupidly; or may be not at all".

The modern scientific experience of the world appears to be proving that opium is not necessary for a healthy body. In January 1923, a joint sub-committee of the Health and Opium Committees of the League of Nations reported that the medical use of opium should be considered the only legitimate use, and that all non-medical use should be recognized as an abuse. It also stated that, in the opinion of doctors, the use of opium as a stimulant could not be considered legitimate even in tropical countries.

## THE BIHAR EARTHQUAKE 1934

(This passage is part of a book, *The Indian Earthquake*, which Andrews wrote to help to raise funds for rehabilitation in the earthquake area. It is interesting in three ways. It is, first, a vivid account of the disaster itself. Secondly, it illustrates Andrews' positive and statesmanlike approach: here is a great psychological opportunity, he says, for all to unite, whatever their politics or religion, in order to bring about fundamental social and economic reconstruction. Finally, it illustrates Andrews' readiness to search for the element of truth in both Tagore's position and in Gandhi's, and to relate it to the teaching of Jesus.)

THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK, which did such damage to the land in North Bihar and destroyed thousands of human lives, occurred at 2.15 p.m. on January 15, 1934. The day was bitterly cold, and it had been preceded by a strangely chilling spell of unsettled weather, as though the mountain atmosphere to the north had been disturbed. A strong west wind swept across the open plain at the foot of the Himalayas, making the cold still more intense.

Hindus had gathered at Monghyr in many thousands, in spite of the inclement weather, in order to bathe in the River Ganges. For January 15, was a Hindu religious festival when bathing was auspicious. The ceremonial bath in the Ganges had been taken. Men and women were in the bazaar purchasing small things for their children before returning home. With the Muslims also the day was a semi-festive occasion. The great Muslim *Id* was to be held on the next day, and many had come in to Monghyr to complete their shopping before it began. Others were lying down enjoying their siesta when the earthquake occurred.

Precisely at 2.15 p.m. a rumbling began in the air, and many looked up to the sky thinking that an aeroplane was overhead. But at the same moment the earth began to tremble violently beneath their feet. Fortunately the greatest shock did not come all at once. People realized what was happening, and a stampede was made to reach the open space outside the tottering buildings. But in the congested part of the bazaar there was hardly any wide

area left in which to find an escape. The shock increased in intensity every second, as the solid earth swayed to and fro. Soon it became quite impossible to keep one's balance, and most people were thrown down. Houses swung from east to west, and walls began to crack in all directions.

The rumbling suddenly deepened into a roar, and it seemed as though a thousand aeroplanes were sounding overhead. At the climax came a stunning noise, like great guns in a battle zone, and the death-knell of Monghyr was sounded. The town collapsed in ruin. There must have been sixty thousand people involved in the awful disaster in Monghyr alone, and the marvel is that out of that number so many escaped alive.

A story is told by one of the survivors concerning an almost unbelievable scene that he witnessed in the bed of the river Ganges itself, not far from Monghyr. He states that he was standing in the open on the banks of the river when the first earthquake shock began and the ground swayed beneath his feet. He was looking towards the river, whose waters were low at that season of the year. There was an island in the middle of the stream. On the side nearest to him the water was shallow and people were bathing. On the further side the river was deeper and a small steamer along with some country boats was plying to and fro, ferrying people across. For a moment he saw the bed of the Ganges upheaved so that the water on either side of the island disappeared and land rose where water had been before. The steamer and country boats swayed to and fro as they were lifted up by the upheaval and stranded. Then as suddenly the land sank back and the water of the Ganges rushed on. All the boats were upset and he could see people struggling in the flood. One who was at his side, a Muslim, cried out *Qiyamat* (Judgment) thinking that the Day of Judgment had come.

It is easy for anyone who passes through the villages to see how very fertile the land is in North Bihar. The soil has been formed by layers of mud and silt washed down from the high mountains.

It receives abundance of rain and sunshine But the earthquake has destroyed the very soil itself, whereon the villagers depend for their daily bread Not only has the earth been upheaved for miles in some directions, and cracked in others, but large regions have been rendered practically useless for cultivation owing to the eruption from below the ground of immense volumes of sand Fine glistening sand now covers the fertile fields

But while the land was fertile the dwellers on it, in their overcrowded villages, have remained poverty-stricken This is not the place to go fully into all the economic causes of this poverty. But now that the fabric of society has been violently torn asunder by the earthquake, the work of reconstruction should include the planning out of a better social order, side by side with the new town and village planning Not only will the whole system of land tenure need to be overhauled, but also the evils of child-marriage and untouchability, which tend to create an enfeebled and prolific population, must be boldly faced and overcome

That Muslim cried *Qiyamat*!, and that was what the villagers all thought With the physical earthquake has come a moral earthquake, upheaving their minds The hard crust of centuries of custom has been broken through by this earthquake shock, and society has become for the first time, after years of unbroken tradition, malleable and pliable to an extraordinary degree Life can never be the same again

Therefore if the Great Experiment, as I would call it, of town and village planning can be carried through with the cordial cooperation and goodwill of all concerned and on the best possible lines, it will be a noble achievement Furthermore, it will affect not merely the north of the province of Bihar, but will afford an example to the whole of India of what such cooperation can effect

What does this mean in North Bihar? We do not want to build up again those wretched filth-laden villages, where 'touchable' and 'untouchable' are obliged to live apart, and children are born in thousand only to die in infancy God forbid! The human

asset—the gentleness, goodness and patience of the people—is so excellent. Everyone who lives among them loves them. But the ignorance, the miserable insanitation, and almost childish superstition are so vast. How is it possible to enlighten them about the most obvious things and yet keep intact their splendidly simple character?

Only a prophet can do this. A prophet can surely use this great occasion and shake these villagers' hearts towards repentance and amendment; he can make clear to them, in his own way, the meaning of the moral shock they have received. He can bring it home to their hearts and consciences.

Mahatma Gandhi, by his life and work among them, has already shown the way. He is a born villager, he speaks to them in their own accent. They count him as their own, he is one of themselves. He visits village after village, and when the crowd has collected, he makes the following speech:

“This is no time for talking. I have come to see and help you, not to talk. But there are just two things I want to say to you. The first is this. The Relief Committee have the money, and either beggars or workers will take it. I want no beggars. It would be deplorable if this earthquake turned us into mendicants. Only those without eyes, or hands, or feet, or otherwise unfit for work may ask for alms. For the able-bodied to beg is, in the language of the *Gita*, for them to become thieves.

“The second thing is this, that God Himself has sent us this gift. We must accept it as a gift from Him and then we shall understand its meaning. What is that meaning? It is this, that untouchability must go; that is to say, nobody must regard himself as higher than another. If we can understand these two things, this earthquake will be turned into a blessing. I believe that this disaster is a divine chastisement for the great sin we have committed, and are still committing, against those whom we call ‘untouchables’. As this disaster shows, we may be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye. Therefore, while we have time, let us repent. Let us get rid of all

distinctions of high and low in the sight of God. Let us purify our hearts. Let reformers regard the earthquake as a nemesis for the sin of untouchability."

This declaration, uttered day after day, and repeated in all the newspapers, drew an indignant moral protest from the poet Rabindranath Tagore. who wrote as follows—

"It has caused me painful surprise to find Mahatma Gandhi accusing those who blindly follow their own social custom of untouchability for having brought down God's vengeance upon certain parts of Bihar, evidently specially selected for His desolating displeasure. It is all the more unfortunate, because this unscientific and materialistic view of things is too readily accepted by large sections of our countrymen

"We are immensely grateful to Mahatma Gandhi for instilling freedom from fear into the minds of our countrymen by his wonderful inspiration. We feel profoundly hurt when any words from his mouth may encourage elements of unreason in those very minds—for unreason is the fundamental source of all the blind powers that drive us against freedom and self-respect "

It appears to me, as I look on, that there was a vital issue in this for each of them. For Tagore was surely right in confronting Gandhi with the baneful effect of superstitious terror and blind fear leading on to cruelty. This 'element of unreason', as Tagore rightly points out, has held sway long enough, enslaving men's minds, and it has been the great inspiration of Gandhi hitherto to break this bondage, not to bind it faster

And yet, our little minds are only stung to greatness by some great issue. If therefore Gandhi sought to exploit a deep human sentiment and to raise it to solemn issues, such as the removal of the curse of untouchability from mankind, there may be something to be said on his side also.

A remarkable saying of Christ has been preserved in St. Luke's Gospel which appears to illustrate the argument in question. Some disaster had evidently occurred in Jerusalem, and human lives had

been forfeited. Some people regarded this as a punishment for those special persons' sins. But Christ rejected that interpretation.

"Those eighteen men", he says, "who were killed when the tower fell on them at Siloam, do you imagine that they were more guilty than all the other people living in Jerusalem? I tell you they were not; but unless you repent, you will all come to the same end."

Here the purely accidental in the disaster is fully recognized. It is not made an "act of God", as old English law books might have called it. But the awe and solemnity of death in such a terrible form is not lost sight of by the young Prophet of Nazareth. "Unless you repent", says Jesus, "you will all come to the same end."

# THE MORAL CHALLENGE OF WAR

(One of the most difficult and important ethical questions which face all thinking people today is the application of non-violence not only to individual conduct, but to the conduct of nations and groups in their resistance to injustice. Andrews had no doubt about his personal commitment to non-violence: his warfare was a warfare of the spirit, as he describes it in the first of these passages from *The Sermon on the Mount*. He had also no doubt about the evils and dangers of selfish nationalist power politics, as the second passage, from a magazine article, shows. But he was not sure that the use of force as such was *always* evil, whether on the personal level or in society as a whole. This problem is raised in the third passage from *The Challenge of the North-West Frontier*, and also, in this book, in the essay *The Body of Humanity*.)

## I

1914

NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO, when I had first gone up to Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a student, I had just discovered the full meaning of Christ's question, in the Sermon on the Mount: "What are you doing *to excess*?" I wrote the text out in Greek and put it on my study table, every day when I looked at it I used to ask myself: "Does my love for Christ make my love for others wider and deeper? Have I gone *to excess*, to the extreme limit of love?"

We were a large family at home and our parents were poor. To help me to support myself, the tutor of my college gave me an Indian Christian student to instruct in Greek. When he came into my room he noticed the Greek text on my table, and begged me to explain it. He was deeply impressed and asked if he might take the text, in my hand-writing, for his own use. I willingly consented.

Many years later I was travelling on the same ship with an old College friend who had risen to be a Judge of the High Court in the Federated Malay States. He asked me if I remembered X, and I said "Yes, I used to teach him Greek at Cambridge." "I met him



recently", said my friend, "I saw a Greek text on his table, which he told me you had given him when he was an undergraduate. He had kept it before him all those years, and said that it had helped him all through his life" It was a great surprise and encouragement to me to know that this short sentence had influenced my pupil so profoundly.

When Christ tells us, "Go to this excess of love; be prepared to love even your enemies", he puts a tremendous test on our allegiance. We shrink back Are we prepared to do this if war comes in defence of our own people? How should we act?

When Belgium was invaded in 1914 the righteousness of the allied cause occupied my whole mind. There was so much that was good and noble in the youth of my own country, who were ready to go to their death on behalf of a cause which they believed to be just

But I was not really facing the main principle—whether we could possibly love our enemies while taking part in a violent war against them? This hesitation to face the main issue proved a costly mistake. Even at such a distance as India, I caught the contagion of the war fever, and I found myself being carried away by the strong currents of indignation which led directly on to contempt and hate. Then one day Rabindranath Tagore asked me with impatience, "What are you Christians doing? You have the clearest moral precepts in the Sermon on the Mount Why do you not act up to them?"

The scales suddenly fell from my eyes I went back again sobered and alarmed to the words of Jesus; with him as guide my mind was clear. The whole conception of God which I had received from Christ was plainly at stake. Either I must choose the tribal idea of God from the Old Testament times, or Christ's idea of God from the New Testament In the end I saw that I had been going back to the bitter hates and passions of the tribe and had betrayed the higher conception of a common humanity in which we were all one family and one household together.

Soon after this a positive thought came to me I had received from earliest childhood<sup>1</sup> a commission from Christ himself to take part in

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<sup>1</sup> That is, at his baptism. The quotations are taken from the ceremony for the baptism of children in the Church of England

his battle 'against the world, the flesh, and the devil,' and to be 'his faithful soldier and servant to my life's end'. For Christ's own warfare, on behalf of all the down-trodden peoples of the world, had to be fought; and he was calling me to 'fight the good fight' in the wider sphere of love and peace.

The most difficult question, however, remains to be considered. What is the relation of this part of Jesus' teaching to society? Are these extreme lengths of forbearance and love in the face of evil possible, not merely for the individual, but also in social practice? Those who have made us face this social aspect of evil have not been orthodox Christians, but men like Karl Marx, like Leo Tolstoy, or like Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. I had been with Mahatma Gandhi in South Africa, and had watched his own interpretation in action of the Sermon on the Mount, in what he called *satyagraha*. Gandhi, a Hindu, had pointed towards a 'Christian' solution and made it appear practicable to some of the finest Christians of our day

## II

1919

Throughout the earlier years of the war I had been troubled, like most people who thought seriously, with many doubts and anxieties about the origin of the world struggle. I had been exceedingly unhappy at England's close *entente* with the despotic Russian Government, the most reactionary Government in the West. I knew a good deal about the sinister action which had destroyed the independence of Persia. I gravely suspected from the first that entanglements with Russia had been a major factor in drawing England into the war. I feared that the righteous cause of the Allies had been compromised by the military rulers of Russia, who were no less arrogant and unscrupulous than those of Austria or Prussia.

All this had weighed heavily on my mind but it had been vague. Then, in November 1917, the Russian revolutionary leaders published the secret treaties discovered by them in the Russian Foreign Office. In May 1918, when I was on my way to Delhi to meet Mahatma

Gandhi at the time of the Imperial War Conference, I read in the train a translation of these documents which had been published in an English periodical. Here, in these secret agreements, was something that was not vague at all. My own country had descended to the level of these military dictators in agreeing to treaties of annexation.

I was staying in Delhi, along with Mahatma Gandhi, in the house of Principal Rudra. We discussed these secret documents. The next day Mahatma Gandhi challenged the Viceroy. The Viceroy replied that these charges were not proven; he pointed out that the sources of information might be tainted, and suggested that judgment should therefore be suspended. I acknowledge with deep regret that I did not sufficiently attempt to set before Mahatma Gandhi the probability of the genuineness of these documents. I hardly cared to face it myself.

The secret treaties were brought out one by one, in 1919, and laid upon the council table of the Peace Conference. They made righteous peace impossible.

The leaders of Germany had accepted the armistice on certain conditions. The allied leaders offered those conditions and pledged their honour to abide by them. The initial clause was that no secret diplomacy should be allowed, yet the allies are proved to have been engaging in it all through the war, and at the peace table the secret treaties were regarded as inviolable, even when contrary to principles of self-determination. Adequate pledges of disarmament were to be *given and taken*; they were taken, from Germany, but there is nothing about their being given by the allies. It is difficult not to call the action of the allies a confidence trick.

Is this fair? Is it just? Is it true to the armistice proposal? There is not the least doubt that Germany was inhumane in war, but that is no reason why the allies should not be humane in peace. The inhumanity of these 'peace' methods, the betrayal of humanity, has come home to India with a peculiar bitterness of distrust. The credit of the Englishman has waned even to eclipse by the gross breaches of faith committed during the war. The subject brings a solemn note of warning concerning the baseness of *all* war. It is

men of honour and integrity who, under the stress of blinding nationalism, combined with an evil tradition of secret diplomacy, can descend to acts of deceit and untruth.

### III

1936

By far the greatest problem of our modern age is surely the wise and humane control of all these destructive air forces which modern science has suddenly put into our hands. The time-lag has to be made up very quickly whereby the moral sense of mankind may be made strong enough to cope with these new, anti-social dangers. For on critical occasions, lately, we have seemed like children playing with an infernal machine which might at any moment go off and blow us to bits.

This issue, that lies plainly before the human race today, appears to me to be represented by two pictures that faced each other on opposite pages of *The Illustrated London News* a short time ago. On the one side there was shown a grand attempt, made by marvellous human skill and courage, to bomb from the air a new passage for the overflow of lava from Mauna Loa, in Hawaii. The aeroplane had to be taken low, to the very edge of the crater. Only if this were done quickly could a town which lay at the foot of the volcano be saved from destruction. On the other side was a picture of a bombing military aeroplane in Abyssinia dropping incendiary bombs of liquid fire upon a miserable and helpless village, while the people rushed out madly screaming with terror.

Since these pictures were published the murderous horror of the incendiary bomb has again shocked the civilized world. The recent experience in Spain has brought home to us all the imminent danger we are in owing to this new method of destruction from the air. Yet the only cry that gains a hearing today seems to be a wild and frenzied clamour for still faster and more deadly weapons, in order to destroy the enemy before being destroyed ourselves—a fatuous proceeding that makes one think that the whole world has gone mad with fear.

In 1933, at the Air Disarmament Conference at Geneva, a great step forward might have been taken towards disarmament and world peace. A proposal was before the Conference for the abolition of air-bombing. To the surprise of the representatives of other countries, the British delegation sought to make an exception in favour of 'air bombing for police purposes in certain outlying districts'. The districts were not mentioned by name, but it was made clear that the North-West Frontier of India was in mind.

In 1935 Lord Londonderry, as Air Minister, declared publicly that when the discussions of the Disarmament Conference were "centred around the possibility of the total abolition of air forces, or at least the abolition of the artillery of the air . . . he had the utmost difficulty at that time, amid public outcry, in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane". He was "not recalling these facts in any spirit of personal pride or self-glorification".

Since the time when that utterance was made by a British Cabinet Minister, in the House of Lords, unspeakable horrors have been poured down from the sky both in Abyssinia and in Spain. Bombs have been hurled, not merely at armies on the march, but on the villages and town areas, where non-combatants have been their victims. No, Lord Londonderry! There is no cause either for 'personal pride or self-glorification' in what you did at Geneva in those fateful years, when you 'preserved the use of the bombing aeroplane, with the utmost difficulty and amid public outcry'!

I feel convinced in my own mind, from what I have seen, that ancient India had already thought out in a practical manner a line of non-violent resistance which may have an important bearing on world peace at the present juncture. It is the equivalent of the well-conducted strike. A united refusal is made to certain conditions offered and non-cooperation ensues. Compulsion is met with passive resistance. Mahatma Gandhi has revived this doctrine today in a modern form of 'passive resistance,' which brings it very closely indeed into all our problems of disarmament and world peace. He has spent the best part of a long life-time in working out all its moral

implications, he has had the unique power to inspire the moral strength it demands. He contemplates the purest moral action by a body of men and women who are ready to suffer to the uttermost for the sake of what they hold to be the truth.

Mahatma Gandhi has shown also how such action can profoundly affect the Frontier problem itself. And yet, as I ponder that complex problem, and the parallel military-pacifist problem at Geneva, there seems no immediate solution. The issues of justice and forgiveness are not yet resolved in human society as it stands today.



## IV

# LESSONS FROM HISTORY





## HOW LONG?

How long, O Lord, O patient God, how long,  
Shall the unheeded poor plead silently,  
Lifting dumb hands against the oppressor's wrong,  
Till Death take pity on their misery?

While music beats the dance, and jewelled mirth  
Wantons, and wine is poured, and luxury  
Sits like a queen in scarlet, o'er the earth  
Famine and Pestilence stalk hungrily.

How long, O God of Righteousness, how long?  
Remember all thy judgments of old time.  
Shall the ungodly triumph? Shall the strong  
Traffic with souls of men in every clime?

Shall the poor always be forgotten? Arise,  
In Thine own strength Scatter Thine enemies.

# WORK, WEALTH AND BROTHERHOOD

(The search for a just and humane economic system of which Andrews writes in the following studies, was regarded by him as of major importance. He wrote about it over and over again, more often even than on racial justice. It was the subject of his first book, published in 1896 when he was twenty-five years old. In 1922 and 1923 he published *Christ and Labour*, from which the present material has been taken, in serial form in *Young Men of India*, and in book form both in India and in England. A later book, *Christ and Human Need*, covers the same ground. The depth of his feeling is shown in the poem *How Long O Lord?*, which expresses in Biblical imagery his indignation against those who 'traffic in the souls of men'.)

## SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC THOUGHT IN CHRISTIAN HISTORY

### A BROTHERHOOD OF LABOUR

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH entered a world sunk in narrow bigotry, cruelty and greed. Roman provincial rule was harsh. Greek influence spread luxury and immorality. Within the Jewish community itself was intense hatred of the foreigner and greed of money, one of the darkest features was the tyranny of the rich Jews over the poor.

Jesus turned to the toiling village people and uttered the words which have touched the human heart in every age. "Come to me, all of you whose work is hard and whose load is heavy. Bend your necks to my yoke and learn from me. For my yoke is easy and my load is light." He says to the tired labourers, who were compelled to work day after day like their own cattle in the field: "I cannot take away altogether this burden of daily drudgery, but I can relieve it. I can make the yoke of human sufferings easy and light to bear." The outward daily yoke had to be borne, but its character could be changed by the pathway of the inner spirit.

Permanent improvement in human conditions of labour is possible only when this inner spirit of pure unselfish service is realized and

understood Without this inner spirit, all labour movements are little else than the building up of houses on the sand of the seashore, to be washed away by each incoming tide

After Jesus' death, the little band of Christians used to gather together in Solomon's Porch in Jerusalem "United in heart and soul, they claimed nothing of what they possessed as their own, but held everything in common" This was the first attempt made in the name of Jesus to express in outward form and in concrete ways, a brotherhood of labour which sprang from the very centre of the inner life. It was purely voluntary, a free and willing service. In this respect it differed from what is today called 'communism'. It was not a system imposed by man from without.

We can see that the conditions which went to make such a brotherhood of labour possible could not be lasting, in the world as it then existed Nevertheless, the attempt did not perish without bearing fruit The *agape*, or Love Meal, continued for many generations. The slave and the freeman, the Greek and the Jew, man and woman, sat side by side at a common table, where each gift of food was a gift to the one brotherhood, shared together in love. In the midst of all the selfishness of later ages this voluntary communism of the early days was cherished as the ideal form of the Christian society, and became a continual source of inspiration The ideal of the brotherhood of labour, of a voluntary communal life of cooperative endeavour, has not lost its power, even in our own day.

## SLAVERY

In the Greek and Roman world labour was mainly performed by slaves On the large estates (where peasants had been evicted and agriculture had passed to capitalists), on the huge sea-galleys which brought corn to Rome, and in the mines, the sufferings of the slaves were appalling Slavery corrupted the rulers in their turn Human slavery was the most important 'labour problem' that the first Christians were compelled to face.

Christianity was a 'slave religion' insofar as the slaves welcomed

its message and were the most numerous early disciples. This was its glory, Christ came to seek and save those who were lost. The meanest slave of the old Roman world knew that in God's sight at least, he was precious. From this change of outlook sprang inevitably a strengthening of character. From this strengthening of character sprang freedom and independence in their turn.

We can trace the same effect in other religious movements that have deeply influenced mankind. When in the early days of Islam the slave who became a believer was embraced by the Prophet himself and made an equal in the Faith, a new spiritual force of freedom and brotherhood was generated in the midst of the Arabian desert which rapidly made itself felt from the borders of the Persian Gulf to the Pillars of Hercules. When Gautama the Buddha accepted with tender love the offering of the Sudra and the Chandala, a vast impulse of compassion swept over Asia, and its bounds were only reached where the waters of the Pacific stretch beyond the islands of Japan.

St Paul deals with the treatment of slaves in most of his epistles, emphasizing the complete equality of brotherhood. "In Christ," he says, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, for you are all one." This new, intensely practical principle of brotherhood had gone so deep that the outward change from slavery to freedom was certain to follow. The following memorable words express this truth: "There is no method of reform so powerful as this: if alongside any false or corrupt belief, or any vicious and cruel system, we place *one incompatible idea*, then without any noise of controversy or clash of battle, those beliefs and customs will wane and die. It was thus that Christianity killed off the curse of slavery without one single word of direct attack."

There was one terrible later relapse into a new slave trade, with far more appalling suffering even than that of the Roman mines and galleys. This was the Negro slavery which devastated Western Africa from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. The point that needs emphasis is that the change in European society which brought about the abolition of Negro slavery was first wrought within. The 'one incompatible idea' was implanted in the hearts of Clarkson and Wilberforce. It was only through this inner change of heart that the

outward act of slave emancipation was effected. This old-world labour problem found a slow but certain solution by means of a revolution in the inner hearts of mankind. This should give us hope in face of that greatest Indian labour problem of our own age, the problem of the depressed classes. The difficulties of the millions of untouchables of India can never be solved by external benefactions, but only by the renewal within the whole Indian community of the 'one incompatible idea' of the brotherhood of man, which caste has tended to destroy.

### PROPERTY AND CAPITAL

Among the ancient Jews, as among other great Eastern nations, an elaborate social and religious law made any extensive system of capitalism impossible. But in the Roman Empire after the fall of the Republic, the social and religious restraints upon the accumulation of capital suddenly broke down. Unlimited competition and capitalism on a large scale became practicable for the first time in the west. Men of the worst class made enormous fortunes. This undermining of the whole economic structure of society began under Julius Cæsar. Its effects were to establish vast areas of luxurious wealth and abject poverty side by side as a normal social condition.

The Christian community in Rome differed strangely from the society around it in its conduct with regard to wealth. All money was loosely held. There appears to have been what is described by one writer as a 'voluntary distribution of wealth', which was made in proportion to the needs of each person. The poor, the aged, the disabled, the infirm, the sick, the widow, the prisoner, the orphan—all these received their share before the rest. Every Christian who entered the community was strictly and almost sternly warned at the same time, that 'the man who will not work shall not eat'.

We can read in the scriptures of the New Testament something of the revulsion which these Christians felt at the soul-killing luxury of the age. The city of Rome is pictured in the *Book of Revelation* in the imagery of the woman seated on the seven hills: "The woman

was clothed in purple and scarlet colour, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls; in her hand she held a gold cup full of filthiness; and upon her forehead was written a name with a secret meaning: Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and of every obscenity on earth " The curse on 'Babylon' in the scriptures was read with a terrible depth of meaning For 'Babylon' traded not only in 'gold and silver and precious stones . . and ointments and wine and oil', but also in 'slaves and the lives of men '

In the eastern countries generally the capitalist system was probably never established in the same degree as under the Roman Empire. We have considerable knowledge about the empire of Asoka in India. We can trace the bare outline of its economics, and we are astonished at the business capacity with which it centralized the administration. But though centralization reigned supreme in almost every department, the village communal land tenure went on, unimpeded and unbroken, and there are no clear signs of the full capitalist system in operation

The picture we obtain is rather that of a modified State Socialism, —a picture differing entirely from that of the later Roman Empire. The same story may be told of China. There, individual peasant proprietors remained undisturbed in their possession of small holdings, while dynasties rose and fell The whole structure of society prevented the growth of capitalism in land and made it difficult also in trade

When we turn to modern India from the study of this picture we find ourselves faced with the beginnings of an unrestricted capitalism not unlike that of the Roman Empire under the Cæsars In the next fifty years, it is not at all impossible that the very worst results of industrial capitalism in Europe will be visible in India on a vastly extended scale. Are we ready to set our faces sternly against this capitalist ideal and to seek once more the law of life which can rescue society and prevent it from sinking into the abyss? The struggle with capitalism in its modern despotic form will have to be fought out in Asia and not only Europe And in Asia the population is far greater, and therefore the issues of the struggle are far more keenly critical.

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

Perhaps the greatest evil of slavery was this, that it degraded manual labour itself, and made it too base a thing for a freeborn man to practise. Christ brought home to men the dignity of labour in parable and living example. The scene in the Gospel story, where Christ himself became a 'slave', and performed the servile duty of washing the disciples' feet, was indeed before men's eyes continually. But only very slowly did its full meaning dawn upon them. "Which is greater", he said to them, on an impressive occasion, "the one who sits at food, or the servant who waits on him? But I am among you as a servant." In a translation made by Count Tolstoy, these last words are translated. "I am among you as a slave"

A story is told about the Indian leader, who loved to call Count Tolstoy his teacher. Mahatma Gandhi was being praised before his face, one day, by a speaker who pointed out that, though a Vaishya by caste, the Mahatma had attained the qualities of the Brahmana and the Kshatriya also. Mahatmaji in reply stated that the speaker had left out the very qualities which he himself had all his life longed most to attain—the qualities of a Sudra. The highest ambition he had ever had in life was to work and labour with his hands and to serve others as a servant.

I have often thought, how akin to this spirit of the first age of the Christian Church is the teaching contained in the poem of Rabindranath Tagore, from *Gitanjali*:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors shut? Open thine eyes and see, thy God is not before thee! "He is there, where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down on to the dusty soil. "Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation. he is bound with us all for ever



“Come out of thy meditations, and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there, if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him, and stand by him, in toil and sweat of thy brow”

The early Christians had to learn to wash the feet of the poor. They had to learn the true dignity of the Sudra's position as a 'servant'. They had to learn to 'come down on to the dusty soil' and to 'meet him and stand by him in toil, and sweat of their brow.'

They had also to learn to 'come out of their meditations.' They had to give up the monastic life of the Egyptian desert, where selfishness crept in, and the dusty world was left behind in order to save one's own individual soul. This false pathway of asceticism had to be left behind completely before the true ideal of labour could be found.

The Western Church was saved from taking the wrong path by a new kind of monastic movement. During the darkest ages of Europe Saint Benedict and the monks of his Order lived and laboured in the lonely forests of England and Germany, spending their days equally in work and prayer. To them work itself was prayer, and prayer itself was work. Through terrible centuries of plunder and bloodshed, these monasteries were oasis of peaceful labour and devotion in the midst of a howling wilderness.

The Greek Ambassador Megasthenes, coming from the courts of the Seleucid Emperors of the West, noticed in India one remarkable thing. There were no slaves. This appears to have been one of the noblest results of the great early Buddhist religious impulse, when, as in the first Christian age, religious life was young and love of humanity was strong. Future historical research may help us to understand what the monasteries of Nalanda and Taxila and a thousand other places did for India, in taming the aboriginal tribes around them and conquering the barbarians by love. There, too, was an ideal of labour, which rescued the Sudra and the Chandala and the Panchama, for a time at least from the contempt of the higher castes and races.

It is true that in Europe, as also in India, the desire for wealth has returned again and again, even under the cloak of religion. This greed for wealth brought decay to the monastic orders. But the faith in the ideal was never lost. In wonderful succession, new monastic orders rose above the ruins of the old. When at last the monastic ideal itself seemed dead, the same spirit of renunciation brought St. Francis of Assisi, with all the brightness of young life about him, to choose Poverty as his 'bride'. To the avaricious and wealthy court of Rome he came, quoting the words of Jesus "Sell all that you have and give to the poor." His brethren of the new Franciscan Order went forth rejoicing in their poverty. Their spirit of self-sacrifice kindled Europe into a flame.

## TRADE GUILDS

The revival of religion in the Middle Ages bore fruit in the Guilds. These were local associations of laymen, 'for mutual assistance, for funerals of the dead, for alms-giving and other deeds of piety.' In the earliest statutes we have the leading objects of the Guild life stated as 'the fulfilment of charity towards the poor, the mutual care of sick brothers in life and prayers for their souls at death.' Mutual aid and protection from wrong-doing are also guaranteed.

The ideal of Guild life was capable of much further expansion. The spirit of brotherhood found a wider field when Europe awoke from the torpor of the Dark Ages. An increased industrial activity began. The free citizens of the growing townships united gradually into Trade Guilds which regulated fair dealing and efficient workmanship in every trade. At first there appears to have been little class distinction. The earliest University Guilds were founded on a purely democratic basis—far in advance of the political life of the time. Federal guilds, which united distant towns together, showed the precocious genius of the mediæval life. Edinburgh, Stirling, Roxburgh, Berwick, were combined in one Scottish Guild. On the banks of the Rhine these federal guilds took an even more administrative turn.

keeping the public peace and civil discipline. They seemed likely at one time to issue in a series of small republics

But men's passions and interests were constantly tending to overmaster the principles of brotherhood and just distribution of wealth, on which the earlier guilds were founded. As their wealth grew greater, the older guilds became exclusive and were closed to newcomers. Craftsmen and merchants, rich and poor, began to be distinguished, where before there had been no distinction. Work began once more to be regarded as degrading in the eyes of those who had made their money and wished to keep it to themselves. Complaints about guild tyranny were frequent during the general corruption of Europe in the fifteenth century. At the Reformation the Craft Guilds had so degenerated that they not only failed to keep order, but also served to depress the workmen.

I believe it will be found that just as the history of the Christian Monasteries and Guilds is the most fruitful of all studies in pointing to the true development of European industrial history in the coming age, so the history of the Buddhist monasteries and the caste trade guilds of India will be found of supreme value to the Indian historian who sets out to trace industrial development in India.

Just as in Europe our best thinkers are going back to the Monasteries and Guilds, in order to find the true strength and inspiration of the industrial life of 'Merrie England' (as Mediæval England is rightly named) so, I fully believe, there was once an industrial life in India which was joyous and wholesome, a life in which agriculture and spinning and weaving went hand in hand together, and the whole country was self-supporting as it shared in a common prosperity. It is surely to this life of India, which drew its inspiration from the joyous religious idealism and devotion of the past, that we must go back for guidance today, rather than to the modern industrial life of Europe, which Western sociologists themselves are seeking to supersede.

## THE JUST PRICE AND USURY

Two important economic doctrines had been inherited by the

Middle Ages from the Early Church These were the doctrine of the 'just price' and the doctrine of the 'sin of usury'. The former regulated sales and bargains, the latter made the taking of interest on loans impossible for a Christian All through the Middle Ages these two doctrines, the twin pillars of economic righteousness, were both preached and practised They have only broken down in modern times In the throes of the present class warfare between labour and capital, which has been often hardly less ruthless than actual war, it may be of great service to study these two doctrines. They are not antiquated but singularly modern in their application.

Saint Thomas Aquinas says that it is the moral duty of both buyer and seller to reach a just price, and not to ask for anything more. 'Modern business' recognizes no such obligation The instances of present-day practice which I am about to present are not at all unusual

One is that of a modern capitalist, who is said to have bought up all the bricks in the neighbourhood of one of the greatest cities in India, and then, having obtained the monopoly, to have raised immediately the price of building material by 200 per cent.

My second example is from the jute trade It has been recently reported to me that a certain firm in Calcutta was at first only moderately successful The shares had slowly risen from 100 to 145, and the rate of interest had slowly risen also The price for the jute to the cultivator had also risen side by side with the prosperity of the jute business At the outbreak of war, in 1914, the cultivator could obtain 13 rupees 8 annas per maund for his jute. But during and after the war the expenses of the cultivator rapidly increased, and therefore, in justice, he should have received more money in return for his labour. In order to live at the same rate as before the war, he would need to spend at least twice as much money. He ought, therefore, to be getting something like twentyfive rupees per maund for his jute But the opposite of this has taken place In the years 1914-1920 the shares in this company went up from 145 to 1160, and the interest paid on invested capital from 15 per cent to 160 per cent. The price paid to the jute cultivator went *down*, from 13 rupees 8 annas before the war to six rupees in the year 1920.

This requires to be examined more in detail. The cultivator of jute is usually an illiterate and ignorant peasant. It is therefore easy for others to exploit him. The dice are all loaded against him. He has to work in the fields during the monsoon, often standing waist deep in the water. He is saturated with malaria, rheumatism and fever. All round his village he has to bear the stench of rotting jute fibre, the stagnation of standing pools of water. These troubles he is obliged to endure, because he needs ready money to buy cloth for his body and oil for his lamp, and other things; and these articles must all be paid for in cash. The cost of a cloth, or a woman's sari, has gone up to twice or even three times its former value. Instances have been recorded of suicide, because of the misery and shame of nakedness. Children have cried with hunger until the father has become a dacoit in order to get bread. Meanwhile, directors of jute companies have been congratulating their shareholders on bumper dividends!

Surely we need not hesitate for a moment to assert that Jesus of Nazareth, who uttered the words: "Come to me, all of you whose work is hard and whose load is heavy, and I will give you rest," is altogether on the side of the peasants in such a cruelly unjust state of affairs. The system of unlimited capitalism, under which we live, is a system of brute force in disguise. The problem of the modern age is to curb these wild excesses without destroying or weakening those forces of enterprise and initiative which are vitally necessary for progress.

The doctrine of the sin of usury is Semitic. It was taken over by the early Christians from the Jewish scriptures. It has validity in Islam today. Among the Jews, however, it was limited to dealings with fellow Jews. Interest could legally be taken from Gentiles: indeed the Jews were the chief moneylenders in Christendom in the Middle Ages.

The early Christian church overleapt the boundaries of race and creed. The doctrine of the sin of usury was raised into a universal principle; to take interest on money lent was sinful in every case. In the language of an early Christian writer: "Money is a dead thing; it must not be allowed to have any progeny, as if it were alive."

Acceptance of interest was regarded as a form of avarice. It was felt that the poor could not be safeguarded from exploitation except by the prohibition of usury.

### THE CANONISTS

In the fifteenth century, as trade and overseas commerce developed, new problems arose. A new body of Christian thinkers, the Canonists, drew up a body of rules dealing with the power and use of money.

1. The accumulation of wealth as an end in itself is forbidden. Wealth must be used in order to serve, to carry out the duties of one's station in society. (How near this comes, at certain points, to some of the caste regulations of ancient India! These ancient social systems have remarkable and original lessons to teach us, if we do not despise them as out of date. The individualistic basis of society has failed, we *have* to get back to a more communal basis somehow.)

2. "God and the labourer are the true lords of everything that serves for the use of men. All others are either distributors or beggars." Therefore, wealth in the hands of a master who does not work, is a *debt* to be returned to the labourer in service.

3. The idea of the 'just price' slowly modified that of the 'sin of usury'. It was argued that the money loaned represented a direct loss for which a 'just price' could be claimed. By this method of receiving interest the two dangers of compound interest and accumulated capital were avoided.

4. Wealth was connected with responsibility. The man who provided the capital, or loan, must share as a partner the risks of the business. If a loan was advanced for purchase of seed, the repayment of the loan would depend on the condition of the harvest. The just price was not mechanical, it was determined by equity. It has been stated that modern business could not be carried on under these conditions. But it is 'modern business' that is now on its trial. The occasional practical mistakes of these Canonist thinkers of the Middle Ages may readily be forgiven if the greatness

of their aim is considered. For their first thought was of justice and mercy to the poor. They did not put on one side and neglect altogether the words of Christ.

"Lend, without expecting anything in return, give when you are asked to give."

A great writer on economics has recently written as follows on the text which I have just quoted. "Much has been said about the impracticability of Christ's teaching with regard to lending without interest, but modern investigation has shown that, on purely economic grounds, the solution of some of our most difficult problems depends upon the application of this rule of conduct."

To sum up briefly this historical outline of the economic advance made during the Middle Ages: Three great ideals, corresponding to three great movements, sprang from the heart of the Christian Church. The ideal of holy poverty and renunciation of wealth was brought home to men by the religious orders, and was seen in its greatest beauty in Saint Francis of Assisi. The ideal of brotherhood became the strength and life of the mediæval guilds. The ideal of justice lay at the root of all the varied and earnest efforts for a just price and moral trade which the Canonists taught.

## OPPRESSION AND THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION

In 1776 when Adam Smith published *The Wealth of Nations*, workmen in Britain were still bound down to the village where they were born, and lived and died in the same place and in the same trade. Farmer and farm labourer, tradesman and apprentice were on almost equal terms.

## THE RISE OF CAPITALIST INDUSTRY

Then, new inventions came, thick and fast, in rapid succession. England was taken by surprise. Before men had leisure even to

think, great steps in capitalism and factory centralization had been taken. Thousands were huddled into factory towns, their old homes and associations broken, their old ties lost. Riches were gained with ease and rapidity by the few, with much suffering to the many. An ominous feature was the change in the relation of workmen to employers. Under the old domestic conditions a contemporary had written: "Master and men were so joined in sentiment, and, if I may be permitted to use the term, so loved one another, that they did not wish to be separated, if they could help it." A few years later, in the new conditions, a master could write: "It is as impossible to effect a union between the high and low classes of society, as it is to mix oil and water. There can be no union, because it is the interest of the employer to get as much work as he can do for the smallest sum possible."

In order to cheapen labour and increase profits, the work-houses and orphanages were drained of their children, and women and little children were made to work like slaves. Traffickers in child labour sprang up to keep the factory owners supplied. "The slave trade is a mercy compared with it," wrote Southey the poet.

### ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM

The intolerable selfishness of this unrestricted competition, the exploitation of the weak and helpless at home, was paralleled by the exploitation of the weak and helpless abroad. The commercial and territorial expansion of the European nations over the rest of the world had begun with the Spanish conquests in the newly discovered territory of America during the sixteenth century. Slavery, plunder and subjection went hand in hand. Cruelties of the most hateful kind were practised in the inflamed atmosphere of insensate lust for gold and silver. Each nation in turn which set out on its career of piracy and conquest, behaved in an equally savage manner.



Economic exploitation outside Europe today is the central factor in the labour problem as it exists throughout the world. It is not easy for those who have made no careful study of the subject, to grasp the vastness of the injustice and the greatness of the injury inflicted on mankind by this exploitation. Its reflex action upon Europe and America must also be understood. The wealth that poured into Europe from these piracies was thoroughly corrupting. It gave to the European races, who shared in its spoils and its cruelties, a coarsely arrogant and patronising conception of the non-European races, which has formed the foundation of race hatred and fanatical colour prejudice.

In 1772, Warren Hastings wrote from Calcutta to the British East India Company:

“The effects of the dreadful famine, which visited these Provinces in the year 1770, have been regularly made known to you; but its influence on the revenue has been yet unfelt, *except by those from whom it is collected*. For, notwithstanding the loss of at least one-third of the inhabitants of the Province, and the consequent decrease of the cultivation, the nett collections of 1771 exceeded even those of 1768, owing to the revenue being *violently kept up to its former standard*”

The passages I have italicised will show the morality of the age better than any comments of my own.

This modern age, with its worship of the gods of private enterprise and competition, has repeated today in the Western world the conditions of Roman society under the Empire. Although barrier after barrier has been built up against the plunder of the weak and the helpless by the rich and the strong, the same unthinkable selfishnesses keep on repeating themselves. For half a century the noble work of the abolition of slavery was carried forward, with a fervour of Christian faith and charity which is like a gleam of sunlight on a dark and murky day. But as soon as ever slavery was made illegal, the indenture system, with its five years' servitude on the sugar plantations, was devised to take its place. In South Africa and in Fiji I have seen with my own eyes things which have recalled to me what I have read of in books about the worst days of slavery.

Even after all the exposure of the inhumanity of the indenture system, it has been agreed to import shiploads of Chinese indentured coolies into the plantations of Samoa, because the interests of capital have prevailed one more over those of decency, morality and public justice. The Concessionaire Companies on the Congo, in this present twentieth century, decimated whole populations. The Indian Government is still today enriching itself with the profits of an opium monopoly which has been proved to be used for debauching human lives. The Straits Settlements, one of the richest merchant communities in the world, obtains nearly half its revenue (thus saving its own pockets) out of the sale of the opium poison to be used in opium dens; and Hong Kong, almost equally rich in material wealth, derives one-third of its revenue from the same source. Thus the tale goes on.

People talk glibly about the coming industrial expansion in India. Do they realize at what a cost that expansion is already being carried out in many of our great cities? They tell us that by this means India will become prosperous. Have they never heard the words ringing in their ears: "What does a man gain by winning the whole world and losing his own soul? What can a man give to buy his soul back?"

I wish it to be clearly understood that this is a world-wide phenomenon. It is not confined to India only. We may go to another country, East Africa, and follow out the consequences of modern exploitation there also; we shall find that the lesson is everywhere the same. "There can be no surer sign," one writer says, "of social disintegration, than for the marriage tie to become unstable among the masses of the people. In the mixture of men of different African tribes in European employment in British East Africa, the customary union of man and woman is now by the month. They have no wives, as they have no homes. They get their wages at the end of the month; they change their masters at the end of the month—and so they marry for a month. As is inevitable, children are rare, diseases are common. The system fits the life."

The system fits the life! This may be said of these modern industrial upheavals in almost every land, and India is no exception.

But is there no possibility of forestalling the evil that is being done? The root of the disease lies not merely in the corruption of the human heart, but in the corruption of human conditions

It is necessary to make clear that many different kinds of oppression of the poor had gone on in Africa and the East for centuries before the arrival of the slave ships and the armed merchantmen from the West. In my journeys through Africa I have gathered a fund of knowledge of cannibal raids and tribal wars in the remote past. It would appear that man has preyed upon his fellow-man unceasingly. In India also I have seen, in the submerged classes called the 'untouchables', a servility and fear that clearly pointed back to a long history of evil treatment. Therefore I am under no personal illusions. I have no belief that other countries outside Europe are free from the predatory passions in man's nature. Europe did not bring to Africa and the East for the first time these evil ways. But in Europe whole nations have grown luxurious out of the misery of other lands. We have seen how, in previous ages, some supreme moral personality—a Saint Benedict, a Saint Francis of Assisi—was able to bring back the burning spirit of sacrifice into the hearts of men. But the problem today has grown so vast in area, that single personalities, however, devoted and saintly, seem to have but little power to throw back the incoming tide of evil. The tide sweeps onward like one of the remorseless forces of Nature.

A fundamental question has to be faced in India today, the importance of which to the world's future can hardly be overestimated. The question may be stated as follows. Shall India continue to follow the path of western industrialism? Shall India become one more of the 'industrialized' countries of the world? Or, on the contrary, is the true development of India (and perhaps China also) in the opposite direction?—to prefer the old frugal social order, with its many discomforts, to the new and modern capitalized society, wherein great material wealth and comfort are possible, at the expense of the exploited poor? Or, lastly—is there some third course open?

While Christ freely companied with the rich, and dined at their houses, he told them plainly that to trust in riches was fatal to the

spiritual life of man He said, with utter plainness, "No man can serve two masters. You cannot serve God and Money."

### THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF CHRIST

If we ask the question. "What is the main conception of the social order implied in Christ's teaching?" I should myself have no hesitation in answering: "The principle that Humanity is one family of God. . . . 'You have one Father and you are all brethren.' " Perhaps no utterance has had more moulding power in history than the word of God's Fatherhood, with Christ's spiritual power behind the word Humanity is the family of God, who is 'Our Father'.

But in the very prayer in which Christ taught us to pray 'Our Father', we find a further conception of the new social order, the conception of the Kingdom of God. Christ's words make it abundantly clear that the Kingdom has two aspects. The former is that of silent growth, in accord with the principle of the home life in which humanity is the family of God. Just as the family life of man is a growth, so the Kingdom is likened by Christ to the seed growing secretly, 'first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.' There are very many sayings of Christ about the coming of the Kingdom of God which bear this character. They are drawn from the silent processes of nature.

But there are also volcanic forces in nature. Christ declares in other sayings that the coming of God's Kingdom shall be with the suddenness of lightning, which flashes from one end of the sky to the other, and that it shall divide the most intimate domestic relations. I shall quote only the concluding words of one passage: "For as in the days before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and they knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. Let him who is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house, neither let him who is in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill.

The one shall be taken and the other left." We have a striking contrast with the ordinary, normal family life of man. Christ says, in a daring contradiction: "Think not that I have come to send peace on the earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his own father, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law... And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Here, the picture of the coming of the Kingdom of God is volcanic and revolutionary, not gradual and silent. The quiet of the family life itself is broken up amid such convulsions.

We are told by Christ, quite plainly, that there shall be such 'days of the Son of Man,' days of crisis and judgment, of destruction and upheaval, which shall usher in, like some great storm in nature, the ultimate Kingdom of Peace and Love: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven."

I have found, in the fundamental conceptions of life in ancient India, things that have strangely reminded me of this teaching of Christ. We find for example, in ancient Indian thought, the doctrine of a destruction, which is not an end in itself, but a means to a renewal of creative and productive activity. The more carefully we study these doctrines, the more we can see, I think, their inner harmony with this aspect of Christ's teaching in the Gospels. It has been well said that only the supreme genius of a poet or an artist can bring unity into the contradictions which are inherent in human life. And the Christ is such a poet speaking to us in the Gospels. He boldly faces all facts in human life—the bad as well as the good. He does not ignore its awful side.

There is one among the parables of Christ concerning the Kingdom of God, which appears to embody, within a single whole, the two processes of nature, the process of silent growth and the act of sudden destruction. This is the parable of the tares and the wheat. The teaching is remarkable. The good seed, Christ tells us, first springs up in the soil of human life; then, later on, it is discovered

that tares have been sown also among the wheat. The question is asked, whether the tares should be rooted out at once, and the answer is 'No, let both grow together until the harvest'. Then, when the harvest is ripe, the tares will be burnt and the good seed garnered safely into the storehouse.

'Until the harvest'. There is, then, a moment in human history, when destruction of evil becomes a necessity. This implies (so it appears to me) a necessary place for revolution. Thus the picture which Christ gives us, when we analyse it without losing its inner spirit, is that of a new social order, called the Kingdom of God, which is all the while being slowly built up, like the silent, unseen process of natural growth, and at the same time is also ushered in, from age to age, by sudden shocks of dissolution, by revolutionary changes, by volcanic upheavals. It is social and anti-social, domestic and anti-domestic, at the same time. I am using the words of paradox, but I do not think that it is possible to separate these two strains in Christ's teaching. They run through all his utterances, like a double motif in some great orchestral music.

The parable of the wheat and the tares implies an annihilation, a destruction, which must precede all renovation and reconstruction. Such times of destruction are distinctly contemplated by Christ in the Gospels, and we can see examples of such 'days of the Son of Man' in human history. The destruction of Jerusalem itself, which Christ pointed to as one of the immediate signs of his coming in Judgment, was volcanic in its effect. It shook the primitive Christian ideal free from the dead hand of Judaism. In the Middle Ages again, the new life which sprang up out of the Franciscan movement, sudden and startling in its development, was revolutionary in its action upon society, bringing democracy to the birth amid the throes of social convulsion. At another time of world upheaval, nearly a century ago, when men's hearts were full of fear of impending riot and destruction, Charles Kingsley had the courage to come forward and say: "I am a Church of England parson, *and* a Chartist revolutionary." In our own day, explosive events have been reverberating down the corridors of the world. I find by experience that these sayings of Christ contain wonder-

fully illuminating hints concerning their ultimate meaning. In the light of Christ's teaching I have been thinking out, as far as facts have been available, the events in Russia and in China, and in Western Asia. And it will be understood with what deep anxiety I have watched the gathering storm-clouds of revolution in India itself.

Christ has described for us the wise steward 'who is a learner in the kingdom'. The wise steward's special significance is that he is ready to bring out of his treasury both the new, and the old. It is these *new* things which differentiate the true disciples of Christ. They are filled with a new energy and a new spirit, which are like the ferment of wine when it is freshly fermented. The new Wine of the Kingdom cannot be put in old leather bottles without bursting them in pieces. "The Kingdom of Heaven", Christ declares, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." It is the adventurous and the daring souls whom He calls, not the coward and the timid and the over-cautious.

Selfishness and greed, lust and passion, together with that love of money which is 'a root of all evil'—these are still the oppressors. It is against these that the battle has to be waged. The final victory is won when the inner heart is converted, and not before. But the strongholds of evil have to be thrown down, whether they take the form of a capitalistic system, or an autocracy of labour; whether they appear in a despotism such as that of Czarist Russia, or in the blood-thirsty passion of mob rule such as held sway in the French Revolution. The national greed which exploits other countries for its own advantage has to be overcome, as well as the individual greed which is ready to turn human beings into slaves in order to attain its end.

Furthermore, (I write as one who has learnt the lesson very slowly and imperfectly) there can be no form of patriotism for the Christian which can ever take the place of the one supreme patriotism of humanity. Love of country may have its place, even as Christ felt the love for Jerusalem. But if a Christian is not ready to see his country perish rather than allow it to oppress mankind, he is no worthy follower of Christ. This is a hard saying, but it goes

to the very heart of Christ's own teaching. Christ—let me repeat it—stands for the patriotism of humanity, not for the patriotism of a special race or sect or country.

The first age of the Christian Church had drawn to its close. The great world city of that age, which stood upon the seven hills, was at the height of its power and dominion. It had its traffic of gold, and horses, and slaves, and the lives of men. Mystically, its name was Babylon, but in history its name was Rome. The writer of the *Book of Revelation*, living in the midst of the slavery and cruelty and avarice of this imperialism, sees in vision its sudden and terrible destruction. 'Babylon the Great' he cries, 'is fallen, is fallen!' The mighty princes and merchants, the 'kings of the earth', stand afar off for fear, and cry aloud: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! For in one hour, thy judgment is come"

The great modern world city of commercial greed and racial exploitation is standing forth upon the seven hills today. There is no single centre of power, such as Rome was in the early age of the Church. Mystically, the name of this new world city is still 'Babylon the Great.' But in modern history its name is London and Paris and Berlin, Calcutta and Tokyo, New York and Buenos Aires, Johannesburg and San Francisco, with many other names besides. For the world empire of man has become co-terminous with the human race itself in its greed, and its traffic for the lives of men. The vast oceans are under its sway as well as the continents.

Christ invites us to the very same service of Humanity, for which he gave his life in sacrifice. He asked us to join the long succession of the children of faith who, in every age, went forth seeking "the city which has foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."



# THE BODY OF HUMANITY

(This essay was first published in the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* in 1924. During the ten preceding years Andrews had travelled very widely in Asia and Africa, and had enjoyed the personal friendship of sincere and devout men of almost all the living religions of mankind. This study of the deeper inter-relationships between the major religious cultures reflects the universal humanity of his thought.

Andrews' thesis is that the spiritual life of mankind is an organic unity, and that humanity is challenged in our day to realize that unity more completely. This may be compared with Vinoba Bhave's contention that competing sectarian and partisan loyalties ('religion' and 'politics') must give place in this age to 'spirituality' and 'science'. This aspect of Vinoba's thought (which fascinated Jawaharlal Nehru) is essentially the same as Andrews' conclusion in this essay: "The final unity of man must be spiritual and rational at the same time".)

## I

EVER SINCE I WAS ABLE to think seriously it has appeared to me self-evident that if the theory of physical evolution is true, there must also be an organic unity, a relation that is intimately spiritual, between those different creeds which have persisted in human development. We can no longer think of each creed as a 'special creation.' The genealogical tree of religion has many branches; the difficulty with me has been to trace the main direction in which the branches have grown and to relate them to the parent stem.

Just as the name of Darwin stands first as a pioneer amid those who dealt with the physical evolution of mankind, so in the realm of religious evolution Raja Ram Mohan Roy's name will stand out greatest of all. My own thought owes its outline at least to the extraordinary stimulus which I received from my first reading of the English works of Raja Ram Mohan Roy.

The two longest groups (traditions) of human culture spring ultimately from two great underlying religious movements in the East and West. The former of these two movements had its centre

in Northern India, and passed thence to almost every part of Asia, unifying the further East. It goes by the name of Hinduism in India and of Buddhism in other lands. The second, which is called Christianity, had its original home in the Western corner of Asia, and therefrom passed over the whole of Europe and America unifying the West.

Between these two great areas of culture stretches a great 'land barrier' which was occupied later by a third supreme movement of religion, called Islam. The watersheds of Indian religion have on the whole been eastward. The watersheds of Christianity have been persistently westward. Islam has been modified and moulded by Christianity on its Western borders and by Hinduism on its Eastern frontier, and in its turn has coloured with its own distinctive hue both these religions.

When we examine the two larger groups of mankind—leaving aside for the moment the Islamic area—we find one striking resemblance: secular civilization of a material type has been penetrated by religion owing to the birth of a supreme spiritual personality. The ancient Dravidian civilization was far advanced in art and wealth and commerce before the Aryan invasion took place. How far the Dravidian secular system contained in itself the seeds of religion is an unsolved problem of history, but the religious work of the Aryans was so creative that Dravidian India became in turn singularly rich in religious thought.

In China, the penetration of the original secular civilization by Aryan religion was never so complete. Confucian ethics had already deeply impressed Chinese life; the Buddhist movement became almost absorbed in this strong ethical culture. Nevertheless, Okakura's picture of a Buddha-land which reached from Bactria to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, is in the main a true one. The religious spirit of India, transplanted to China, Japan and the Malay Peninsula, has left its mark upon all these countries. All the barbarian invasions have never been able to subdue this inner spirit of religious peace or to force these countries into barbarism.

In the West, the Aryan invaders found a civilization even more highly developed than that of the Dravidians in India. With its

home originally in Egypt and its centre in Crete, it mingled with other civilizations in Mesopotamia and Phœnicia and reproduced their art and luxury. The intermingling of the young Aryan invaders with the older inhabitants issued in the intellectual glory of Greece. But it was from a Semitic source, in the tiny corner of western Asia called Judea, that came, along with a supreme spiritual personality, the genial religious impulse which we call Christianity. It appears now to be certain that the origins of this religion were not wholly Semitic. Problems remain unsolved; how far had Hindu-Buddhist influences, and the Greek mind, given seed thoughts to the new cult? What is ascertained is that a spiritual force had suddenly appeared in history which was only comparable with the Buddhist influence from India. These two creative epochs, the Christian and the Buddhist, are the two pivots on which the whole history of the human race turns.

When we consider the spiritual atmosphere in the West, as in China, we must allow for certain purely secular factors. The chief of these is that strong aggressive energy, derived partly from Roman and partly from Teutonic sources. Christianity has used and modified this energy but has never completely transformed it except in individuals.

## II

The inner unity of the Indian peoples—a unity all the more striking because of the multiplicity of races, languages and local customs—is dependent on a spiritual atmosphere, hard to define but omnipresent. There seems to be a religious attachment to the very soil itself, a devotion which makes mountain and river sacred and unites animals with mankind. The attachment is bound up with the thought of God as immanent in the universe and in man, and is found most strongly in those who are nearest to Nature.

When the social effect of this religious development is looked for the first impression is one of disappointment. The caste system, with the 'untouchable' problem behind it, has rendered Hindu life

in certain respects artificial and inhuman. The village system has a simplicity and beauty of its own, yet it has shown little adaptability or progressive assimilation. It is in the inner circle of the family that we find the highest mark of spiritual influence. The reverence of man for womanhood as 'mother', with its counterpart of wifely devotion, has kept the sacramental view of life whole and undefiled, and set forth an infinite and unbounded sacrifice before the eyes of men

In China, as in India, the true basis of lasting civilization, the secret of stability, is to be found in the family life. In China the centre of devotion and sacrifice lies not so much in the wife as in the children. The filial love of China is based on noble ethical law. This fact has made the idealism of China more sober and practical, and less mystically religious than that of India. Yet the growth through many centuries of the ancestor-worship of the Chinese, and the filial devotion connected with it, has made a worthy contribution to the Body of Humanity.

When we turn to the West we find a different picture. Here again at first sight the outward effects of Christianity are disappointing. There has been immoderate haste to increase material riches at the expense of others; and there has grown up a system of aggressive national units which, like the caste system in India, have outgrown their proper use and become a menace to mankind. But there has also been a positive good, a constructive achievement, in the ideal of individual freedom and personality. This ideal of individual freedom underlies, in a certain measure, both Greek and Roman history. But (as Lord Acton has shown in *The History of Freedom*) Christianity imparted to the ideal of freedom its peculiar spiritual power, and made it a possession which the Body of Humanity may claim for its own

The same idea of freedom and personality, in a further (later) phase, gave Science in Europe the mental background which it needed. The development of practical philanthropy has gone forward hand in hand with it. This united advance has cleared away many foul diseases in the Body of Humanity. It has led to the emancipation of the slave and the reduction of cruelty towards

man and beast. What was foreshadowed in early Buddhist times has now been taken up into a world-wide tendency embracing all living creatures

### III

The two great movements in the sphere of universal religion which sprang from India and Palestine have a common principle of *ahimsa*. They reject the old theory of retaliation; they enunciate the new principle of overcoming evil by the sacrifice of love. It has always appeared to me a comparatively simple matter to relate them organically together. But it is not so easy to discover the exact relation (place) within the Body of Humanity which is held by Islam. That meteoric phenomenon in human history came blazing forth from the Arabian Desert. It still bears the marks of the desert upon it. It sends each believer at least once in his life, on a pilgrimage to the desert, there to feel the awe of the divine unity.

The unique and intense ardour which burned within this new religion has never been adequately explained. Christian prejudice, and in modern times political considerations, were too strong for an impartial verdict. Yet Islam has played a supreme part over large parts of the world's surface and at critical times in the world's history. Islam is a living power today among many races of mankind which neither Buddhism nor Christianity had been able to reach.

Islam brought with it simplicity of living and simplicity of faith. 'One God, one Brotherhood, one Faith'. The idolatries, in Arabia, in Christendom, were swept away. The poorest *fellahn* in Egypt, the most oppressed Syrian peasants, found a new dignity of human brotherhood and common worship. The last words of the Prophet were cherished: "Ye Muslims, treat your women well. Feed your slaves with the food you eat yourselves, clothe them with the stuff you wear yourselves. Know that all of you are equal. We are all of one brotherhood."

In modern times also Islam has impressed men by its virility, deep religious fervour and sincerity. During my first years in India, when I was at Delhi, its history and culture fascinated me. That first reverence for Islam, those impressions of its dignity and greatness, have never since been blurred. Any criticism that I have to make will be that of an ardent friend.

I do not think that we can point to any new law of the spiritual life that Islam has discovered for the first time. Both Christianity and Hindu-Buddhism, as I have said, laid emphasis upon the principle of *ahimsa* as the essence of true religion. I cannot see this side of religious truth emphasized in Islam. Rather, the opposite principle of retaliatory justice appears to gain fresh approval. "I believe in retaliation," said one of the noblest Muslims I have ever known. I know that we have the Prophet's act of sublime forgiveness when Mecca was entered after weary years of struggle; but deeds of punishment are equally part of the Prophet's conduct. A Musalman friend said to me, with an emphasis I can never forget: "My religion *commands* me to take up the sword on certain occasions."

Therefore I have wondered whether there might be some practical defect in the *ahimsa* doctrine during its present imperfect human stage? In spite of the lengths to which he would go in carrying out this doctrine of *ahimsa*, Mahatma Gandhi has a natural leaning towards Islam. I have thought sometimes that his strong personality found in Islam a corrective to a weakness he subconsciously felt in the logic of *ahimsa*. I myself know how pacifists in Europe, who have been carrying out the doctrine in practice, have experienced the same inherent weakness in their own position when they have faced the hard facts of human life. Is the sudden rise of Islam in part due to the fact that a counterbalancing weight was needed—or at least a restatement of the postulates of *ahimsa* in terms more in touch with human life?

Early in the great European War, my own mind was troubled by this problem. In my perplexity I wrote to the poet Rabindranath Tagore, and he answered me as follows:

In most matters of vital importance I have one thing to guide my thoughts: the figure which represents creation is not 'one' but 'two'. In the harmony of two contradictory forces everything rests. Whenever logic endeavours to simplify things by reducing the troublesome 'two' into 'one' it goes wrong. The principle of war and the principle of peace both together make truth. They are contradictory: they seem to hurt each other, like the finger and the strings of a musical instrument. But this very contradiction produces music. Our human problem is not whether we should have only war, or peace, but how to harmonise them. When love and force do not go together, then love is mere weakness and force is brutal. Of course we must not think that killing one another is the only form of war. Man is a moral being: his weapons should be moral weapons. The Hindu inhabitants of Bali, while giving up their lives before the invaders, fought with moral weapons against physical power.<sup>1</sup> It was a war. Nevertheless it was in harmony with peace, and therefore glorious.

This letter has often come back to my mind when pondering over the Hindu-Muslim difficulty in India and the parallel 'pacifist' dilemma. I confess I have no final solution to offer.

There is a further consideration which seems to me to possess a vital historical value. In the things of the spirit, life makes its advances by rhythmical tides like the currents of the sea. As we watch, we see often what appears to be a reversal. But just when the set-back comes, there arises a new pressure, which urges the water at some other point even beyond the old position. Each of these new pulsations seems to start far away in the rear, but each in turn carries forward some laggard portion of the human race.

This seems to me to be a picture of the miracle of Islam in relation to human progress—surging upward from the subconscious in

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<sup>1</sup> The Hindus of Bali, when forcibly invaded by the Dutch, dressed themselves in the white robes of sacrifice and offered themselves to be shot down, till the Dutch refrained from shooting. The Queen of Holland declared that such noble people deserved their independence and refused to bring them further into subjection.

humanity, carrying the stream of the religious life forward, just when it was beginning to ebb. It has just that creative element which humanity then needed. It re-integrated mankind.

We can review the same process, using another illustration. In biology we learn that a continuous renewal of the human body is always needed simultaneously with the elimination of waste tissue. Even so with the Body of Humanity, the deadness of each older civilization needs to be sloughed off, if fresh life is to force its way to the surface. And there is no greater purifying factor than the uprush of a new religious impulse.

Here then, we can see the true saving grace of Islam. The keen breath of the desert air swept over the outworn, decaying civilizations of the Byzantine Empire and the Sassanian dynasty in Persia, with an ascetic fervour of faith which drives men back to bare and simple truth.

No one, of course, would dream of condoning the brutalities of the earlier Muhammadan invasions of India under Mahmud of Ghazni and his successors. Muslim historians in India have been the first to condemn them. But when we contemplate India as a whole today, the north as well as the south, we can see how in certain vital matters the north of India has been truly purged by the presence of Islam from the accumulation of unwholesome decaying matter. If the miasma of 'untouchability' and some of the lower mists of idol-worship have been lifted from the atmosphere of Northern India more than from the South, it is not a little due to the constant presence of a faith which swept aside the luxuriant ritual growth that had encumbered the pure worship of the One God, and insisted at the same time that in His presence all believers are equal. Islam has been in India, wherever it has held sway, a cleansing medium.

A further aspect of world history has not yet received sufficient recognition. For over a thousand years Islam has been the binding force to hold together society in Africa at a stage beyond that of the fighting tribe. Long before the days of the European occupation there were Islamic kingdoms in the heart of Africa, with a literary language and culture. Wherever Islam has penetrated the interior it has raised the human dignity of those who have confessed it.



Furthermore, in spite of the immense differences between man and man in Africa there has been no caste barrier, nor race exclusion. It is true that slave raids were carried out by Muhammadan dealers. These cannot be condoned, any more than the slave traffic of the Christian merchants. Yet in spite of these, the brotherhood which has crossed the barriers of nations and empires has given life to mankind.

There is however another fact which must not be overlooked. The brotherhood of believers is separated by a sharp line of demarcation from the Muslims' relation to unbelievers. It is true that the spirit of brotherhood engendered by Islam not infrequently oversteps the barriers and overflows to all mankind. The whole Sufi movement in India has this ideal. Nevertheless the gulf in Islam between believers and unbelievers is still unbridged. It is here more than anywhere else that I find difficulty in reconciling Islam in its present form with universal religion and universal brotherhood.

But the Islamic doctrine of the Unity of God is a supremely uniting faith. One of Islam's greatest blessings to East and West alike has been the emphasis which at a critical period in human history it placed upon the Divine Unity. For during those Dark Ages both in East and West, from A D. 600 to 1,000, this doctrine was in danger of being overlaid and obscured in Hinduism and in Christianity alike, owing to the immense accretion of subsidiary worships of countless saints and demi-gods and heroes. Islam has been, both to Europe and to India, an invaluable corrective and deterrent. Indeed, without the emphasis which Islam gave to this truth from its central position—facing Indian and facing Europe—it is doubtful whether this idea of God as One could have obtained that established place in human thought which is uncontested in the intellectual world today. This idea of the divine unity, which has thus been preserved by Islam, is not merely an abstract postulate; it is the most vital of all experiences and the very soul of pure religion. More perhaps than anything else in Islam it has been this idea of the Divine Unity which profoundly satisfied Raja Ram Mohan Roy. The note that is struck is a Puritan note; it is as a purifying element in religion that Islam has brought the greatest benefit to mankind.

## IV

The different religions of mankind have been, throughout human history, organically related. They are not sporadic accidents, they are vital to the Body of Humanity. There are three clearly defined faiths—the Hindu-Buddhist, the Christian, the Islamic—which have moulded mankind ever since their earliest period and are still vitally active. There are other religions which are on the borderline, standing somewhere between the national and the universal. There have also been faiths which have now merged in wider religious movements. Like the classical languages, they are no longer in use, their value to us is not direct. The Hellenic religious culture, for instance, at one time very deeply affected early Christianity and at another time influenced early Islam, but it has no direct modern expression.

Profound changes are likely to take place in the future, just they have done in the past. If it is true that the religions of mankind can only rightly be viewed as an organic whole, growing with the growth of humanity, then certain things follow which are of the greatest importance.

First of all, the old mentally aggressive antagonism between the different faiths must be abandoned. All the united efforts of men of faith are needed to stem that vast tide of selfishness which is ever seeking to encroach on the spiritual confines of mankind. We have to come back to the words of the ancient prophet: ,

What doth the Lord require of thee ,  
But to do justice, to love mercy, ,  
And to walk humbly with thy God? ,

We have to condemn all imperialism and nationalisms which appeal in the name of God and Truth to hatred and greed. Even the basest superstitions are not as harmful to mankind as these hateful hypocrisies.

Secondly, further unification is likely to take place in the future. History has shown that a commanding religious impulse has pointed

the way to political unity. A spiritual enterprise of free brotherhood and fellowship is needed if the human race is to become one. In the end, a religious unity will be made possible.

In the third place, this ultimate universal religion will not be attained by conquest. It will not involve extinction of what has proved vital in the past. The words 'I came not to destroy but to fulfil' have been found true of every genuine religious movement of the past; they will be no less true in the future.

In the fourth place, patient study of the great religions makes it evident that each of them has been 'both a borrower and a lender' in turn. This mutual indebtedness has been denied in the past, but whenever the organic conception of religions development takes the place of the earlier idea of separate, hostile faiths, it becomes the essence of truth and justice to affirm it. As clearer vision develops that lack of charity will vanish which led to religious bitterness in the past

There are those today who sincerely believe that the dictates of Reason are fundamentally opposed to Religion, that henceforth human society must be built on science, and Religion must be discarded. This is no new phenomenon, the same rationalising spirit reappears whenever radical change is attempted, it is at all times connected with the spirit of revolution. It represents a critical factor of the greatest possible value, clearing away overgrowths of credulity and purifying Religion. It may be likened to the negative pole in an electric circuit; but the value of Religion as the positive pole remains. Religion, however immature, is the most precious heritage of the human race, binding it together and making it one. The critical faculty can only divide; therefore Rationalism alone can never save mankind. Man's nature is essentially spiritual as well as rational. Therefore the final unity of man must be spiritual and rational at the same time.

## CASTE, RACE AND CREED

(Andrews summarises, in a book called *The True India* published in 1937, from which the following passages are taken, his estimate of the strengths and weaknesses of the caste system in India, its impact on Indian history, and its parallels to racial and colour prejudice in other parts of the world. He was writing chiefly for western readers and as a fair-minded interpreter of India.)

I CAN WELL REMEMBER how, on the first day of my arrival in Delhi, I took up, in my ignorance, a vessel on the cricket field which was used for water. I saw the Hindus glancing at one another and realized that I had done something wrong. When I inquired about it I found that the vessel I had touched could never be used again by the students. Though they read *Mill on Liberty* and belonged, many of them, to the Arya Samaj, they could not touch the drinking vessel, which had been touched by me, without defilement. I, who was their moral and intellectual teacher, was a defiling person.

An even more pitiable incident occurred to me later, which I shall never forget. I was walking by myself in the hills, about forty miles from Simla, and I came across a little famished boy, who was clearly fainting with hunger and exhaustion. There was no one within miles of the place, and as I asked him what was the matter, he pointed to his mouth to show his hunger. I had some bread with me, and, without thinking, offered him some. In a moment the little half-starved face kindled with indignation and contempt, and he spat on the ground, as much as to say, 'That is how I regard your food.'

Caste has been a part of Indian civilization for more than three thousand years. It is obvious therefore, that it must originally have served some useful purpose which brought benefit to the community, or it would not have possessed such a remarkable survival value. Therefore, before condemning caste, root and branch, on account of some retrograde features which have become

connected with it today, the better course would be to study its origins historically. We can then ascertain whether such recognized evils as 'child marriage' and 'untouchability' are inherent in the system or are excrescences which need to be removed.

No one who has travelled widely in other parts of the world can have failed to recognize that caste exists today in certain foreign countries, and that a new caste system has begun to take shape wherever a 'superior' civilization impinges on one that is 'inferior'. Both in South Africa and in the south of the United States of America this is a burning question. History has repeated itself. There is no problem more acute in these new countries than this caste or 'colour' question.

Let us see first what happened in India more than three thousand years ago. The fair-skinned Aryan invaders from the north were suddenly brought into contact with the original inhabitants of the country, who were of a different colour and culture from themselves. The Aryan took steps to segregate himself and refused to mingle his blood. He made a sharp division between himself and the darker race, and thus established 'caste'. In the same manner the Boer in South Africa, as he went up from the Cape to the Transvaal, was brought into hostile contact with the dark-skinned Bantu warriors. When the land was settled at last these Bantus were forced to become the serfs of the Boer farmers, and they have remained much in the same position ever since. The *Grondwet*, or fundamental law of the Transvaal, was thus written: 'There shall be no equality between white and black either in Church or State'. Just as in ancient India, so among the Boers, religion was brought in to make this racial segregation secure.

In the United States the southern sugar and cotton belt was cultivated by slaves introduced from West Africa. These were settled in slavery among the fair-skinned colonials from Europe. Here again the same problem arose of two races, at two different stages of culture, living side by side in the same area. During the period of slavery itself the segregation was one of status. There were 'slaves' and 'masters'. But even after the emancipation the colour bar has remained fixed.

The problem in all these cases was as follows.

Should intermarriage be freely allowed between the two races, or should the strongest possible sanctions be fixed against it? Should social intermingling and the sharing of common food at the same table be allowed, or should it be forbidden?

In ancient India—as also in these two modern instances—the average man decided vehemently and even violently against any intermixture whatever taking place. Hence the beginning of what in India was developed into the caste system. The dark inhabitants after conquest were allotted the status of Sudras by the invaders. The word implied any lower kind of service, and originally marked inferiority of status. There were no wars of extermination, although there was much fierce and savage fighting. In the long run the colour bar was strictly imposed. The Aryans were called the ‘twice born’. They were allowed to wear the sacred thread and hear the sacred scriptures read aloud. The Sudras were not allowed to do either. They were kept in perpetual subordination.

That this was the origin of caste is in my opinion certain. The original Sanskrit word *varna* means ‘colour’; and however learned scholars may dispute about it, those of us who have seen those parts of the world where the same problem is acute can have no doubt at all in our minds that what we see happening today gives the correct interpretation of the ancient Indian system.

Considerable uncertainty remains about the division of the Aryan invaders themselves into the three higher, or ‘twice born,’ castes of Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vaishyas. There are no clear historical records. The simplest solution of the problem appears to be that ‘occupation’ took the place of ‘race’ and ‘colour’ in making this minor division. The sharp dividing line remained fixed between the ‘twice born’ and the Sudras. Further divisions among the ‘twice born’ themselves carried no stigma with them. They were rather class distinctions.

Thus between the higher castes themselves we find at first no such hard and fast rules against intermarriage as existed with regard to the Sudras. The Brahmin remained steadfast in his ritual and priestly functions. The Kshatriya became the warrior and ruler,

the Vaishya became the landlord and merchant. The Sudra, in those early days, was more or less like a serf attached to the soil. With him alone at first marriage was completely banned.

So far we have been covering historical ground, and the conclusions we have reached may be regarded as fairly accurate. How 'untouchability' arose is somewhat more difficult to trace. Probably certain of the aboriginals, because of their unclean habits of eating carrion, became regarded as polluted. Then others, who were outcasted because of some marriage irregularity or some grave moral offence, were placed in the same class 'untouchable'. These were reckoned in rank below the Sudras and called Namasudras. Another name, Panchamas, means literally the 'fifth caste', i.e. below the four main castes.

In the fifth century B C the full floodtide of Buddhism began to sweep over India. While it left alone for the most part the old religious ritual, its fundamental principles involved a caste-less society. The story of the monk Ananda receiving water at the hands of the outcaste woman implies this. But the evil of untouchability had already become very deep-seated, and when the Brahman supremacy revived, after a thousand years of Buddhism, the lines of demarcation between one caste and another were made stronger. The caste system became stratified, and innumerable divisions into sub-castes began also to be formed.

When the Muhammadan invasions began in A D. 1,000, and were repeated year after year, Hindu society, already divided into castes, had no corporate unity wherewith to resist them. Magnificent bravery was shown by some of the warrior castes, but society itself was hopelessly divided. The evil lot of the Sudras and outcastes made them indifferent as to whether their rulers were Muslims or Hindus. In the course of centuries immense numbers went over to Islam, which has now reached eighty million souls, most of whom have been drawn from the lower castes in the villages of north and east India. In Bengal the exodus from Hinduism was greatest.

In the Middle Ages the great saints of Hinduism, as far away from one another as Bengal in the east is distant from Sind in the west, made the most earnest effort to appreciate Islam. They interpreted

the Unity of God in terms of the Upanishads. Caste and idolatry meant very little to such men of religion. They treated all those around them, of whatever creed, as brothers and sisters, and sought to break down the barrier of untouchability altogether. They paid such reverence to the saints of Islam that the Sufi devotees, who were mystics, welcomed in turn the Hindu philosophy presented to them by the Hindu saints and appropriated some of their ideas. So closely did they draw near to one another that the songs of these men of God on either side are still sung by Hindus and Muslims alike in the villages of northern India. Ramananda, Kabir, Chaitanya, Dadu, Nanak—all show the true spirit of love and unity which sought to do away with these inhuman class distinctions. There is no nobler period in Hindu religious history than this.

A study of Indian history, especially that of the Middle Ages, puts this in perspective. Wherever there was a common meeting ground in mystical religious experience between Hinduism and Islam the result has been marvellously fruitful. The very contrasts between the two religions have had their notable values. For history plainly shows how the hard, aggressive, militant character of those who came from Central Asia and invaded India was softened by contact with Hinduism. On the other hand, Hindu civilization itself, in the long run, became benefited by its constant touch with Islam. The comparative purity of Hindu worship in the north is very noticeable. Again, the general treatment of the depressed classes in the north differs from that of the south. (I shall not easily forget the shock I received in this direction when I first came down from the north and visited the Malabar coast.) This difference is not a little due to the presence of a faith such as Islam, which insisted, in the presence of the Lord of all creation, those who are created by Him of whatever race are equal.

But how much also does Islam owe in return? Let me tell one beautiful story that reveals Hinduism at its highest point, so far as I, an outsider, am able to judge it. Some time ago, at Santiniketan, I had been in the habit each morning of plucking a few white scented blossoms and giving them to the poet Rabindranath Tagore for his



writing table, before he began his day's work. But his daughter said to her father. "Why does he pluck the flowers when they are growing in the sunshine? Tell him not to do so. God gives us the blossoms when they fall. Let him gather those for his morning gift to you. They will provide you with the same beauty and perfume."

This deep sentiment which does not wish anything, however humble, to be sacrificed to man's need, is one of the noblest things in Hinduism. It goes by the name of *ahimsa*, which means 'doing no harm'. The contrast between this and the rough spirit of the militant invaders who entered India as conquerors from Central Asia runs through many pages of mediæval Indian history.

In the year 1936 I was privileged to spend many days at Mahatma Gandhi's village home in Central India, at a time when Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan was staying with him. There I saw a picture of Hindu-Muslim unity which I shall always remember. Each was learning from the other, and I was learning precious lessons also. The Khan Sahib himself is one of the noblest Muslims I have ever met, as tender as a child and as brave as a lion. From him I learnt especially concerning the higher bravery of suffering as an essential feature of Islam, because the Prophet in the days of his rejection and persecution placed his faith in God and God alone. All the saints and prophets, the Khan Sahib said, had been persecuted. "Look at your Prophet", he said to me, "how he was persecuted to the very end."

Young India would be the first to blame me if I did not speak the truth about the evils in Indian moral character which still do serious mischief. Let us face these evils together, with a critical but kindly eye

One of the greatest faults is the habit of submissiveness and apathy in face of wrong, instead of fearless active condemnation. That is why untouchability and a thousand other evils have not been brought to an end long ago. A social conscience is beginning to be formed at last, but why has it been so feeble during all these centuries? The religious life of India seems for some reason to have lacked driving power. This passive submission seems to run through every section

of the community, and to account also for the prolonged acquiescence in foreign rule and the willingness to leave all responsibility in foreign hands. There is such a thing as soul-cowardice. Gandhi himself has always stigmatized this weakness as 'slave mentality', and has declared that it strikes at the root of all high moral character.

There is another weakness which has grown up through the centuries side by side with the evil growth that I have already mentioned. If I write severely about this I must be pardoned, for I have seen during many years the harm that it has done. The family system has been made the one end in life to work for, rather than public service. The evils which are bound up with subjection have taken no heavier toll than this, that they have driven the most unselfish virtues downward into this inner circle of the family, and have left the national life to look after itself and its functions to be performed by others.

I do not wish for a moment to deny that there are qualities connected with this strong family interest which are noble and good. I have often been deeply moved to see the load of responsibility which members of the family will bear for one another. But when it ends there, and the wider interests become sacrificed for it, it lacks that magnanimity, that greatness of soul, which is seen expressed in a tragic form in the noble picture drawn of Arjuna in the *Gita*, where he is called upon to join battle even against his own kith and kin at the summons of a higher call. No doubt this is hard; but the way out of the vicious circle is for the whole family to become imbued with the spirit of national service so that each member is ready to make sacrifices.

A third obstacle is caste. In the distant past caste possessed functions which were useful for the whole community, but caste in modern India has lost its ancient values. In its present form caste is doing harm to the life of the nation by dividing and separating man from man and family from family. An impartial historian, who would commend caste in its earlier form, would condemn it as it has now shown its evil features. For along with the evil of untouchability, the rigid ban upon intermarriage even among the sub-castes has increased the twin evils of child brides and child widows.

Recently in South India certain persons were outcasted because they had taken part in what was called a 'cosmopolitan tea-party'. This meant that because they had sought to maintain friendly relations of a hospitable character with their own fellow-countrymen, who were not high-caste Hindus, they were to be turned out of Hindu society altogether. The insult was made worse by the declaration that if they did a humiliating penance for the offence they would be received back again! No nation can ever be built up on those lines. Hindu-Muslim unity becomes impossible. The Muslim, Christian and Hindu can never really work together where such distinctions are kept.

All this segregation and aloofness ought to have been done away with long ago. It is stupid and foolish, as well as palpably inhuman. Moreover, it is utterly illogical to object to segregation in South Africa while keeping up this segregation in India itself. As we have seen, caste was originally nothing else except race exclusiveness. The Aryan race drew the colour line, just as the English race in its colonies and dependencies is attempting to draw it today, and racial pride has been the consequence in both cases.

A great and noble thinker<sup>1</sup>, who knows the caste system from within and has studied deeply the history of his own country, has written: "The regeneration of the Indian people, to my mind, directly and perhaps solely depends upon the removal of this condition of caste

Now has come the time when Indian must begin to build, and dead arrangement must gradually give way to living construction. Must we not have that greater vision of humanity which will impel us to shake off the fetters that shackle our individual life before we begin to dream of national freedom? Do we not need an overwhelming influx of higher social ideas before a place can be found for true political thinking? The sooner we come to our senses and take up the thread of our appointed task, the earlier will come the final consummation "

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<sup>1</sup> Rabindranath Tagore.

# THE ROOTS OF INDIAN NATIONALISM

(Andrews, as has been said, was a teacher of history. Like all true teachers he was also a student, and in his first years in India he gave a lot of time to the study of Indian history. In 1908 he wrote a very interesting article in the St. Stephen's College magazine, called *Indian History, its lessons for today*<sup>1</sup>. In that article, he quoted the saying that 'history is the best cordial for drooping spirits', and pointed out how the study of the history of India can increase our hope and confidence, and also raise numerous questions the answers to which may provide signposts for the future. Towards the end of the article are these words:

"Go back to *your own history* for your picture of a free and spontaneous Indian life; do not be content to take your ideas of liberty at second-hand from the west... You can never repeat the past, but you can learn from it noble lessons with regard to those great words, 'humanity, liberty, freedom'. You can learn these lessons, I repeat, from the history of your own Indian race.

The material in the passage which follows was used by Andrews repeatedly in a number of articles and books which appeared from time to time over a period of at least twenty-five years. The chief source is *The Rise and Growth of the Congress*.)

## Introduction

THOSE WHO HAVE SOUGHT to describe the history of India's political development have been used to take the year 1885, when the National Congress was founded, as their starting-point; and in a sense they have been correct. But when they regard the years preceding that date as politically barren, they have surely failed to take account of one immensely important factor. They have not realized the very intimate connection in India between the political field and the sphere of religious development. For in India, more than anywhere else in the world, politics and religion have become mingled

<sup>1</sup> The article is reprinted in the Andrews Centenary number of *The Stephanian*, 1971.

together in such a way that they can hardly be separated, however much we may try to do so.

In Islam, as enunciated by the Prophet, religion actually rules the State. The Sikh Khalsa has shown us how the Indian mind works towards political and social freedom in and through a religious awakening. Swami Vivekananda and Mahatma Gandhi have, through their own religious inspiration, awakened a love for the Motherland such as no purely political leader has ever been able to evoke. Yet Swami Vivekananda remained a monk to the end and never entered the political sphere, and Mahatma Gandhi has often declared openly that he became a national and political leader only in order to carry out his faith in God in the midst of a political age.

### **Raja Ram Mohan Roy : Prophet of Nationalism**

The most convenient period from which to trace the modern movement in the religious life of India, which led on to the Indian National Congress development, would be the very remarkable years, from 1828 to 1833, when Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the great religious and social reformer of Bengal, had reached the height of his spiritual powers. In every respect he towered head and shoulders above his contemporaries in the land of his birth, both European and Indian alike. By every modern historian of India he is rightly claimed as not only the clearest-sighted religious leader of his age, but also as its most advanced political thinker.

A fundamental faith in civil liberty characterized the whole life of Raja Ram Mohan Roy. Herein he was truly the prophet of Indian nationalism, for such a sovereign faith in liberal principles has been the most marked feature of Indian political life ever since. It has led not merely to a persistent struggle to be free from foreign control, but also to the initiation of internal reforms. The present movement towards the emancipation of the depressed and submerged classes owes its strongest incentive to the passion for liberty which Raja Ram Mohan Roy created.

This new spirit, awakening in Bengal at the beginning of the nine-

teenth century, extended in wider and wider circles till it reached every part of India. Later movements, such as the Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission, though quite independent in origin, were greatly helped in their progress owing to the pathway which had already been prepared by the Brahmo Samaj and its founder Raja Ram Mohan Roy

The starting-point was Bengal; it was natural and almost inevitable because Bengal, as the focus and centre of British rule, was the first part of modern India to come into close contact with the west. Furthermore, the intellectual atmosphere of Bengal early in the nineteenth century encouraged the fullest freedom of thought. Bengal had peculiar gifts whereby the assimilation of western thought became comparatively simple. For such a process demands high imaginative power as well as intellectual capacity, and the cultured people of Bengal possessed both these qualities in full measure.

While the rest of India was still only slightly conscious of this new movement of human thought which had come from the west, Bengal was acutely awake. The hard mould of centuries had been broken and the new ideas of human progress found in Bengal their most congenial soil.

### **The Delhi Renaissance**

The story has never yet been fully told of the remarkable revival of Islamic culture at Delhi, as it came into touch with western learning from 1835 to 1857. The renaissance in the north-west of India presented a remarkable parallel to the revival of learning in Bengal. The innate beauty and flexibility of the Urdu language, as it retained its near kinship with Persian literature on the one hand, and absorbed new ideas from the culture of the west on the other, afforded an admirable medium for this revival of learning in the north-west, just as the Bengali language was the true medium in Bengal. If Rabindranath Tagore has given the fullest expression in poetry to the Bengali revival, Muhammad Iqbal has done the same thing for the Punjab through his Urdu and Persian poetry.

All this remarkable revival of learning went on in Delhi right up to the outbreak of the mutiny of the sepoys at Meerut on May 11, 1857. These troops marched into Delhi in the course of a few hours, and from that time modern education and culture ceased. Those who had received the western learning were all suspected by the mutineers; many of them barely escaped with their lives. For many years after the siege and capture of Delhi every sign of the earlier education had vanished. Only very slowly did it return, and it never reached in later days the glory of its first efflorescence.

### 1857 and After

The events of that disastrous year changed the whole relationship between the Indian and the British races. As the revolt spread, the fiercest passions were aroused. A kind of hysteria of vengeance took hold of people who at other times acted and spoke in a normal and sane manner. The massacres which had taken place at Kanpur and other places during the rebellion itself were followed, after the war was over, by reprisals from the side of the victorious armies no less horrible, and far more widespread. Life settled down to its ordinary routine, but the basis of sincere and friendly relationship was shattered for more than two generations. The brutal events of those terrible times set up a barrier between the two races; for though both people, the Indian and the British, are singularly free from the evil spirit of the vendetta, the aftermath of a war carried on with extreme desperation and violence could not easily be forgotten.

This untoward reaction did not occur merely in India. It was present in Britain also. Racial and religious equality before the law and in the administration had been pledged, in emphatic language, by the Queen's Proclamation (1858). It was therefore presumed by Indians that these two things would be carried out by the ministers who exercised her rule in India. But they were disillusioned; the smouldering forces of resentment, together with the increase of racial bitterness, prevented the pledge being carried

out in practice For a long time it was deliberately ignored by those in power, and the British Parliament connived at this. A confidential despatch of Lord Lytton, which became public property by some accident, has never been contradicted. It reads as follows: "Both the Governments of England and of India appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise which they have uttered to the car."

A policy of 'divide and rule' has never been actually formulated; but what foreign Government could be safely entrusted with the power to play off one religious prejudice against another? This was done with brutal frankness after the Mutiny The Muslims were deliberately repressed The last vestige of the old Moghul Empire at Delhi was erased and the reprisals fell most heavily upon the followers of Islam. The rebellion was regarded, quite unjustly, as having had its origin among them. The truth seems to be that discontent was universal both among Hindus and Muslims alike, and the sepoy rebellion fanned the flame into open revolt.

But the theory somehow got abroad, and was very widely held by British administrators, that the whole outbreak had been a last bid for power on the part of Muslims, who had thus sought to restore at Delhi the throne of the Great Moghuls. Because they were so suspected even after the rebellion had been crushed, the Muslims steadily lost ground, both in education and in Government favour Some of the noblest families were brought to the verge of ruin, and in Delhi itself even the direct descendants of the royal family lived in miserable destitution As late as the early years of the twentieth century this state of things continued

#### **Syed Ahmad Khan: The Aligarh Movement**

It is impossible to deal with the new life in India and not touch on the great Aligarh Movement, whose leader was Sir Syed Ahmad Khan The Syed was born in one of the noble families in Delhi



in 1817, and was brought up in the decaying Moghul court. But on entering Government service at the age of twenty, he threw himself heart and soul into the study of the west, as represented by the Englishmen he met and the books he read. When the Mutiny came, in 1857, he rendered invaluable help to many of the English men and women in his neighbourhood.

After the Mutiny, when the Muhammadans fell under suspicion, they were ready to resent this injustice and to grow bitter and bigoted in their turn. They regarded the new learning as *haram*, an unclean thing. Syed Ahmad set himself against this current of popular feeling with the utmost resolution. He gathered round him a body of young liberal Muslims who should help him to stem the current, and began with extraordinary patience and perseverance to organize education, and by that means to change the religious outlook of his fellow-countrymen. He was the founder of the Aligarh College and placed it under the guidance of the noblest English educationists he could find. The Aligarh Movement was one of the strongest educational forces in North India, and its effects have been felt in all parts of the Muhammadan world. Students from Java and the Malay Peninsula, from Kabul and Turkistan, from Mombasa and Zanzibar, have received their education at Aligarh and spread from thence the new Islamic thought.

No one but a giant in intellectual power and vigorous personality could have overcome the current prejudices so completely as to make the leading Muhammadan families, on whom success really depended, ready to send their sons to a College which their religious leaders condemned. Sir Theodore Morison, who knew Sir Syed intimately and had worked with him at Aligarh, writes: "Sir Syed was first and last a religious reformer, he summoned his people to return to the sanity and simplicity of primitive Islam. He told them that the only instrument which could accomplish their regeneration was education, and that education must be on western lines. Had not the Prophet said: 'Go even to the Wall of China for the sake of learning'? Sir Syed suffered much social persecution, but no persecution could daunt his leonine courage; his great

personality prevailed at length, and in the last years of his life he exercised a marvellous ascendancy over Muslim opinion. For myself I can say that I have never met another man so great as he."

### **Justice Ranade and the Social Reform Movement**

The last, and in many ways the most enduring aspect of the new reformation in India has had its rise in the Bombay Presidency and is linked most closely with the name of Justice Ranade. Born in a district not far from Bombay, Ranade showed exceptional powers of scholarship and learning, and was appointed the first indigenous Fellow of Bombay University. Later on he rose by degrees to be Judge of the High Court, but this was not the highest honour to which he attained. His name will be known to posterity rather as the founder of the Social Reform movement of modern India and as one of her profoundest religious thinkers.

Ranade comes near to Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Sir Syed Ahmad Khan in the largeness of his range of vision and the magnanimity of his character, but he was more advanced than either of them in the width of his constructive aim, his grasp of the principles underlying western civilization, and his application of them to Indian conditions. In his directly religious work he was one of the founders of the Prarthana Samaj, which corresponds somewhat closely with the Brahmo Samaj in its theistic principle and rejection of idolatry, though its organization is independent. This society has been in western India a main centre of social amelioration.

To Ranade, religion was as inseparable from social reform as love to man is inseparable from love to God. He taught incessantly that life could not be shut up into water-tight compartments, but that religion must give unity to all spheres of activity. Thus his reforming faith was comprehensive. It inspired his careful economic studies as it did his social programme. His social programme led on to national aims. All human life was of one piece, and religion was the warp on which it was woven. He did not leave out the woman's side in the great advance, and his wife was a most noble

helpmate to him in all his work, the Seva Sadan sisterhood was the outcome of some of his earliest labours.

Great and important as Ranade's activity was as an organizer of different movements, he was still greater as a thinker. His published works are a mine of sound, clear, accurate thinking on the problems of moral and social reconstruction. The great principle which runs through his teaching has already been hinted at. It was that the reformer must deal with the whole man and not carry out reform on one side only. "If a man is down, he has to get up with the whole of his strength, you may as well suppose that he can develop one element and neglect the others as try to separate the light from the heat of the sun, or the beauty from the fragrance of the rose. You cannot have a good social system when you find yourself low in the scale of political rights; nor can you be fit to exercise political rights unless your social system is based on reason and justice. You cannot have a good political system when economic arrangements are imperfect. If your religious ideas are low, you cannot succeed in social, economic or political spheres. This interdependence is not an accident, it is the law of our nature. No man can be said to realize his duty in one aspect who neglects his duty in other directions.

In summing up his great message to social reformers Ranade said: "Strength of numbers we cannot command, but we can command earnestness of conviction, singleness of devotion, readiness for self-sacrifice. In the words of the Prophet of Nazareth, we have to take up our cross, not because it is pleasant to be persecuted, but because the pain and injury are nothing by the side of the principle for which they are endured."

These words of the great Hindu reformer will sum up a very large part of the work which has been carried on during the last century in India. With the exception of Vivekananda's mission, it has been undertaken amid the bitterest opposition and often amid persecution of no ordinary kind. It has required commanding courage and abounding faith, and both of these have been in evidence

# DELHI IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(The notes upon which this description is based were made by Andrews during his first years in India. At that time—1904—the present New Delhi did not exist, what we call 'Old' Delhi was an unimportant town in the Punjab, Lahore was the capital city, and the headquarters of the university.

Very soon after his first arrival in Delhi, Andrews formed the habit of visiting a kind of informal, 'club' of elderly gentlemen which used to meet after sunset on the roof of the Old Library in Queen's Gardens. He made friends with the men who gathered there in the cool of the evenings, and persuaded them to talk with him about their memories of the past. Andrews' reminiscences of these talks were published in a series of articles in *The Modern Review* in 1922, and after final revision appeared in book form in England in 1929, as *Munshi Zaka Ullah of Delhi*.)

## Introduction

FROM CONVERSATION WITH THOSE whose lives stretched far back into last century, I have tried to gather together some impressions of the condition of Old Delhi before the Moghul Court had entirely passed away. There are still a very few whose memories go back to those days, but the living records are rapidly being lost. When I first reached Delhi, nearly twentyfive years ago, there were distinguished citizens who could actually describe the royal court.

Munshi Zaka Ullah and Maulvi Nazir Ahmad were two of the oldest and most respected citizens of Delhi at the time when I arrived there as a newcomer to India in March 1904. During the eight years that followed I was constantly in their company. Their deaths, each at the age of nearly ninety, rapidly succeeded one another in the years 1911-12.

The graciousness and dignity of the Moghul Age was made visible to me in my two Musalman friends. Munshi Zaka Ullah would talk for hours with me about the days of the Moghul court, about his own family history, his ancestors and traditions. It is a precious thing to me to have been able to obtain at first hand such

a vivid picture of the past. Chiefly because of the friendship of these two old residents of Delhi, the city with its ancient memories and its glorious architecture has remained always my ideal vision of India and my first love. Delhi will always be Old Delhi to me. Nothing can take its place for me in the romance of Indian life.

Zaka Ullah's gentle courtesy, devotion and goodness embraced within its bounty all sorts and conditions of men. His acts of kindness were done in the true spirit of Islam, without any distinction of race, caste or creed. He would explain to me the central teaching of Islam concerning the compassion for suffering humanity, "which", said he, "is the supreme attribute of God in the Quran and in all the best Islamic thought."

Side by side with this love for all mankind he was a devoted lover of his own country. His family had come originally from beyond the Hindu Kush, but India was the birthplace of his parents and the home of his spiritual adoption. Voices are heard today declaring that India can never become one nation. Munshi Zaka Ullah, living in Delhi, knew better than most people what an amount of superstition, bigotry and ignorance had to be overcome before unity could be established. But he had a profound faith that Hindus and Musalmans should settle down at last in mutual tolerance and affection. That faith coloured all his actions.

In gathering together the material for the account of Old Delhi which follows, I have not gone to any printed records. What I have done is to relate things told me in conversation. In certain details my friends' recollection may be at fault, or my representation may be imperfect; but at least the record will have the colour and vivid character of personal eye-witness.

### **Bahadur Shah and the 'English Peace'**

At the time when Munshi Zaka Ullah was a little child, the Moghul Emperor, Bahadur Shah, was already an aged monarch nearing his dotage. This Emperor could trace his lineage directly back to the House of Timur. His ancestors were Baber and Humayun, Akbar

and Shah Jehan. He was the last of one of the most distinguished lines of kings that have ever ruled upon the earth.

No city had suffered more than Delhi during the anarchy of the eighteenth century, when the rule of the great Moghuls lost its grip upon the provinces. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the Maratha dominion from the South-west had reached forward as far as Delhi, the capital of the Moghul empire; but its hold upon the city was short-lived. In the year 1803 Sindhia was defeated by Wellesley at the battle of Assaye. This victory shook the Maratha supremacy, and brought with it, as one of its direct consequences, the British occupation of Delhi city.

Among the older inhabitants of Delhi whom I approached for information there was universal agreement that the brief Maratha rule had been oppressive, and that the people of Delhi and its neighbourhood had suffered grievously from looting and pillage while it had lasted. When the British troops took possession of the city without a struggle, leaving the Emperor in full, sovereign, independent command within the Fort, the general sympathy of the people was with them. Nevertheless, the Delhi people, Hindus and Musalmans alike, clung with faithful loyalty to their Moghul Emperors. For these Emperors were in no sense ordinary despots. Their chief virtue lay in a noble tradition of tolerance, especially towards their Hindu subjects. Their chief fault lay in the moral weakness of their personal administration. The corruption which they allowed brought its inevitable retribution and they succumbed without a blow to every form of more efficiently organized power.

The people of Delhi would undoubtedly have preferred their Moghul rulers to the English, if only the Emperors had been strong enough to protect their city from violence. They were pleased that the semblance of power was left in the hands of the Moghul Emperors. The Fort, along with the palace, remained entirely free from the British jurisdiction and control. But outside the Fort, the real power passed more and more into the hands of the English, who were able to protect the city from external enemies and administer justice within the gates.

Delhi enjoyed a peace and calm such as it had not known before for many years. One of the old inhabitants whose memory went back to those times, thus graphically described it to me "The English Peace", he said, "became a phrase which passed into the everyday language of the common people. A man could go to pray to the tomb of Nizam-ud-din outside the city, and could ask for the intercessions of the saint, without any fear of robbery or murder. In the city itself law and order were kept and great prosperity prevailed." Another who was the oldest survivor still retaining a vivid memory of those times, said to me: "The city did not know what order was till the 'English Peace' began. My own father used to tell me how before that time looting and robbery used to go on in the open streets within the city walls, and how none could go outside the city boundaries without having an armed escort of sometimes thirty or even forty men. Even these would turn and rob the persons who hired them, and there was no remedy."

Between 1830 and 1850, the 'English Peace' was firmly established. The city gates were shut each night and opened again every morning. By far the greater number of people lived within the walls, which were then intact. For the first time, because of the peaceful conditions, small number began to live outside the city walls; but there were only a few houses outside the Kashmir Gate, and none at all outside the Delhi Gate, where the ruins of the seven cities of Delhi covered the ground.

The roads outside the city, leading from the different gates, were for the most part mere country tracks. There was no permanent bridge across the river Jumna, and there was a thick jungle along the bed of the river. Inside the city the people were crowded together, where the present railway station stands was one of the most thickly populated parts of Old Delhi. The large wide space between the Jama Masjid and the Fort, which is now kept without any buildings at all for military purposes, was at that time filled with houses of the middle class inhabitants of the city and the nobility of the Moghul court.

The majority of the residents had a comfortable and easy-going existence owing to the general level of prosperity. For a long time

prices remained extremely low. Wheat was about forty seers to the rupee, *ghee* four seers to the rupee. Articles of clothing were practically all made of homespun cotton cloth; wool was very rarely used. The padded cotton quilt was worn in the cold weather in order to keep out the winter cold. Anything that came up country from Calcutta was usually brought by boat to Agra and thence on a pack-saddle, and therefore was very expensive. But every handicraft in Old Delhi was kept fully employed and a good price was obtained for durable hand-made goods. The country-made goods were fine in quality and not expensive and were remarkable for their rich dyes.

Down the middle of the central thoroughfare of Delhi, the world-famous Chandni Chowk, ran a canal, and shady trees grew on both sides. There was a universal opinion among those whom I questioned, that the Chandni Chowk had been spoilt by the modern 'improvements' that had widened the road, but covered over in doing so the water of the canal. "You cannot even imagine", said one old resident to me, "how stately the Chandni Chowk looked in the old days. It was the centre of the city, filled with country-ware and country-produce. It was very bright with colour, because many awnings were put up in order to keep off the glare of the sun. All day long, except in the early afternoon in summer, when people retired to rest, it was crowded with those who were going shopping, or wanted to have a talk with their neighbours. They wore bright colours, and this added to the liveliness of the scene. Now, everyone looks dull, and there is no variety of colours. The beauty of the old Chandni Chowk is gone, never to return."

The gardens of the city were for the most part closed to the public. Some of these ancient Moghul gardens were used privately by the ladies of the Royal Court, and still bear the names of queens and princesses, such as the famous Roshanara Bagh. I was told that the Moghul Emperors were the first to introduce into North India these gardens with running water and roses and avenues of cypresses and other trees, which gave a dream-like beauty. Such gardens represented to them, amid the heat of Delhi, something of the coolness of the air of Central Asia which they had left behind.



The rose especially was a favourite flower, because it reminded them of Hafiz and the Persian poets who often use it as a symbol in their own poems.

The water supply within the city during the earlier part of the nineteenth century was very inferior. There were not many public wells, and the water taken from them was supposed to produce a very painful kind of skin eruption for which Delhi had become notorious. Personally I can well remember the time when it was a serious danger, only second to malaria. I was told that malaria had always been prevalent in the late autumn, but the most serious epidemics had occurred after the Mutiny, when the jungle in the bed of the River Jumna grew very rank and was not cut down.

In the hot weather the poor people of Delhi used to suffer much from shortage of drinking water. Further supplies, in addition to the well water, used to be brought up in skins from the Jumna and sold in the streets. The great river, at that time, ran much nearer to the high wall of the palace within the fort. It has considerably shifted its course during the last hundred years.

Delhi in those days had little touch with the outside world. I could realize in the accounts I received, the interest which the varied pageantry of life created. The finest sight in the streets was the royal elephants, covered with cloth of gold, with huge gilded howdahs on their backs, as they were led in a stately, slow procession. These processions of the royal elephants on festival occasions through the Chandni Chowk, were not merely State functions, they were social occasions which broke the monotony of long days of toil at handicrafts and of hard labour in the fields; they gave a zest to life, and all the world looked on, arrayed in many-coloured dresses.

Not far from the Jama Masjid was an immense well called 'well of the elephants'. Here the royal elephants used to be brought, each morning and evening, to be bathed and to be given water. The children (those who related the story to me were themselves children in those days) would watch them with never-ending excitement.

Human intercourse was not hurried in those days. Men loved to stop and converse with one another, seated by the side of the shops or in some portico. Life was lived in the open air. Food and work were both plentiful and there was no unemployment. The wheels of the active world did not go round too fast for average men and women to gain some pleasure out of human existence. They could enjoy life's panorama. There was a culture present imbibed from religion; an urbanity existed from close daily contact and kindly feeling which the modern rush and hurry have swept aside.

The aged Emperor, Bahadur Shah, was highly respected by the easy-going inhabitants of the royal city of Delhi. His very foibles and incompetences as a monarch were a part of his attraction. He was very peaceful and unwarlike. His subjects would smile at his simplicity but they loved him all the same.

Bahadur Shah was tolerably skilled in those fine arts for which the ancient city of Delhi was famous. The four chief of these were music, manuscript illumination, miniature painting on ivory, and poetry. The high-born nobles round the Emperor joined in his artistic pursuits. Contests were held, the most highly-praised poems were recited, prizes were awarded. The whole city was interested in these recitals and the fame of the prize-winners went abroad. The Emperor himself would often take part, for he prided himself more on being a poet than on being a king.

Meanwhile, however, in other directions the affairs of the administration went from bad to worse. The Emperor became the prey of greedy courtiers and sycophants, who used to flatter him to obtain his bounty. In this way large sums of money were extracted from him which ought to have been used for purposes of State. While the old Emperor sank down in senility and dotage, the royal princes quarrelled among themselves. They were turbulent and violent-tempered, stirring up factions both in the palace and in the city. More than any other single cause, I was told, they brought about the final ruin of the House of Timur.

**Musalman and Hindu**

One further fact deserves mentioning which is full of importance today In Delhi city itself, the two communities, the Hindu and Musalman, had come to live peaceably side by side under the wise guidance of the Moghul Emperors, who had learnt to trust the Hindus, and were trusted by them in return Those of my informants who were Hindus among the old inhabitants of Delhi, told me without any reserve that their community was well treated under the last Moghuls and had no cause to complain. Even if, at times, there were out-breaks of mob violence among the ignorant masses over some insult to religion, these quarrels never reached beyond that substratum of society, and the animosity was easily allayed The Moghuls knew how to make peace

The intimate residence together side by side in the same city of Musalmans and Hindus had brought about a noticeable amalgamation of customs and usages among the common people In Delhi—unlike further North in the central Punjab and on the Frontier—the Hindus had hold especially in commerce The Musalmans had taken up the administration. Official posts were filled chiefly by them, with the exception of the revenue department I have had more convincing and corroborative evidence about this friendly relationship between Hindus and Musalmans in old Delhi than I have had concerning any other factor. The information has come to me from both sides, and has been practically the same It was evidently a feature of the city of which the inhabitants themselves were proud. These older residents whom I approached, whether Hindu or Musalman, spoke of this fact with enthusiasm, and contrasted it with the bitterness of modern times

It was quite common, for instance, in those days, for the two communities to join together in different religious festivals Hindus would go to a Muslim festival, and Musalmans would go to a Hindu festival. This had become a natural local custom, and none but the zealots and puritans on either side raised any objection to such friendly proceedings

The Musalmans had great respect for certain Hindu ascetics. There are famous Moghul paintings representing the Emperor and his Court visiting some such holy man. The Hindus, on their side, regularly flocked to pray for temporal benefits to the tomb of a celebrated Muhammadan saint, whose grave was near the city. The tomb of Nizam-ud-din, outside the Delhi Gate, was also visited on special occasions by Hindus in order to obtain a blessing.

Again, it was the custom of Hindu writers, who became famous in Urdu literature, and prided themselves on their knowledge of Persian, to use the sacred word, *Bismillah* ('In the Name of God'), as an invocation, before they began to write. Hindu children went in large numbers to the schools attached to the mosques, there they learnt both Arabic and Persian. The Persian language was especially dear to them as the language of poetry, and the Persian tradition still remains very strong in many of the leading Hindu households in Delhi. Hindus would quote Hafiz and the other Persian poets both in their own Urdu writings and in their conversation. It was probably through this medium of the Persian language that the Hindus in Delhi became attracted to the Sufi doctrines in Islam, which were closely related to their own vedanta texts in spiritual ideals.

On Hindu feast days the children of Hindu households would always bring their offerings of food to their teachers in the mosque schools. They would invite their teachers to their families to share in their festivities, and such invitations were regularly accepted. Musalmans, on their side, spoke of the Hindu religious festivals with great courtesy and respect and were very particular to avoid any offence against Hindu customs. At their social functions, such as marriages and the like, presents were invariably sent to Hindu friends, and they were asked to grace the wedding by their company. They would come to pay their respects to the bride and bridegroom and offer their presents in return. On occasions of general rejoicing, such as the conclusion of the great Fast of Ramazan every year, congratulations would be sent by Hindus to their Musalman friends, and these would be graciously acknowledged.

The art of living peaceably with neighbours of a different religion had reached a very high level

The old Emperor, Bahadur Shah, was most punctilious in these matters right up to the end of his life. He would pass in procession with his royal elephants, decked in their cloth of gold, and would take his seat afterwards at a special tower in the fort, from which he could watch the crowd beneath at the chief Hindu festivals as well as Musalman feasts. The crowds would recognize him and make their obeisance, and thus much goodwill would be created. The Emperor, on these occasions, would give public recitations of his own verses and the people would loudly applaud

### **The Delhi Renaissance**

During the eighteenth century, Persian had been the court language all over the North of India, reaching as far down as Bengal. It was spoken in the presence of the king, and it was employed in the inscription of the royal edicts. But early in the nineteenth century a momentous change occurred. The Urdu language and script, which were both very near to the Persian in character, began to live, as it were, a separate life of their own, so that a kindred literature was produced which gradually diverged from the Persian forms and became adapted to India itself. Words of Sanskrit derivation, employed by the Hindus, found free access into this language, whose roots were firmly established in Islam. During the reign of the last Moghul Emperors, Urdu literature made great progress. This was perhaps the most noticeable event in the history of the city at that time. Old Delhi had given birth to its youngest child, namely, the Urdu language, as a literary medium of the first historical importance.

In Delhi, the New Learning was ushered in by responsible and cultured men from the West, but in the first instance there was no outstanding genius, such as Raja Ram Mohan Roy in Bengal, to meet the West more than half-way and to acclimatise the actions taken by the British. Indeed, there was even stronger objection

on the part of the orthodox, owing to the singularly vivid fear that religion itself would be undermined. This was told me on every hand by those whose fathers had themselves taken part in the great change.

As a simple matter of fact, the Delhi Renaissance, if it may so be called, was remarkably free from any direct tendency towards irreligion. It differed from the Bengal Renaissance in this respect. Practically all the teachers who came to the North of India, and most of the English servants of the East India Company, were religious men. Thus the New Learning, along with those who taught it, had never become associated with atheism in the young students' minds at Delhi. Certainly, all the elders, whom I met personally in later life, were markedly religious men. They possessed a sincere faith in God and strove to do what was right. A very tiny band of the most brilliant among them became Christians.

One interesting difference appears between Bengal and the Punjab. In Bengal, a sudden passion of literary enthusiasm for the newly-discovered English novelists and poets swept everything else before it. But the students in the North of India did not take very kindly to their new studies in English literature. By far the most popular side of the education offered in the old Delhi College was that which dealt with Science. Here, the interest was paramount, and it soon extended into the homes of the students within the city, where the new experiments would be repeated as far as possible in the presence of the parents.

Munshi Zaka Ullah, in his old age, used to tell me with kindling eyes how eagerly these scientific lectures were followed, and how, after each lecture, the notes used to be studied, over and over again, and copied out by many hands. It was like entering into a wholly undiscovered hemisphere of the human mind. The young students were also taught by enthusiastic teachers. They were allowed to try astonishing experiments with unknown chemical gases. They were invited to dip into the mysteries of magnetism, which was just then coming to the front as a freshly discovered science. There was much yet to come, but these things formed actually for them a new world.

One further point of peculiar interest in the Delhi Renaissance was this, that the Oriental Department, which chiefly was concerned with Arabic and Persian literature, became very popular indeed. The classes, taught through the medium of Urdu, were not deserted for the new English studies. The standard reached in Persian and Arabic was often high. Maulvi Imam Baksh, the teacher of Oriental literature, must have been a very remarkable and gifted scholar. His reputation was as great with the Hindus as it was among the Musalmans.

What makes the Delhi Renaissance so profoundly interesting to the historian is the fact that these men, about whom I am writing, did things on their own initiative and thought things out for themselves. Just as, in Bengal, the New Learning brought with it an astonishing revival of Bengali literature and music and art, which found its culmination in Rabindranath Tagore, so also, at Delhi, Urdu literature has flourished along with modern science, and Muhammad Iqbal may be pointed to, in our own age, as the crown of its creative achievement.

The more one realizes the local situation of Delhi in those days, at a distance of one thousand miles from Calcutta, with no connecting railway at all, the more remarkable appears this sudden outburst of brilliant intellectual life, which came with the establishment of the old Delhi College. Professor Ramachandra's brilliant work as a mathematician was honourably recognized in Europe. There was also Nazir Ahmad, who afterwards advanced to be the leading Urdu prose-writer and novelist of the nineteenth century, and world-famous on account of his profound Arabic learning. Shahmat Ali was made, in after-life, Prime Minister of Indore. Mukand Lal gained a high reputation as one of the first doctors, with a full western training, in North-west India. Ziauddin and Muhammad Husain were famous for their literary work. Altaf Husain, whose literary title was Hali, became the most renowned poet in Urdu literature, just as Nazir Ahmad was famous in prose. No such period ever arrived again in the history of the city during the nineteenth century. For many years, at a much later date, it was my daily task to teach in St. Stephen's College in Delhi. My

own experience of the intellectual life of the city of Delhi was utterly unlike that which I have related about these early days. The commercial atmosphere of the whole district today lies with a heavy weight upon Delhi. The old culture and refinement and intellectual alertness now appear to be rapidly passing away. We have had no brilliant array of students in modern times such as existed in Zaka Ullah's days.

The contrast was so great that I used to ask him about this very point. He would tell me that what I said was correct. There had never been anything like it again. He put down a great deal of the earlier efflorescence to the newness of the subjects which were taught as part of the English learning. It was, he told me, like entering some magic and enchanted land. No one could tell what might be revealed next. The scientific experiments, above all, held the students' imaginations. The vivid anticipation of fresh discovery was always with them. They felt themselves to be pioneers in their own country, and therefore dreamt dreams and saw visions.

Among his own contemporaries, Zaka Ullah had a great reputation for being able to solve all the mathematical problems that were set before him. Even while he was still a student, at the early age of seventeen, he had brought out his first mathematical work in Urdu. The Delhi people were greatly surprised and delighted at a mere lad undertaking such a difficult task, and the first edition was sold out in four days. Zaka Ullah took the whole of the profits, amounting to thirtytwo rupees, the first sum of money he had ever earned by his own writings, and purchased some gold ear-rings for his sister.

One of the uncles of Sir Syed Ahmad, a Nawab of Delhi, whose house was looked upon as a strange place of mathematical and astronomical learning, full of scientific instruments, with pulleys hanging from the roof, and astral globes and charts and astronomical tables scattered about, sent for the lad who had dared to bring out a book on mathematics at the age of seventeen. "Well, young man," he said to him, "I hear that you are a second Euclid. I will give you three days to solve a mathematical problem for me."



At the end of the three days Zaka Ullah came back to him and said that the problem was insoluble, because at the final stage it was necessary to do something geometrically which was impossible. The Nawab was greatly surprised and pleased, "My dear lad," he said, "you have really solved the problem, because you have arrived at the final stage beyond which there is no solution."

Yet we can only with difficulty realize today what a struggle it must have been, both for Zaka Ullah's grandfather and for his father, to give up their child unreservedly and whole-heartedly to the new English education. For this strange learning from the West was already being called *Kafir*, or infidel; it was openly said to produce atheists. No doubt the parents were helped in their decision by the famous words of the Prophet, which are one of the supreme distinctions of Islam: "Get knowledge, wherever it is to be found, even as far as China". That great sentence has been the means, in every age, of breaking down the barriers which have separated Islam from alien cultures. This principle, underlying Islam, accounts for the fact that assimilation of fresh knowledge has been one of its distinguishing marks throughout all Islamic history.

The Delhi Renaissance came later in time than the Bengal movement, and it was less enduring in character. No horrors of bloodshed and upheaval overtook Calcutta, such as those which happened in Delhi in 1857. It is not difficult to trace the fatal havoc to budding spiritual life which one year of the Mutiny wrought. Delhi never recovered its supremacy as a centre of intellectual advance. It is not merely the physical side of man's nature that is injured by the dread arbitrament of War; the soul of man is injured also.

### **The Mutiny**

It is a strange and moving contrast when we come to place side by side Old Delhi before the Mutiny and New Delhi in its sudden rise to power. The Imperial Court had its aged dotard king, its recalcitrant princes, its nobles and its Court ceremonies. The decaying splendour of the palace, with its literary after-glow of

poetry and art, illuminated for one brief moment the ruined past before the end came in utter overthrow

If the question be asked, why the 'English Peace' was immediately overthrown by the first earthquake shock of the Mutiny, the answer is complex. There were elements of revolt always present within the Delhi Fort itself, and underlying the acquiescence in British rule, the subjection to the foreigners was keenly felt. The foreigner remained a foreigner; and the humiliation of falling from the high position of the capital of a mighty empire to the low level of an insignificant local town could not but be galling in the extreme. I have witnessed the sense of this humiliation, still intensely felt, even in a gentle and forgiving old man like Munshi Zaka Ullah himself.

I can remember very vividly a scene in Delhi when I called upon one of my oldest friends at his house, just after a Durbar which had been held by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, within the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Audience, inside the Fort. He had only a few moments before returned from the official ceremony and laid aside his Durbar dress. Suddenly there came upon him the memory of that Hall of Audience in Moghul times. He said to me openly: "Oh to think how I have degraded myself in that royal hall today by stooping to the stranger!" He did not seek to hide from me the anguish of humiliation he had been through.

In Delhi, the orthodox Muhammadan leaders had led the opposition to the New Learning. They were convinced that the foremost reason in the minds of the British authorities for the opening of the classes in English was to convert their children to Christianity. A suspicion grew up that every influence would be used in order to change the religious customs of the country. This fear lay directly behind the outbreak among the Indian troops, in 1857, when they were compelled, entirely against their religious sentiments, to bite off the ends of cartridges that had been greased. The fact that this compulsion about the cartridges was universally believed in Upper India to be an attack upon the Hindu and Musalman faiths, reveals the strength of the suspicion in the national mind at that time. It also discloses a lack of imagination on the part of the

British rulers, that they should seek to deal forcibly with such a truly conscientious objection.

The mutiny of the troops at Meerut came with a shock of vast surprise to the citizens of Delhi. The Punjab, which lay to the north of Delhi, appeared to be quite unprepared for a revolt so far-reaching and profound. It was in the lower provinces and among the troops enlisted further east than the Punjab and Delhi that the discontent with the British rule had reached its culminating point of open revolt. But it is not improbable that the natural dislike of the foreigner would have smouldered on in the same manner in the Punjab and Delhi if the British occupation there also had lasted longer. However, as far as I have been able to ascertain, there was no deep-rooted hatred of the foreigner in Delhi before the Mutiny began. There was simply the natural and intelligible dislike of being a conquered, instead of a ruling people. The average citizen was unwilling on his own account to revolt. It was when the soldiers, who had been recruited in the more eastern provinces, began the revolt at Meerut and marched suddenly on the city, that the people were carried away in the passionate excitement of the moment, and the princes of the royal palace, who had been most bitterly humiliated of all by the British occupation, headed the revolt.

To the young students of the Delhi College, who had imbibed the New Learning, the Mutiny came as a terrible shock. Their own Principal, Mr F Taylor, whom they loved and admired, was killed. For some weeks, no news whatever was heard of Professor Ramchandra, and the report was spread about that he was killed also. Their minds were in a tumult. They did not know which way to turn, or what to do. To go against their own countrymen, who had revolted, seemed to them impossible; to side with them in the revolt seemed even more unthinkable. Not a single student took that latter course. During the time that the city was in the hands of the mutineers, they were all of them under suspicion.

The final assault from the Ridge under Nicholson upon the Kashmir Gate was at last made. The city was recaptured by the British. Nicholson himself fell in the breach and died in the hour of victory.

His death was a grave calamity, not only for the English, but also for the city. He was a strong character, famed throughout the North for his courage. Being a man of iron will, with a stern sense of duty, he might have been able to keep discipline among the British troops, after the victory, when no one else could keep it.

For days after the capture of Delhi nobody's life was safe. Murders were common, violence was almost universal. Zaka Ullah, with his delicate, sensitive nature, saw these things and heard about them. He was forced to be an eye-witness, and the sight could never be blotted out from his mind. The murder of the Professor whom he loved and revered most in the world, Maulvi Iman Baksh, a saintly man who had helped forward to the utmost of his power the Delhi renaissance, was the culminating point in the whole tragedy. His former revulsion against the mutineers, who had killed Mr Taylor and others, including women and children, now turned back again upon this conquering army, which in the hour of victory committed such unspeakable atrocities. The news of the slaughter of the royal princes near Humayun's tomb added to the misery of those days. These horrors were soon to invade Zaka Ullah's own family circle. For the order went forth that every house within the area between the Delhi Fort and the Great Mosque was to be rased to the ground, as an act of punishment, and also for military reasons. No compensation at all was to be given. Innocent and guilty were to suffer, both alike.

The old house and property of the family of Zaka Ullah came within this area. Therefore, along with many hundreds of other innocent people his aged father and mother and the whole family were ruthlessly driven out. They found themselves homeless and outcast, starving and destitute, at a time when multitudes of others were in the same condition.

Then followed a terrible journey. The whole family went out together towards Nizam-ud-din's tomb, which lies about three miles from Delhi outside Delhi Gate. They slept at night on the open ground; and in the day time they took refuge inside a ruined tomb, every hour anticipating that the end had come. Only once did Munshi Zaka Ullah speak to me about those days of torture and

hunger, of dread and horror. It was evident to him, especially in after years, that the faith of his father had been above all their protecting shield,

During one whole night, he said to me, he could not sleep on account of his anxiety for those he loved. The whole night through, his father Sana Ullah remained silent and wakeful, keeping a vigil of prayer to God. His face was filled with light in the darkness, a light which seemed to come from within. In the morning, Zaka Ullah learnt that a band of plunderers, bent on looting and murdering, had passed close by the very place and had looked in; but they had turned aside, when they saw the old saint engaged in prayer. Some hidden power had restrained them; thus the family had been preserved.

#### **Zaka Ullah's Educational Ideas**

Munshi Zaka Ullah's great work in life is rather to be found in his writing than in his active teaching career. It is true that he had great influence with his pupils, and that they loved him and revered him with a deep personal devotion. But his special ability was revealed in the manner in which he wrestled with an entirely new educational problem. For he endeavoured to prove, when nearly everyone was against him, that higher western education could be carried on in the Indian vernacular books, without insistence upon the English language and English text-books as the only medium of instruction. He believed that the teaching of young children through the medium of a foreign language, imperfectly understood, ruined all true education. He fought, at the time, a losing battle, but he fought bravely to the end. It now seems that history will prove his solution to be the right one after all.

Munshi Zaka Ullah had himself learnt science and mathematics through the medium of Urdu, as Professor Ramchandra had taught them, and he did not see why his children should not do the same. He had learnt chiefly from lectures, given by word of mouth in the vernacular; he had not studied from text-books at all. But he was

quite certain that text-books could be written, and he was prepared to write them. His offer was accepted. It would have been difficult to have discovered anyone more fitted for the task

He soon abandoned the mere verbal translation of English books, and launched out into writings that were either wholly, or in part, original. I have still with me many of his chief works which he presented to me. They are full of original information, written in a simple and fluent Urdu style. They cover a great variety of subjects. Their publication and their use in schools have done not a little to set a standard for Urdu literature; to make it lucid and clear and easy to follow for the ordinary reader, and to free it from an overgrowth of Persian and Arabic words, which none but the learned understand.

Munshi Zaka Ullah was one of the few men who accepted wholeheartedly the need for a modern outlook. He recognized to the full, owing to his own educational experience at the Old Delhi College, that without a full acceptance of the results of modern science and a full knowledge of them also, the East must inevitably fall behind the West, and the door of all future progress be closed. But at the same time he insisted that the medium of instruction should be the child's own vernacular language, not English. He was true to his own ideal, teaching his own students through the medium of Urdu. His life had a greatness of its own which differed in tone and quality on the one hand from the English-educated Musalman and on the other hand from the Muslim who had stood entirely aloof from the modern world of the new learning. He possessed the liberality of the former and the old-world refinement of the latter. Every one who met him could feel that he had kept his own soul. He had not lost it in an artificial attempt to master another culture before he had been fully grounded in his own.

What he had accomplished in his own life and had worked out in his own experience he was anxious to impart to others, but he had not the gift that is needed in a pioneer, namely, the force of vital, dynamic personality that could drive his conviction home to the minds of others. If he had possessed the volcanic personality of Sir Sved Ahmad Khan, or even of his life-long friend and

companion, Maulvi Nazir Ahmad, he might perhaps have won the victory for what he knew, in his heart of hearts, to be the truth of modern education.

### Islam in India

Munshi Zaka Ullah's opinions on one point were very strong indeed. He objected vehemently to Musalmans, whose forefathers had been in India for many generations, regarding themselves as foreigners, or making a line of separation between their own interests, as Musalmans, and the interests of India itself. No subject roused him to indignant protest more than this.

"India", he said to me, with impassioned accents that I can still recall, "India is our own mother country, the country which gave us birth. We have made our homes here, married here, begotten children; and here on this soil of India we have buried our sacred dead. For a thousand years, our own religion of Islam has been intimately bound up with India; and in India, Islam has won some of the greatest triumphs for its own peculiar form of civilization. I cannot bear to hear Indian Musalmans speaking without reverence and affection for India. It is a new fashion, unfortunately springing up, which did not exist in my younger days. The fashion is a bad one, and should not be encouraged. By all means let us love our Musalman brethren in other countries, and feel their joys and sorrows; but let us love with all our hearts our own country, and have nothing to do with those who tell us that we Musalmans must always be looking outside India for our religious hopes and their fulfilment."

There were few subjects on which Munshi Zaka Ullah in his old age became more eloquent than this. His heart was bound up with India, and his nature was rooted like a tree in Indian soil. When I asked him one day what he regarded as the one thing of greatest importance in India at the present time, he replied without any hesitation, "Religious Toleration." The answer was unexpected, and it struck me very much indeed. I had fully expected him to

say 'Education'. but his answer was more striking than that

Naturally, I often spoke with the old man about his own Musalman community, and here I touched on a subject that was specially dear to him. For his intense love for India made him not less but more devoted to his own religion. Night and day he worked and studied, planned and thought for the good of Islam. For over fifty years he tried to set forth, in the Urdu vernacular, the new learning upon which he believed the progress of his own Islamic community to depend.

I have heard constantly in Delhi that report, disparagingly repeated, that he was a 'free-thinker'. If the phrase 'free-thinker' means that he thought freely and sincerely and with an open mind about religion, and regarded the spirit of his Islamic faith to be more important than the letter, then the phrase is nobly true concerning Zaka Ullah, and he well deserves the title. For it would have been hard to find a man more free from formalism and bigotry, more open-minded and tolerant. This made him a close friend and associate of earnest Hindus all through his long life.

But if the phrase 'free-thinker' is meant to imply a scoffer at religion, or one who thinks or speaks slightly about religious belief in others, then the charge is wholly and entirely false. His attitude was always one of reverence and respect, and he was himself a deeply and sincerely religious man.

I repeat, he was not a formalist. He believed at all times in the spirit rather than the letter. He venerated those, like his father and grandfather, with whom the formal side of religion was a living reality. With his own hard-earned money he sent his parents to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, prescribed by Islam in its formal code.

But his own nature, in this respect, was different. He lived a life of simplicity and comparative poverty with the consciousness of God's presence ever about him, and he left off during the greater part of his life many of the outward observances which were connected with his Islamic faith. Every word that he said to me implied that he was a true Muslim and, as I have already said, he made me respect Islam and understand its true inward greatness in a way that I had never done before.



## RACE RELATIONS IN FIJI

(Andrews' account of Fiji, taken from *India and the Pacific*, says very little of the key part he himself played in the abolition of indentured labour, between 1915 and 1920. Before he left India at all, he had discovered and exposed the trickery, intimidation and kidnapping by which recruits were obtained. In 1915, after five weeks in Fiji, he laid down the conditions which, 'consistent with India's self-respect,' India should demand for all labour overseas: a free *civil* labour contract, recruitment in *family* units only, a good regular public steamer service (instead of the disgraceful 'coolie ships'), good houses with privacy (instead of the filthy 'lines'). His description of Fiji in 1936 shows how far these conditions of a healthy society had been fulfilled)

It is characteristic of Andrews that although his own immediate task was with Indian labour recruited for work in various British 'colonies,' he was aware of the fact that Chinese labour was being exploited in the same way and did all he could to rouse public opinion among those who could help the Chinese also to secure humane and honourable treatment )

MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO, a system called 'indentured labour' was started in India, and allowed by the East India Company, whereby villagers in large numbers were recruited from Northern India and the Madras Presidency to go out to the tropical colonies on a five years' indenture

This system of labour was originally introduced into Mauritius, British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Granada and other sugar-growing colonies to take the place of the old slave labour after the abolition of slavery in 1834. It reproduced many of the evils of slavery. A labourer was bound down to the estate manager in such a way that he could be criminally prosecuted if he left the estate. He was, in effect, a bond-servant. He could not choose his employer. If the master was good, the Indians were well-treated, but under a bad master the system became so vicious that suicides were not uncommon. Although there was Government inspection, the Indian labourers were too frightened to give evidence against their masters. The most evil part of the whole system was this—that only forty women were recruited along with every

hundred men. The immoral conditions led to added misery. Wherever the indenture system spread itself, the murder and suicide rates tended to run very high.

A long and arduous campaign in India resulted in the abolition of indenture in British colonies. Mahatma Gandhi, throughout, was the prime mover and inspirer of the struggle. In Natal, at Phoenix, he lived very close to the indentured labourers and had shared in his own life many of their hard conditions. For he abandoned a thriving practice as an attorney, in order to become one with the poor. It was he who first brought home to Indian minds, in India itself, the vices inherent in the system. His friend and helper, Mr H.S.L. Polak, did the same thing during visits which he paid to India, and also by his powerful pen. Mr Gandhi inspired in turn Mr G.K. Gokhale and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and induced them to take up the political cause of indenture abolition as their own.

In Natal Mr Gandhi's greatest passive resistance struggle was carried out on behalf of these indentured labourers. But the final blow was dealt by him in India in 1917, through his anti-indenture campaign. In this he had the whole country behind him. Mrs Besant led the campaign in the Madras Presidency. Mrs Jayjee Petit of Bombay, led a deputation, including all the most prominent women of India, to the Viceroy, an event which had never happened in Indian History before. The Government of India at last accepted the popular will and stopped all further recruiting. The last indentured labourer was set free on January 1, 1920, when the whole system was brought to an end.

In 1915 I was in Simla, recovering from a serious illness. There came into my hands a Blue Book on Indian indentured labour. Turning over the pages I saw some truly appalling statistics concerning the suicide rate of Indians under indenture in Fiji. The difference from Natal was startling. The misery of indenture in Natal I had seen with my own eyes but this was worse. I closed the book, but the thought of what I had read obsessed me.

Sometime after this, one day about noon-time, I was lying on the couch on the verandah. I saw, very clearly indeed, a vision of that

poor Indian labourer in Natal when he shrank from me, with his back torn and bruised. He was looking towards me now in a most piteous manner. As I watched him with great sorrow his face changed and I saw instead the face of Jesus, the Good Shepherd. The image was so clear that my whole heart went out in reverence and worship.

This experience led to my first visit to Fiji later in 1915 on behalf of Indian leaders, to enquire into the conditions of Indian indentured labour recruited for those islands. My friend, Mr W W. Pearson, accompanied me, and on our return we wrote a joint report strongly condemning the indenture system as leading inevitably to moral degradation.

On my second visit I was obliged to travel alone and made a stay in the South Pacific of more than six months. The state of things under indenture was much worse than before, and it became quite clear that the whole system ought to be abolished as soon as possible. This was finally accomplished on January 1, 1920, when those still under indenture were at last set free. That date was a red-letter day in the history of Indian labour. For not only in Fiji, but in all the British colonies, Indian indenture was abolished. The system had become almost world-wide, and its abolition was world-wide also. Yet there are still in the South of China many who are being recruited under indenture, and are thus likely to suffer from the same fate. How far this indenture system is still carried on with regard to Chinese emigration I have no immediate means of knowing fully, but I would call the attention of Chinese social workers to the facts.

Last year, 1936, I was requested by the Indian community in Fiji to go out once more on an entirely different errand. For after the Indian labourers had been set free from indenture and the system had been brought to an end, citizen rights on an education and property basis had been granted by the Administration. These rights had been seriously threatened in 1935, and the Indian leaders requested me to come out in order to defend them. While

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<sup>1</sup> See *My First Forty Years*, and the poem *The indentured coolie*

engaged in this work, I spent some weeks in the Islands and went round to all the centres where Indians had congregated. In addition, I visited Australia and New Zealand. In this way, old memories were renewed and comparisons with the past could be made.

There has been strangely little realization as yet, even in India itself, how far the emigration of Indian indentured labour has spread throughout the colonies where sugar is cultivated. Today, after nearly a century, half the population of British Guiana and Trinidad has come from India originally. Mauritius is now almost an Indian island. Natal owes most of its development as the 'Garden of South Africa' to Indian labour. Fiji tells the same story. Thus in every part of the world, Indian settlement has now become a permanent factor in colonial life. Everywhere in different colonies we find the same frugal, industrious, law-abiding agricultural workers making up a great part of the population.

Three questions of grave importance have come to the front as this Indian immigrant population has settled down. First, the indenture system has left behind it very serious evils which must rapidly be got rid of. Secondly, the relationship between the Indian settlers and the original population in each colony has to be carefully adjusted. Thirdly, the position of Indians born in the colonies with regard to India, the mother country, must be defined. It will be seen that these are not merely local questions, but problems which have to be faced everywhere, wherever any large body of mankind has changed its habitat. Quite accidentally, a laboratory experiment of world magnitude has been attempted. Herein lies the fascination of the subject. For what has happened, owing to migration under indenture in the past, is likely to happen on a vaster scale in the future.

This world-wide problem of racial adjustment—the 'give and take' between the different peoples of the world who have suddenly come closer together—is surely one that in the present generation is going to tax all our powers of mutual good-will and human-kindness. We have to live side by side as races, in a way that has never happened in the history of the world before, and the first result of this has been a very widespread outbreak of racial anta-

gonisms. Yet those colour prejudices are unworthy of our civilization. We have to tolerate differences of outward manners and customs. Mutual courtesies ought to be learnt afresh, if civilized humanity is to be built up anew on a strong and lasting foundation.

These questions have continually come before me in a practical form. During the years 1913-1936, I have visited not only Fiji, but also nearly all the other colonies where Indians have settled. Thus, a great part of my life has been occupied with these problems.

The three races—European, Indian, and Fijian—have come to the cross-roads. How is the larger adjustment between them to take place? That is the question which has now to be considered in all its bearings. What is to be the point aimed at? How are the important land questions to be settled amicably? Is higher education to be given in separate schools or are the races to come together? Is the Civil Service, in all its branches, to be open to all races alike? Or are the present separate racial boundaries to be kept sacrosanct? Questions like these must obviously be thought out afresh, no truly civilized and humane form of social life grows up by chance. Careful social thinking is needed at every stage.

Very many times, during my stay in Fiji, I have been struck by the meagreness of the news which reached the islands from the great world outside. The Press service is entirely inadequate. Where everything is at stake, and responsible judgments must be formed on great world issues, it seems quite wrong to leave the younger generation in these islands with hardly a single idea concerning what is happening close at hand in the Pacific, and also with little news about the whole world in revolution. The vast social and economic changes which have almost revolutionized our own generation seem only to have touched the fringe of Fiji. The crisis which Europe was passing through could hardly be understood or followed there. Everything tends to lose its true proportion in such an atmosphere of unreality. Small events that are near at hand, including local gossip and rumours, receive an altogether exaggerated place in daily life.

Yet every day mighty forces are gathering power along the borders of the Pacific, which must vitally affect Fiji. Very soon, this favoured group of islands must become a centre towards which many imperial ambitions will be directed. Fiji cannot possibly remain isolated. Not only will its naval and commercial value rapidly increase, but its 'air' importance is likely to grow even faster still. Already Trans-Pacific air routes are being marked out and Suva is one of the most obvious ports of call. Anyone who has watched the growing importance of Honolulu, which lies to the north of the Equator in the Pacific, with Pearl Harbour as its naval base can hardly doubt that Suva will hold soon the same position in the south.

But if this is certain to happen, it is of importance to have a contented and self-sufficing people. Modern history needs to be studied with large maps, and every day world events are pointing towards these islands as one of the centres of world power. With a good wireless station at Suva, it ought to be easily possible to offer a full daily supply of news and also to broadcast it throughout the islands to every homestead, without any large extra expense.

The conditions that I had found under indenture were so branded on my mind that I could never forget them. For many months I used to wander up and down on foot among the Indian labourers, sharing as far as I could their lot with them. Therefore, when on my recent visit I had gone over the same ground and seen the difference, I could hardly believe it! On all my journeyings among Indians abroad, I have never seen such a complete transformation. It reveals a remarkable power of initiative. The struggle must have been an up-hill one, but from the moment that the dead-weight of the old indenture was lifted, the labourers began to recover. The houses which they have now built for themselves are entirely different from the old kerosene-tin shacks which were common twenty years ago. These no longer disfigure the landscape. Their removal is itself a witness of the change. The Indian cultivators have improved their lot chiefly by their own initiative. On my

two previous visits, the one phrase used was that *dharma* had been ruined. The fact was glaring. It was true. But the recovery has been equally astonishing, and the splendid schools built by the different religious bodies with Government aid are filled with healthy, bright, and physically well-developed children. Think of twenty years ago! What a change!

The claim for greater freedom of action and the spirit of adventure have now come to stay. The younger generation, which I met and greatly admired, will not remain passive and accept patronage. They are, therefore, much more difficult to deal with. The new education which they have received has opened their eyes to a larger world. They see a select number of their own schoolmates gaining scholarships and going abroad to University life in Auckland or Sydney. For the Colonial Sugar Refining Company, a wise and farsighted policy is needed, whereby a lad can go high in his profession if he is determined to work hard and use his brains. The question will have to be faced, whether a gradual replacement of Europeans by Indians and Fijians is not needed in a tropical climate like Fiji.

The three staple foods which all Indians require are rice, pulse, and milk. No risk of a sudden shortage of food, owing to a blockade, ought to be taken. Few lands have been so wonderfully favoured by Nature as Fiji. With its tropical sun and abundant rainfall on a rich volcanic soil, it should be easy to grow all the rice and vegetables needed for home consumption. Either, when the land lies fallow, rice might be grown in alternate years (as the Dutch have done for many years past in Java), or else some land peculiarly suited for rice cultivation might be set apart. For ordinary prudence would suggest that this matter of self-sufficiency should be taken in hand. Health, as well as safety, points that way. From the health point of view, fresh grain is superior to that which is old and stale. I was able to prove, for instance, to the satisfaction of the Health Officer in Trinidad, that a certain common complaint among the rice-eating Indian labourers in that island was due to the stale imported rice which they were eating, instead of the fresh rice which could be grown locally and easily obtained. The fact

that rice is proving also a popular food among the Fijians, ought to lead to its wider cultivation in the colony.

There are obviously first-rate alluvial soils suitable for rice cultivation. The only difficulty is that this land is all taken up by sugar.

One of the strangest phenomena in human history, which has not yet been thoroughly explored, is the survival and decline of different races. The Pacific Islands have an unfortunate record. Fiji itself, at one time, began to show all the marks of a declining population. The Fijian birth-rate diminished, its death-rate increased. Epidemics of a mild type swept off thousands. At one point in recent history nearly one quarter of the Fijian people were swept away in a single year by an attack of measles. Mothers then began to despair of rearing their own children and the whole people seemed to be losing heart. But the presence of the Indian immigrants in Fiji has acted rather as a stimulant of the 'will to live' among the Fijians than in the opposite direction. For the law of survival or decline seems to run: As long as the immigrant race, which is able to endure the heat, remains inferior in numbers to the indigenous race, it acts as a stimulus. But when the harder immigrant race becomes superior in numbers as well as in energy, then the indigenous race begins to give up the struggle.

Looking back to the years 1915 and 1917, when I visited Fiji before, and tried to study this problem, I can well remember the universal opinion that the Fijians were a declining race. 'In a very few years, one medical officer told me, "the Indian population will have turned the scale, and then the decline in the Fijian population will be even more rapid than it is today"'. But the indentured immigration from India was stopped just in time. No more Indians were brought in as labourers. This in itself seemed to give heart to the Fijian.

Then a strange thing happened. The influenza epidemic towards the end of the war struck all the races in Fiji with the force of a hurricane. European, Indian, Fijian, went down before it.



But the Fijian race, though badly hit by the epidemic, was able to weather the storm far better than was ever expected. It has been a hardier and healthier race ever since, with obviously a higher survival value. The result has been that, at the late census, the figures show that the ratio to the Indian population is well maintained. The Fijians now number roughly 98,500, while the Indians stand at 85,000. If only the Fijian mothers would more generally copy the Indian mothers and feed their babies on milk instead of taro, which they cannot digest, the ratio might continue to improve.

It has been an immense satisfaction to those who took active part in the struggle to abolish indenture, that the victory came at the right moment. For if the system had continued, and many thousands more had been brought in as labourers under indenture from India, then assuredly the delicate balance between the two races would have been upset, and in that case the Fijians might actually by this time have become a 'dying race'.

The factor which has given me most satisfaction and hope has been the recovery of the family life among the Indians. This is now helping the Fijian to take more interest and pride in his own children. The Indian father's love for his children, shown by his constant care and attention, is noticed by the Fijian father. The Indian mother's great anxiety to send her children neat and tidy to school is noticed by the Fijian mother. The home life of an Indian family is seen best in the country districts, where most of the Fijians reside. All these different aspects of Indian life are watched by the Fijian and have helped him in his own home life, just as I have seen the Indian family life help the Baganda in Central Africa and also help the Zulu in Natal. Again, the sight of the Fijian children going each morning to school and returning each evening has implanted in the Indian community the desire to have their own children educated.

I have often been told by Indians in Fiji, how the remarkable singing of the Fijians at their church services and their evident devotion to their religion have impressed them and made them value

more the place of religion in their own life. Indian Christians have formed a bridge between the two races. Indian leaders have often made their first contact with Fijian chiefs through Indian Christians, who knew the chiefs well as Christians. In this way the Indian Christians have taken a far more prominent part in public affairs than they have done in India itself. The Fijian chief, for instance, takes delight in offering hospitality to those who visit his village. His friendly approach to the Indian leader in each district is warmly responded to with a courtesy which is mutual. Many Indians have picked up, from childhood onwards, enough of the language to be able to converse in it; and though the daily contact is not very close (for the bulk of the Fijians live in their villages apart) yet whenever some festive occasion offers, contact is established.

The question of the possession and occupation of land constitutes by far the most difficult problem which has to be faced in Fiji at the present time. If it is not taken in hand at once and a solution found, it may lead on in time to a racial bitterness that would ruin all the good work done in the past to bring the races together. Contrasting pledges have been made. The same British Government, in 1874, promised faithfully to the Fijians that their right of ownership should be preserved, and then promised to the Indians, in 1875, that those who had finished their indenture should have rights 'in no whit inferior to those of any other race.' This dual promise led to great unfairness. It would have seemed almost impossible that such a thing could have happened under a responsible British Government, with such a long experience as the Colonial Office and the Indian Office combined. But such a thing has actually occurred, and there is no escape from the conclusion that a blunder of the first order has been made.

Of all the pledges which the British Government has given in Fiji, the promise to the Fijians is the first and most sacred. It places the interests of the Fijian race as the first duty of the Administration. I hope to make this more clear in India itself than it has been in the past. Indians ought to remember that the Fijians, as the original inhabitants of the island, may demand special

consideration at their hands. The Indians too have land rights—they too should receive the fruits of their labours, as Lord Salisbury had promised them: and the land is so abundant and fertile that there is ample room for both races to live side by side together.

There is something in the atmosphere of Fiji that seems to produce a tolerance of spirit and create a friendly disposition. Nothing has given me greater pleasure than to feel the genial air of friendliness which has softened down the disharmony of the two races that appeared to be gaining ground in the past. Now that the indenture system, with its evils, is over, and a healthy home life has taken its place, Fiji has become almost entirely free from crimes of violence as far as the *Indian community is concerned*. The *Fijian record*, also, I believe, is remarkably low. The Superintendent of the Central Jail at Suva told me with great satisfaction that he had never known such a crimeless population. Any criminal act between Indian and Fijian is now of the rarest occurrence. News such as this, which was doubly welcome after my earlier experience of life under indenture, made me realize, as perhaps nothing else had done, the recovery of these later years and the growing harmony between the races.

It was not without significance that one Fijian chief said to me before we parted: "Tell me all you know about Gandhi". Gandhi's wonderful sacrifices on behalf of his own people had evidently impressed this chief beyond measure, and he was eager for his own tribal members to follow Gandhi's example.

The problem has now to be faced in all the colonies where Indians have settled down, after indenture has been ended, whether it is best for them to remain bound up politically as well as spiritually with their mother country India, or whether they should 'cut the painter' and start out on their voyage alone. Should they look at all times to India for support? Or should they launch out boldly into the politics of the new country where their children were born, calling that their motherland and thinking in those new terms, remembering India only as a distant dream? I have been present

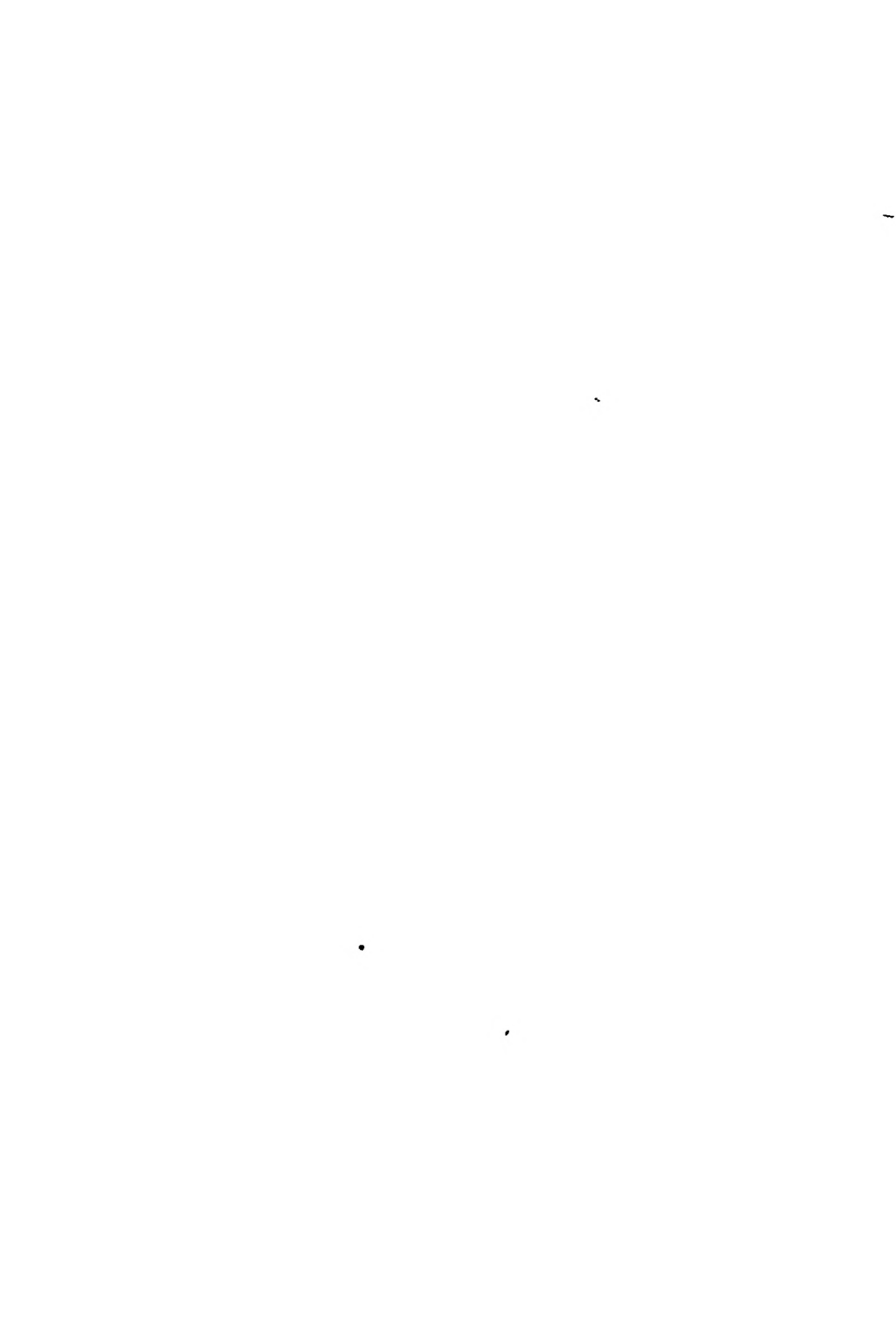
and watched this great issue being faced by Indians who have settled abroad, in Natal, Trinidad, British Guiana, Fiji, and other countries. Gradually I have learnt my lesson from them. It is this. There is no 'cut and dried' formula which may be applied at all times, in every situation. For almost everything depends on the stage that has been reached. Some colonies are backward; some are forward. What may be best at one stage, may be less suitable at another. The problem is essentially one of adjustment. Whatever knowledge and wisdom I may have gained in these matters has been gained, not from theory, but from practical experience.

There is one still deeper thought that has been in my mind all the while I have been writing. The Indian settlers in Fiji have shown to the world that the Hindu faith is a living religion with remarkable powers of recovery. They have also shown that its moral principles, which they have retained and renewed—the sanctity of marriage, the family life, the courtesy due to other races, the love of animals and of nature—that all these are singularly akin to Christian culture at its best and to the Sermon on the Mount. Indians, who are deeply religious by nature, are profoundly touched by the sight of the Fijians worshipping God in their churches and also the sound of their wonderful singing. Respect for the Fijian has been strengthened. The Indians, who have themselves bravely struggled out of the pit of adversity by the inner power of the spirit, have also welcomed the Fijian Christians courteously as friends and neighbours. These are learning also, in their own way, the lessons of moral goodness. There surely need not be any ultimate clash between two peoples and two religions such as these. They will help and strengthen one another.



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**THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT**



## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Is the ideal of a perfect human society all that the Kingdom of God implies? Is there not also an infinite ideal for the individual? Is human society an end in itself? or is the individual an end in himself? or are both ends in themselves?

That daring image of Mahadev the ascetic seated upon the Himalayan snows has given me the poetic symbol that I needed for the infinite in God and man. All the Utopias must have some place in them for the *sannyasin*. The Kingdom of God upon earth must ever have its highways and avenues open towards the unexplored. Otherwise human life, however perfect, must feel its finitude.

'Brindavan', October 1921



# MY QUEST FOR TRUTH

(*My First Forty Years* told the story of Andrews' spiritual development up till the time when he met Gandhi in 1914. What follows gives his own account of his inward life during the next twentyfive years. Part I was written for the Y M C A. periodical, *Young Men of India*, just before Andrews left India in 1928. Part II is taken from *The Inner Life*, written in 1939, and carries the record up to the last few months of Andrews' life.)

## I

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN ASKED: What difference has the change of environment from England to India made in your out look upon religion? Are you conscious of a new perspective? Has the centre of gravity shifted?

I am conscious that the answers I should have given to such questions at various intervals during the twentyfour years I have spent in India would not always have been the same. The pendulum has swung backwards and forwards; the influence of strong and remarkable personalities with whom I have been intimately associated may have disturbed the balance of judgment.

In a sense this experience might be compared to a laboratory experiment. I have tried to keep an open mind, but the results have necessarily depended on many individual factors. They have to be tested by the conclusions arrived at by others. We are familiar with this patient testing in the realm of natural science; it is clear that comparative religious research cannot go forward into the deeper questions without it. For religion is not a matter of books but of life, and life is built up from personal experience. What is needed is the abandonment of reticence about such vital concerns and the collection of trustworthy data from trustworthy persons.

The first change I have to relate is the expansion of all my previous ideas with regard to Christ's work and presence in the world,

and of what is meant by the word Christian. I recall to mind almost daily the freedom with which Christ himself accepted the faith of the Roman centurion, the Samaritan woman, the Greeks who came to him, and again the Syro-Phœnician woman. The orthodox among his contemporaries would have excluded them from the fold of the faithful, but not Christ himself. No outward profession had any value for him apart from the faith that went with it. Hypocrisy was felt by him to be one of the most deadly sins.

I have met in India, on a very extensive scale, those whom I could recognize at once to be far above me in simplicity and self-denial, in humility and thirst for God. I cannot for a moment think of these persons as alien to Christ; they have shown me every day the essential meaning of Christ's teaching. In the East I have found Christ far beyond the narrow limitations of sect and creed, and it became absurd to divide mankind into compartments which are only misleading.

The poet Tennyson has sung:

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

It was necessary for me to let go the 'little system' which had confined me before, as though it was the final expression of the Christian faith. The words of St. John, written in his extreme old age, are universal in their scope and range: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loves is born of God and knows God." Here there is no limitation. Love wherever found is of God, for God is love. Somehow it took me a strangely long while to break through all limitations and to recognize goodness everywhere as the mark of the working of God in human life.

When we turn from the lives of Indian people to their sacred scriptures, we find passages of deep spiritual beauty and moral

insight. I take for an example one famous passage from the *Dhammapada*: 'Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good: let him overcome greed by liberality, and the liar by the truth.' Here is the very sentiment of the Sermon of the Mount expressed in the noblest form. Again, it would be difficult to find anything more 'Christian' in spirit than the following passage from the *Granth Saheb*:

'Farid, if a man beat thee, beat him not in return, but kiss his feet.'

With such passages as these before me, and lives which correspond to the teaching, it has very greatly helped me to turn to a writer such as Clement of Alexandria and to note how the early Christian thinkers emancipated themselves from the narrower conceptions of God which Judaism taught. Christ, they taught, was the universal Son of Man, not only the 'Son of David'; he was the light that lightens every man that comes into the world. It was impossible for me to doubt that these Greek Fathers, if they had come face to face with the higher Indian religious thought, would have sought to embrace, within the universal conception of Christian, those gifts and graces which Hinduism has to offer to humanity. The moral and spiritual devotion of India is surely one of the greatest of those 'good and perfect gifts which come down from the Father of lights.'

Jesus Christ did not share the racial and religious prejudices prevalent among the Jews. The Christian religion was rooted in the soil of Judaism but it could in no way be confined there.

This religious emancipation can be traced in his attitude to the keeping of the Sabbath. Christ repeatedly ignored its regulations: 'The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath' In every other matter of observance of the Jewish law Jesus followed the same pathway of freedom. The spirit of man must be set free from every religious and social tyranny.

On another side his break with tradition was even more revolutionary. He received sinners and social outcasts and ate with them. He did not regard himself as polluted by the touch of the harlot, the publican and the drunkard. By breaking through social conventions and seeking what brought him in touch with universal

humanity, he opened the road wide to individual human liberty and brought to an end those cruel social boycotts based on the herd instinct which had played such havoc in the past. We have not yet reached anywhere that standard of freedom. But historically, woman owes a great measure of the emancipation she has today to his insistence on individual liberty and responsibility. He did not denounce the inhuman treatment of women; he simply lived freely and openly with them as equals, even at the risk of public scandal. There is hardly any story in the Gospels that has a clearer ring of genuineness about it than the 'fragment' interpolated in St. John concerning the woman taken in adultery.<sup>1</sup> It is as if the whole scene had been photographed, so vividly is it drawn by this unknown rugged writer. The incident uniquely expresses Christ's fearless recognition of the dignity of womanhood even in the case of one who had been guilty of what is perhaps the worst evil against society that a woman can commit. Christ treated man as man, not as a member of a herd.

In my personal religious experience in India I have found the whole perspective of Christian doctrine widening out. It is not possible for me any longer to view human history as one great mistake, one great calamity, with sin in the foreground. Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil, fulfilling those ages of spiritual striving during which India searched with passionate longing for what is spiritually good. In Jesus of Nazareth's first message in the synagogue there is both healing and construction. It does not imply the pulling down of everything which the saints and sages of India with patient wisdom have erected. Rather it implies the building up of all that is good.

I know that I am open to be misunderstood. Some will at once quote: 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Yes, that is true, vitally true. I hope that in my altered point of view the truth about the sinfulness of sin which I learned in my earliest years has not become less vital. I can understand the need of probing disease to its root if evil is to be cured. But I see now with far greater

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<sup>1</sup> Gospel according to St. John, Chapter VIII, 2-11

clearness that this is not the whole process. Something I did not expect has intervened. The records of the life of Christ in the Gospels appear to me more than ever simple, universal. After all these years in India they mould and shape my judgment of men and things and correct my daily life in a way that no other teaching in the world has ever done or could do. They bring me into contact with the great moral realities, they create in me also a longing to get back to simplicity away from what is artificial and conventional.

## II

When I first came to India, one of the welcome and wholesome changes in my life was the relief from strain because the pace of daily life was slower. In England, I had begun to grudge every moment of the day that was not spent on active service among the poor; each day became crowded with engagements, but my own prayer life suffered grievous harm. It required a time of quiet in the East before I could realize how unbalanced my life had become. Sushil Kumar Rudra had learnt how to retire within himself. No one could be with him for long without feeling the atmosphere of peace which encompassed his life. He would smile at my over-eagerness to 'get things done', and warn me that in the East impatience was an evil and not a virtue.

During the College vacation each year we used to go together into the heart of the Himalayas. These periods of rest in the mountains made clear to me that the inner life, with its profound humility, has the first place; if these qualities are absent, outward activities are of no account. As we came near to Narkanda on our journey into the hills, the distant mountains would come suddenly into view. At sunset, the whole horizon was flushed with gold; the scene was like a city in the sky, with walls and gates and towers, like the 'Heavenly City' in the *Book of Revelation*, where the writer says, describing his 'dream':

"I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem,  
Coming down from God out of heaven,  
Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

In the sunset were all the jewelled colours mentioned in the *Book of Revelation*. The billowy mists along the valley, as the evening light touched them, appeared like 'a great multitude of the heavenly host.' God, the great Artificer, seemed to be painting anew with His many colours the mountains and the clouds, which every moment seemed to change their forms and shapes in the changing light.

When I went to live with the poet Rabindranath Tagore at Santiniketan in the depth of the country in Bengal, life became still more restful for me. Much of the quiet at Santiniketan was learnt during silent walks alone over the open country, which stretched far and wide on almost every side. When Susil was with me, he would share these walks, and his good counsel was ever ready to help me in difficult decisions. We would also sit together for long hours in the cool of the evening after the sun had gone down, while the stars came out one by one. Nowhere in the whole world is night more beautiful than in India, where for more than half the year the sky is almost cloudless, and the moon and stars are visible in all their glory.

Mahatma Gandhi and I were nearly the same age, and while I was with him in South Africa in 1914 we very soon became like brothers. He helped me to overcome my restlessness by encouraging me to retire early in the evening, in order to get up before sunrise each morning. Both in Santiniketan and in South Africa, the habit of rising before the dawn for quiet and prayer became more and more normal with me, and this brought strength and healing with it, even when the hardest problems had to be faced throughout the day. This morning quiet has become a necessary part of my daily life and has often saved me from disaster.

This gift of peace remained with me on those long sea journeys which I had to undertake. There is a quiet on board ship when the

open sky with its myriad stars overhead and the still ocean below seem to be the symbol of two immensities between which the spirit of man is poised both in space and time. The monotonous lap of the waves against the side of the ship seems only to add to the stillness.

Thus, little by little, instead of the old strained feeling, a new restfulness came flowing in.

When I came back to the West after living so many years in the East, what struck me most of all was the pace at which human life had been 'speeded up.' There is, among the young, a peculiar pleasure in this enhanced speed. Fine courage and daring faith seem to be wrapped up with it, and these always appeal to the temperament of youth. Yet there was also much feverish anxiety and strain. When *What I Owe to Christ* was published, letters began to come asking for help. "Teach us," they said, "how to pray". I knew that this personal experience of mine in the East had been a talent given me by God which was intended to be used. If I had remained in England my inner life would have had none of these great fresh draughts of peace which were so lavishly bestowed on me in the East.

Both in India and at Cambridge I had lived among students. The student world had been my world. Whatever, therefore, I had received from God I must give back, in return, to them in His service. Above all, I must seek to offer that confidence of inward peace which makes strength doubly strong and good work doubly secure.

In 1936 I was asked to give a series of addresses on Prayer and Bible Reading at Cambridge University. At the end of this, the Student Christian Movement sent me on a world tour to visit universities, especially in the new world of Australia and New Zealand. I was to meet the students personally and speak to them concerning the love of Christ, and His living and abiding presence in the daily life. I went direct to New Zealand, and we began by apportioning most of the time, not to public addresses, but to personal interviews, where one student after another came to tell me of his or her own trials and difficulties in the Christian life, especially with regard to prayer and quiet.

The great need of the human spirit, whether it be in America or Australia, is for the recovery of that simplicity, which is one of the foundations of true childlike faith. Like the man in the Gospel story, who 'had great possessions,' which he was not willing to surrender, so, today, the modern world has its own 'great possessions' of a strangely new character, which it will not yield up for Christ's sake. It must have its cinema, its radio, its motor, and even its aeroplane. It must also have its money to purchase comfort and to keep up its 'high' standard of living. But when these so entirely absorb the attention that there is no place left for prayer and very little consideration for the poor, then there must be something terribly wrong with the life of the soul. The great renunciation will not be made; for these inventions have then become a part of life itself, as one of its driving forces. These new worldly riches and comforts, of whatever kind they are, keep the heart of man fixed upon the surface of things, the externals of life, so that he becomes dependent on them, while that which is spiritual withers away for lack of use.

I was able to give some of these thoughts at first hand, because my life had been spent in the East and I had learnt from it. When I spoke about these things, there was a wholehearted and immediate response, combined with a sincere humility, which touched me very deeply indeed.

At Simla in August 1937 I had a very serious illness which brought agonising pain. But the sequel was so full of joy that I long to hand it on to others. After a night of anguish there came to me a new realization of the love of Jesus. Then, after some long days in hospital, health came pulsing back.

Quite literally, a new life had begun, and along with it a further experience of that 'love of Christ which passes knowledge.' The clear sky above, the lattice work of leaves overhead through which the sunbeams passed, the snow-clad mountains in the far distance, the green earth with its flowers, washed with the recent rains—all these were glowing with a fresh brightness. Day after day, as



strength came back, and I was able to walk along the shady mountain paths, the joy at times was complete. Out of the depth of this illness I had been permitted by His abounding grace to learn some notes of that song of praise which is ever ascending to the throne of God in worship, adoration, and blessing. The 'perpetual springtime' had returned into my own life.

There is an extravagance in the love of Christ which marks it off from all the 'middle paths' of virtue. It breaks through conventions and is by far the most beautiful thing in human life. It raises mankind above the dead mediocrities, and brings man near to the creative heart of God, who sends His sunshine and rain upon the just and up on the unjust. It goes far beyond any formal, legal code of exact requital. The love of Jesus is large like that, not narrow and formal. His followers are to have the same width of vision. Their forgiveness is to be unto seventy times seven, quite unlimited in its perfection. They must love even their enemies. "What do ye *more*"? He asks insistently; and the Greek word means 'to excess.' How do you show, He asks us, the extravagance of your love?

It was this supreme moral and spiritual leadership of Jesus, as contrasted with mere reliance on any outward power, which occupied most of my thoughts in India during the fateful year, 1938. The world crisis in the West was drawing rapidly to a head. Incredible misery was rife everywhere in China and in Spain; and it was clear that both Europe and Asia were now being driven to the very brink of another world war.

It is not possible to tell here the whole story, how each day, as the world crisis came nearer, I was brought still more to find in Christ and Christ alone the Way, the Truth and the Life, as He pointed to a redeemed humanity which should draw its new springs of spiritual power from within.

By the time this book is published, I shall have reached the fiftieth year since I gave my heart to Christ;<sup>1</sup> and my one hope is that I may be able to pass on to others something of the joy which

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<sup>1</sup> 1890-1940

## MY QUEST FOR TRUTH

He has given to me When I think for a moment of what my life would have been without Him, and then what it has meant to me to have Him daily as my Lord and Master and Friend, how greatly I long in the short time that now remains to give myself wholly to His service.

Jan, 21  
 Feb, 1938  
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 then down to

each day, as  
 to find in  
 Life, as He  
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## A LETTER TO MAHATMA GANDHI

(The following letter, Andrews told his friends, was written some time late in 1936 and was intended by him to be the basis of further discussions with Gandhi, Abdul Ghaffar Khan and other friends about the true meaning of religious 'conversion' and the relationship between conversion and a change of outward religious 'label'. It is clear that Andrews gives to the word conversion its proper meaning, i.e., a personal inward experience such as he himself had had at the age of nineteen; the person who has such an experience may or may not change his 'label' as a result. The decision must be his own following his own conscience. 'Proselytising' is something quite different, it is the deliberate attempt to persuade another person to change his 'label'—and this Andrews always condemned.)

YOUR TALK ON RELIGION yesterday distressed me, for its formula, All religions are equal, did not seem to correspond with history or with my own life-experience. Your declaration that a man should always remain in the faith in which he was born appeared to be not in accordance with such a dynamic subject as religion.

Of course, if conversion meant a denial of any living truth in one's own religion, then we must have nothing to do with it. But it is rather the discovery of a new and glorious truth for which one would sacrifice one's whole life. It does mean also, very often, passing from one fellowship to another, and this should never be done lightly. But if the new fellowship embodies the glorious new truth in such a way as to make it more living and cogent than the old outworn truth, then I should say to the individual, "Go forward."

This does not imply the denial of any religious truth in what went before. Susil Kumar Rudra used to declare openly that he cherished all that was good in Hinduism, and yet he was a profound Christian. This is surely in accord with the mind of Jesus Christ. He welcomed faith wherever He found it.

As you know well, I owe everything to Christ. Christ is to me the unique way whereby I have come to God, and have found God, and I cannot help telling others about it whenever I can do so without any compulsion or undue influence. I honour Paul the apostle when he says, "Necessity is laid upon me. Woe is me if

I preach not the Gospel!" I feel that the message which Christ came into the world to proclaim is the most complete and the most inspiring that was ever given to men. That is why I am a Christian. At the same time, I fully expect my friend Abdul Ghaffar Khan to make known the message of the Prophet, which is to him a living truth which he cannot keep to himself.

I don't think it follows that we shall always be fighting as to whose 'Gospel' is superior. There are clear-cut distinctions between Christians, Hindus and Muslims which cannot today be over-passed. But there is a precious element of goodness which we can all hold in common. St. Paul says: "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report... think on these things, and the God of peace shall be with you." That seems to me to be a fine way towards peace in religion, without any compromise, syncretism or toning down of vital distinctions. I feel every day more and more that it is this spirit of reverence that we need—reverence for all that is good wherever it is found. I look forward to the time when the noble phrase of the Quran Sharif, *let there be no compulsion in religion*, will be true all over India and throughout the world.

## FRAGMENTS OF A LIFE OF CHRIST

(In the Life-sketch at the beginning of this book, there is a reference to the plans which Andrews made, towards the end of his life, to write a *Life of Christ*. He was urged to do so by a Hindu friend in India, he welcomed the idea, and one can be sure that if the book had been written it would have carried an appeal to all humanity and not only to Christians. He planned the book as the 'solid work of his retirement,' and began to dream of a visit to Palestine to prepare for it

But Andrews was *Deenabandhu*, friend of the poor, and he found that he could not retire. There were too many miseries, too many needs 'How can I go to Palestine and write the life of Christ there,' he wrote to a friend, 'when He is here in these poor helpless people?' He confessed also to shrinking back 'partly for health reasons, and partly because the subject is far beyond me'

It is fairly clear, however, from the books, articles and letters which Andrews did write during the last three years of his life, what his central thought about Jesus was. 'He was in the direct line of the great Prophets, and fearlessly dealt with public affairs. He united in himself those 'mighty opposites,' burning zeal and tender compassion. He was the Son of Man, universal in his outlook and his appeal'

The first part of the 'fragments' which follows is from *Christ and Prayer*; the second part is from published articles which Andrews tells us were written as 'preliminary studies' for the *Life*)

### JESUS THE TEACHER

JESUS OF NAZARETH began his ministry as a Village Rabbi, a teacher of the Law of God. He must have had the distinguishing marks of a Rabbi, for he was acknowledged openly as such, not only in Galilee, but also in Jerusalem. He used the synagogues for his message, as a Rabbi was entitled to do.

His enemies in Jerusalem asked the scornful question: "How is it that this untrained man has such learning?" It was true that he was self-taught, he had never learnt in any of the Rabbis' schools. The days which he spent at Nazareth in his youth must have been engaged, even while he was using his tools in the carpenter's shop,

in studying and memorising the Sacred Book, so that he might be fully qualified to teach as a Rabbi. This brought with it an originality that made the teaching of Jesus utterly unlike that of the Scribes. "He taught," we read, "with a note of authority".

So, in proclaiming the Kingdom, he chose the lowly path—the method of the Village Rabbi with his band of followers. He selected his own pupils with the utmost consideration, after a whole night spent in prayer. He chose them 'that they might be with him.' To be with him, that was their great education.

Jesus walked with his disciples, now in Judea, now in Galilee, wandering from one place to another. This is the immemorial custom of the East. Thus he would remain in humble guise among the humble folk whom he loved.

Among the little company of learners an open comradeship existed from the very first that was strikingly different from the restraints imposed by the doctors of the Law. Each member of the school of Jesus found that he was expected to bring forward the things that troubled his mind. There was no suppression, but frankness. Their very differences taught them lessons of forbearance; jealousies and disputes were brought out into the open.

We watch with wonder the marvellous power of personal and individual sympathy which Jesus showed in his training of the Twelve. He was devoted to the work and loved it, as a good teacher always does. He taught them by example and precept in a way they could never forget.

## HIS TEACHING

Among the Jews, as among the Muslims later, the three sacred duties of religion were alms-giving, prayer and fasting. These were called the 'acts of righteousness'. Christ raised them to a higher level. "Unless your righteousness", he said, "*exceeds* the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, you will not enter the Kingdom". The new Law of the Kingdom transforms all outward observances into spiritual realities. Alms-giving must be hidden, a secret known

only to God. Fasting should carry no outward marks; to parade acts of self-denial is to be 'like the hypocrites'.

According to the same principle, prayer is not an outward observance but an inner spirit. "When you pray", says Jesus, "go into your inner chamber, shut the door and pray to your Father who is there in the secret place." The Greek word *tameion* (inner chamber) means a small inside room in the house, hidden away from daily use. It is true that there is a literal sense in which we may retire into a room and shut the door; but it is the inward retirement, the hidden silence of the soul, which is chiefly required. Figurative language like this is the texture of Eastern speech, even more common in ancient times than it is today.

Jesus continually went apart in the course of his active ministry, and owing to these times of preparation and renewal his work was of such a quality that he was able to realize the Father's presence even through the most crowded days. On one memorable occasion, at the well of Sychar<sup>1</sup>, his talk with the woman of Samaria so absorbed him that all sense of his own bodily hunger had departed. When his disciples brought food and asked him: "Rabbi, have something to eat", he said: "I have food to eat of which you know nothing. My food is to do the will of Him who sent me and to finish His work".

### THE CLEANING OF THE TEMPLE

Jesus goes up from Galilee to Jerusalem. The passover draws near and his first act is to cleanse the temple courts:

There he found in the Temple the dealers in cattle, sheep and pigeons, and the money changers seated at their tables. Jesus made a whip of cords and drove them out of the temple, sheep, cattle and all. He upset the tables of the money-changers, scattering their coins. Then he turned on the dealers in

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<sup>1</sup> Gospel according to St. John, Chapter IV.

pigeons. "Take them out", he said. "You must not turn my Father's house into a market"<sup>1</sup>

St. John places this dramatic incident at the beginning of the ministry. (The other Gospels place it at the end, just before Jesus' death) St. John may be historically correct; there are signs in this Gospel of an extraordinarily retentive memory, which had detailed knowledge of what happened at Jerusalem. Christ who came to his people as the last of the prophets, would be likely to begin his prophetic work at the national centre in Jerusalem, with some deed of a prophetic type. There are historical precedents, in Jeremiah and other prophets, which point to such an act as natural at the beginning. But the tradition of a 'cleansing' just before the Passion may also be correct. The old evils in the Temple courts would be certain to come back again; another cleansing by the Prophet of Nazareth would be the final challenge which led directly to his death.

The cleansing of the Temple is the one act in Jesus' life where physical force was used, and where the outburst of indignation was so strong as to overawe his opponents. Some readers have a difficulty, they have supposed that *any* use of physical force, or violence of language, is incompatible with the love, even to one's enemies, which Christ came into the world to reveal. This surely is too hard-and-fast a rule concerning the use of physical force. 'Exceptions go to prove the rule'. The point I have made is that some dramatic action of this kind was 'a sign from heaven' which those who were looking for God's Kingdom could understand. It was the immemorial method whereby the prophets of the Old Testament set publicly before men their credentials.

### THE LARGE-HEARTEDNESS OF CHRIST

Earlier in this century the human aspect of Jesus' ministry, with

<sup>1</sup>Andrews does not quote this passage in full, as he was writing for Christians (who knew the story). The words are found in the *Gospel of St John*, Chapter II, vv. 13-16



its width of sympathy for all sorts of men, seemed in danger of being lost sight of. The horrors of the world war, and the times of dread and fear which followed, brought back to the minds of Christians the tremendous urgency of his demand for purity of heart, in which no compromise is tolerated: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." There is a saying (not contained in the four Gospels) *He that is near me is near fire*, which has the mark of genuineness. There are words about the 'days of the Son of Man' when the very sun in heaven is darkened

Yet other 'signs of the times' point to the Kingdom of God within us, and to the hidden growth of the soul, to which so many of the Lord's parables refer. The atmosphere of Judea and Galilee in his time was no less troubled and disturbed than that of our own time. The air was full of 'wars and rumours of wars'. It was a distracted age; nevertheless, he retained the balance which we all so sorely need; utter tenderness, combined with heroic daring; flawless purity, along with perfect love for the fallen. Yet behind all there is a clear-cut personality, so unique, so individual, that we can recognize it almost unerringly when its record is placed before us.

Who could question for a moment the genuineness of that story of Jesus and the woman taken in adultery? It fits his character so perfectly; each word rings true. And how perfect is the balance! The sternness and the tenderness are equal. The story has won its place in the heart of the East side by side with the Sermon on the Mount. There again, in that Sermon, the balance of the moral character portrayed is profound.

During recent years I have passed continually from Europe to Asia, from Asia to Europe. In Europe I have seen the revolutionary spirit that sweeps away all obstacles; it has its greatness but it faces terrible precipices of destruction. In Asia I have watched the patient, long suffering spirit of the East; it also has its greatness but its perils are of a different kind—it is prone to a false tolerance of moral evil. I have found in Jesus that largeness of spirit which can contain both these moods at the same time.

We see the flame of his prophetic youth blazing forth against every form of hypocrisy. He detested all evil, his intolerance of

## FRAGMENTS OF A LIFE OF CHRIST

falsehood is awe-inspiring. It burns like fire, sometimes it strikes suddenly like a thunder bolt. Yet whenever he is faced with the down-trodden, he reveals an infinite patience and understanding. His compassion is never-failing. As his disciples saw his tenderness towards the weak and helpless the words of a former prophet came back to their minds. *He will not break a bruised reed, nor snuff out a smouldering wick.* Where in human history can we find one who can thus take these 'mighty opposites' of sternness and tenderness, of purity and sympathy, and fuse them into a new harmony of spiritual life?

In these days of extreme upheaval we have to learn from Jesus. Owing to that peace within his own spirit, he was able to remain tranquil amid the storms of human passion, ready to make allowance for the weakness of those who were around him, and to allow place for no personal resentment. The Samaritans, about whom Jesus had often spoken with sympathy, had wanted him to take sides with them in their quarrel with the Jews, and he would not. So they refused him hospitality, and turned him out of their village with gross discourtesy—and he was a Rabbi and their friend! This insult stirred up all the hostility latent in the disciples. "Shall we call down fire from heaven, and burn them up?" they cried. But Jesus rebuked them and passed on to another village.

In a second incident the disciples themselves had taken the initiative, fully expecting their Master's approval. They had seen a stranger casting out evil spirits in the name of Jesus, and had forbidden him because he had made no outward profession of discipleship. But the Master said: "Do not stop him, no one who does a work of divine power in my name will be able in the same breath to speak evil of me. He who is not against us is on our side." There is something that goes far beyond mere tolerance. I have called it 'largeness of heart', but I am not satisfied even with that name.

Goodness is goodness wherever it is found—thus he would teach us—apart from adherence to any creed or sect or church. The spirit of the deed is all that matters, not the party label. In the

story of the Last Judgment<sup>1</sup> those who had never known the Son of Man are invited to enter the Kingdom because they had fulfilled acts of mercy towards human souls in need. The largeness of the view here expressed sums up the teaching of the whole Gospel. Christ is the great Emancipator from all narrow bondages.

Yet the same Christ, who was thus universal in his outlook on divisions of sect and race and birth, declared concerning the awful moral standards of purity and truth and love: 'The gate that leads to life is small and the road is narrow, and those who find it are few.' That narrow pathway which He chose led to the Cross. His wideness of outlook and largeness of heart never implied any lowering of moral standards. It did imply a complete freedom from exclusive judgments and a readiness to stand by the side of the weak and the oppressed. He is always and everywhere the Son of Man.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Gospel of St. Mathew*, Chapter XXI, 31-46.

# APPRECIATIONS

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## C.F. ANDREWS OF INDIA

Behold a Lazarus of Bethany,  
Who breathes (reborn in this world) that world's air,  
And moves as one almost too glad to be—  
Of the Immortals' blessedness aware.

Bethlehem's foreglow, Calvary's afterglow,  
And April's Easter sun (whose tilted rim  
Trips to the music of the Seraphim)  
Are in the looks and smiles he brings with him.

Behold a freedman, free to come and go  
'Twixt earth and Heaven—he loves his brethren so.

His still small voice, with such enchantments rife,  
It charms the pride-puffed adder of our strife  
Be sure the Resurrection and the Life  
Are his by faith. Peace, as his proof, he'll show—  
The peace that world knows, and this does not know.

—Arthur Shearly Cripps, 1934.

## TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

THE LIFELESS BODY of our beloved friend Charles Andrews is at this hour being laid to rest in the all-devouring earth. We try to steel ourselves to endurance in this day of sorrow by the thought that death is not the final destiny of life, but we find as yet no consolation. Day after day, in the countless familiarities of sight and speech, love the nectar of the gods, has filled our cup of life to the brim. Our minds, imprisoned in the material, have grown accustomed to depend on the bodily senses as their channels of communication with each other. When these channels are suddenly blocked by death, the separation is felt as an intolerable grief. We have known Andrews for long years and in a rich variety of ways. Now we must accept our fate—never again will that dear human comradeship be possible. Yet our hearts grope yearningly for some assurance of hope and comfort in our loss.

When we are separated from a man with whom our relationship touched only the necessary business of life, nothing remains behind. We accept the ending of that relationship as final. The gains and losses of material and secular chance are subject to the power of death. But the relationship of love, infinite, mysterious, is not subject to the limitations of such material intercourse, nor cabined and confined in the life of the body. Such a rare companionship of soul existed between Andrews and me. Coming unsought, it was a gift of God beyond all price. No lesser explanation on the human plane will suffice to account for it. One day, as if from nowhere, from one who was till then a complete stranger to me, there was poured out upon me this generous gift of friendship. It rose like a river from the clear spring of this Christian *sadhu's* devotion to God. In it there was no taint of selfishness, no stain of ambition, only a single-minded offering of the spirit to its Lord. The question in the *Kena Upanishad* came into my mind unbidden: 'By whose grace was this soul sent to me, in what secret is rooted its life?'

Rooted it was, I know, in a deeply sincere and all-embracing love of God. I should therefore like to tell you of the beginning of this friendship. At that time I was in London, and was invited to a meeting of English men of letters at the house of the artist Rothenstein. The poet Yeats was giving a recitation of some poems from the English translation of my *Gitanjali*, and Andrews was present in the audience. After the reading was over, I was returning to the house where I was staying, which was close at hand. I crossed at a leisurely pace the open stretch of Hampstead Heath. The night was bathed in the loveliness of the moon. Andrews came and accompanied me. In the silence of the night his mind was filled with the thoughts of *Gitanjali*. He was led on, through his love of God, into a stirring of love towards me. Little did I dream that day of the friendship in which the streams of his life and mine were destined to be mingled to the end, in such deep intimacy, in such a fellowship of service.

He began to share in the work of Santiniketan. At that time this poor place of study was very ordinary indeed in outward appearance, and its reputation was very small. Yet, its external poverty notwithstanding, he had faith in the spiritual purpose to which it was dedicated, he made it a part of the spiritual endeavour of his own life. What was not visible to the eye he saw by the insight of love. With his love for me he mingled a wholehearted affection for Santiniketan. Thus indeed is characteristic of true strength of character, that it does not rest content with a mere outburst of emotion, but finds its own fulfilment in superhuman sacrifice for its ends. Andrews never amassed any wealth; his was a spirit free from the lust of possession. Yet many were the times (how many, we can never know) when coming to know of something the ashram lacked, he found from some source sufficient for our need. Over and over again he begged from others. Sometimes he begged in vain, yet in that begging he did not hesitate to humiliate that 'self-respect' which is the world's ideal. And this, I think, was what attracted him with special force—that even through a weary time of poverty Santiniketan strove faithfully for the realization of its inner vision.



So far I have spoken of the affection of Andrews towards myself, but the most unusual thing about him was his devoted love of India. The people of our country have accepted his love; but have they realized fully the cost of it to him? He was an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge University. Family associations were centered there. The India which became the object of his life-long devotion was far removed in manners and customs from his own physical and intellectual traditions. In the realization and acceptance of this complete exile he showed the moral strength and purity of his love. He did not pay his respects to India from a distance, with detached and calculating prudence; he threw in his lot without reserve, in gracious courtesy, with the ordinary folk of this land. The poor, the despised, those whose lives were spent in dirt and ugliness—it was these whose familiar life he shared, time and time again, naturally and without effort. We know that this manner of life made him very unpopular with many of the ruling class of this country, who believed that by it he was bringing the Government into contempt, and they became his bitter opponents; yet the scorn of men of his own race did not trouble his mind. Knowing that the God of his adoration was the friend of those whom society despises, he drew support and confidence from Him in prayer. He rejoiced in the victory of his Christian faith over all obstacles whenever by his agency any man, Indian or foreign, was freed from the bonds of scorn. In this connection it must also be said that he many times experienced unfriendliness and suspicion even from the people of our own land, and he bore this unmerited suffering undismayed as part of his religious service.

At the time when Andrews chose India as the field of his life-work, political excitement and activity were at their height here. In such circumstances it can easily be understood how exceedingly difficult it would be for an Englishman still to maintain quiet relationships of intimate friendship with the people of this country. But he remained at his post quite naturally, with no doubt or misgiving in his heart. That in this stern test he should have held unswervingly to his life-purpose is in itself a proof of his strength of soul.

I have thus had the privilege of knowing two aspects of the nature of my friend Andrews. One aspect was in his nearness to me, the very deep love with which he loved me. This genuine, unbounded love I believe to have been the highest blessing of my life. I was also a daily witness of the many expressions of his extraordinary love for India. I saw his endless kindness to the outcasts of this land. In sorrow or need they would call him, and he would hasten to their assistance, throwing all other work aside, regardless of his own convenience, ignoring his own ill-health. Because of this it was not possible to tie him down to any of our regularly organized work.

It would be a mistake to think that this generous love of his was confined within the narrow limits of India. His love for Indians was a part of that love for all humanity which he accepted as the Law of Christ. I remember seeing one illustration of this in his tenderness for the Kaffir aboriginals of South Africa, when the Indians there were endeavouring to keep the Kaffirs at a distance and treat them with contempt, and imitated the Europeans in demanding special privileges for themselves. Andrews could not tolerate this unjust spirit of aloofness, and therefore the Indians of South Africa once imagined him to be their enemy.

At the present time, when a suicidal madness of destruction seizes our race, and in uncontrolled arrogance a torrent of blood sweeps away the landmarks of civilized human society, the one hope of the world is in all-embracing universal charity. Through the very might of hostility arrayed against it there comes the embodiment of that inspiration. Relationships between us and the English are rendered difficult and complex by their attitude to the privileges of race and empire. An Englishman who in the magnanimity of his heart endeavours to approach us through this network of artificiality finds his way obstructed at every step. To keep an arrogant distance between themselves and us has become a chief element of their pride of race. The whole country has had to bear the intolerable weight of this indignity. Out of this English tradition Andrews brought to us his English manhood. He came to live with us in our joys and sorrows, our triumphs and misfortunes,

identifying himself with a defeated and humiliated people. His attitude was absolutely free from any suspicion of that self-satisfied patronage which condescends from its own eminence to help the poor. In this I realized his rare gift of spontaneous universal friendship

This finally is what I would say to you who live in the ashram, in solemn confidence, at the very moment when his lifeless body is being committed to the dust—his noblest gift to us, and not only to us but to all men, is a life which is transcendent over death itself, and dwells with us imperishably.

(English translation of Rabindranath Tagore's tribute to Andrews at Santiniketan, on the day of his death, April 5, 1940.)

## THE LEGACY OF C.F. ANDREWS

IN THE DEATH OF C.F. ANDREWS not only England, not only India, but humanity has lost a true son and servant. In my opinion Charlie Andrews was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen. And because he was a good son of England he became also a son of India. I have not known a better man or a better Christian. He was a true friend of the poor and down-trodden in all climes

Nobody probably knew Charlie Andrews as well as I did. When we met in South Africa we simply met as brothers and remained as such to the end. There was no distance between us. It was not a friendship between an Englishman and an Indian. It was an unbreakable bond between two seekers and servants. But I am not giving my reminiscences of Andrews, sacred as they are. I want Englishmen and Indians, while the memory of the death of this servant of England and India is still fresh, to give a thought to the legacy he has left for us both. There is no doubt about his love for England being equal to that of the tallest of Englishmen, nor can there be any doubt of his love for India being equal to that of the tallest of Indians. He said on his bed from which he was never to rise, 'Mohan, *swaraj* is coming'. Both Englishmen and Indians can make it come, if they will. Andrews was no stranger to the present rulers and most Englishmen whose opinion carries weight. He was known to every politically-minded Indian. At the present moment I do not wish to think of English misdeeds. They will be forgotten, but not one of the heroic deeds of Andrews will be forgotten so long as England and India live.

If we really love Andrews' memory we may not have hate in us for Englishmen, of whom Andrews was among the best and the noblest. It is possible, quite possible, for the best Englishmen and the best Indians to meet together and never to separate till they have evolved a formula acceptable to both. The legacy left by Andrews is worth the effort. That is the thought

that rules me while I contemplate the benign face of Andrews and what innumerable deeds of love he performed so that India may take her independent place among the nations of the earth.

(M.K. Gandhi in *Haryan*, 13-4-1940).

## ANDREWS AND INTERNATIONAL UNDER- STANDING: THE UNIVERSAL MAN

THE BRITISH have always had a very noble tradition of non-conformism; there have always arisen from amongst the British people individuals who were prepared to stand up for what they considered to be the truth. Andrews, like other Englishmen, had the courage and the grace to stand out against the imperialism and the exploitation in which the British Government at the time indulged. He was the conscience of his own country, to a certain extent of the whole world. He might be described as a universal man; he realized that truth could not be contained within any narrow walls. He came into contact with the Hindu tradition, the Muslim tradition, the Buddhist tradition, the Sikh tradition; and he took all the truth, and all the spiritual insight that they could offer into the urgency of his own heart. Thereby he not only made a great contribution to the freedom movement in India, but also made the Indian people realize that there were great spiritual truths within their own tradition which they had not been able to utilize fully. When he came to deal with the conflict between truth and untruth, between justice and injustice, he was firm as a rock. There is a very beautiful couplet of an Urdu poet which says: "If a man of faith is among his friends (which means everyone—Indian, European, Chinese, Japanese, Russian) he is soft as silk and velvet, but in the battle between good and evil, which is always going on, he is firm as a rock". That was C F. Andrews.

K G Sayidam.

## ANDREWS AND HIS UNIVERSAL OUTLOOK

AS I SEE C F. ANDREWS, I do not see him *primarily* as a man who gave his life to international understanding. His work involved that, certainly; he did work hard for a better understanding between Indians and British. But I should prefer to emphasize his universalism, which is something more than internationalism.

Let us begin by looking at his attitude to world affairs. After ten years of his 'second' (i e. Indian) life, came the Great War in 1914. He himself deals very candidly with his attitude at the time. He confesses that at first he felt a growing hatred for Germans, but soon began to feel that something was wrong. He had been living in Santiniketan, and the very different attitude of Rabindranath Tagore began to influence him. He had also worked with Gandhi in South Africa, and the wonderful *satyagraha* there had its effect on him. He began to ask himself what Jesus Christ would say to him about all this. "I saw", he wrote, "that I had betrayed Christ my Master when I allowed the war-fever to get possession of me. But it was not sufficient to take up a negative attitude towards military service, there was a positive duty to perform. I had to fight the good fight of faith on a wider battlefield."

The battle for the down-trodden took the whole of the rest of his life. It took him literally all over the world, to the Fiji Islands, to South and East Africa, to British Guiana, to Malaya, to many parts of India where Indian workers were being oppressed. It is not a story that one can summarise in a few sentences.

In the book *Christ and Labour* he gives a picture of man's inhumanity to man across the centuries. Yet, as Gandhiji said, if that were really the whole of human history, mankind would have died out long ago. All over the world, among wars and rumours of war, the ordinary humble simple people have tilled the fields and kept humanity alive, and the spirit of good alive in the hearts of men. Andrews spent the whole of his life reminding the 'big' men of the world, the rulers, the educated, of what is really going on all round us.

There may have been those who thought that Andrews was a sentimentalist who got stirred up by emotion when he saw evil and exaggerated it very much. Though he condemns the selfish greed of western imperialisms in scathing terms, he goes on to say: "I have no belief that countries outside Europe are free from the predatory passions in man's nature. Europe did not bring to Africa and the East for the first time these evil ways". He was always very careful of his facts. When he undertook an inquiry, he insisted on two kinds of facts. He went and lived among the people who were being exploited, to see through their eyes at grass-roots level; but he also studied Government reports and statistics. I first came to India to study opium. I came because of C.F. Andrews and I depended very much on his advice. Due to him, the first thing I did was to spend a week reading all the Excise Reports from every part of India. Then I was free to go round and listen to the people, all kinds of people. "You know", Andrews said to me in a train one day, "we are dealing with a Government, always prepared to bring out lots of facts. We have to be sure we offer better facts."

The battles which Andrews fought throughout his life may be different from those which still await us, but perhaps we can contrive to get something from his spirit. He rejected the weapons of the ordinary world. He rejected the use of guns and bayonets; he had to take up some other weapon instead. What were the weapons he took up? Simply, I suppose one must say, the weapon of love and truth. Gandhi used to call it a magical weapon for those who know how to use it. The trouble is that most of us do not know. No doubt lifelong training is needed, as Andrews himself says; he learned from his Master that love must go deeper and deeper, devotion to truth deeper and deeper.

Let us not think we can achieve miraculous results by short cuts. There is, I believe, no other way to the real Kingdom of God. Let us in all humility try to make what we can of this mighty weapon of God's truth and God's love



## C. F. ANDREWS : A CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD

1871	Feb. 12	Birth at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.
1881 (?)—1891		Student at King Edward VI Grammar School, Birmingham
1890—1895		Student at Pembroke College, Cambridge
1895—6		Lay-worker at St Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, Durham Wrote his first book as a Cambridge Prize Essay
1896—1899		Worker at the Pembroke College Mission, Walworth, London
1899	November	Elected a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge
1900—1904		Cambridge Teacher of theology and history of religion
1904	March 20	Landed in India at Bombay
1904—1913		Lecturer at St. Stephen's College, Delhi Began writing on Indian subjects
1905	Apr -Oct	Visit to England, first public condemnations of race and colour prejudice
1906	December	Attended Indian National Congress for the first time.
1912	May-Oct	Visit to England. Meeting with Rabindranath Tagore.
1913—4	Dec -Feb	Visit to South Africa Meeting with M K Gandhi.
1914	April	Joined Santiniketan as a teacher.
1915	Oct.-Dec.	First visit to Fiji to investigate Indentured Labour.
1916		Visit to Japan with Tagore, and to Borobudur
1917		Second visit to Fiji, visit to Australia and New Zealand.
1918		First investigation of industrial conditions in India.
1919		Investigation and mediation in Punjab Visit to East Africa.
1920		Involvement in Non-Co-operation Movement, especially with students.
1921		Mediation in railway and other strikes, second visit to East Africa; controversy on burning foreign cloth.
1922		Visit to Kerala in connection with Moplah rising and service of untouchables, service of flood victims etc.
1923	Apr.-June	In England with Srinivasa Sastri on behalf of Kenya Indians
	November	In England for health. Met Albrecht Schweitzer.
1924		Return to India after Gandhi's operation; edited <i>Young India</i> Visit to S E Asia, anti-opium campaign.
1925		Death of Sushil Rudra. Work for flood victims, Orissa.

## A CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD

1925—27		Two long visits to South Africa; return to India Aug 1927.
1928	June	Return to England Undertook to interpret India to the west; wrote <i>Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas</i> .
1929		Visits to U.S.A., Canada, and British Guiana. Began writing <i>What I Owe to Christ</i>
1930		England. Publicity in connection with the Round Table Conference on India Visit to U.S.A. with Tagore.
1931		Brief visits to South Africa. In England for Gandhi's visit to the Round Table Conference.
1932		Visit to India after Gandhi's arrest to assess the situation; return to England to interpret it.
1933		Intensive interpretation work in England, especially concerning Gandhi's fasts and untouchability
1934		Further visit to South Africa, Rhodesia (meeting the poet Arthur Shearly Cripps), and Zanzibar.
1934-35		In England, interpreting the Indian view-point on the Government of India Bill 1935
1935		Visits to West Africa and to India. (Quetta earthquake, police bombing on N.W. Frontier, invasion of Abyssinia).
1936		Visit to Fiji, New Zealand and Australia, short visit to India.
1937		England, lecturing and writing Return to India. Serious illness.
1938-39		Speaking and writing in many parts of India.
1940	April 5	Death in Calcutta.

## BOOKS BY C F. ANDREWS

1.	1896	<i>The Relation of Christianity to the Conflict Between Capital and Labour</i>	Methuen
2	1908	<i>North India</i>	Mowbray
3	1912	<i>The Renaissance in India</i>	U C M E
4	1916	<i>The Motherland (Poems)</i>	Allahabad
5	1922	<i>Christ and Labour</i>	S Ganesan (Madras)
	1923	" "	S C M
4-	1916	<i>The Motherland (Poems)</i>	Allahabad
6	1926	<i>The Opium Evil in India</i>	S C M.
7	1929	<i>Zaka Ullah of Delhi</i>	Heffer
8	1930	<i>India and the Simon Report</i>	Allen and Unwin
9	1932	<i>What I Owe to Christ</i>	Hodder and Stoughton

10.	1933	<i>Christ in the Silence</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
11	1934	<i>Sadhu Sunder Singh</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
12.	1934	<i>The Indian Earthquake</i>	Allen and Unwin
13	1935	<i>India and Britain—A Moral Challenge</i>	S C M.
14.	1935	<i>John White of Mashonaland</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
15.	1937	<i>The Challenge of the North-West Frontier</i>	Allen and Unwin
16.	1937	<i>India and the Pacific</i>	Allen and Unwin
17.	1937	<i>Christ and Prayer</i>	S.C.M.
18	1937	<i>Christ and Human Need</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
19.	1939	<i>The True India</i>	Allen and Unwin
20	1939	<i>The Inner Life</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
21	1940	<i>Sandhya Meditations</i>	G A. Natesan
22.	1940	<i>The Good Shepherd</i>	Hodder and Stoughton
23	1942	<i>The Sermon on the Mount</i>	Allen and Unwin
24.	1938	<i>The Rise and Growth of the Congress</i> (with Girija Mukherjee)	Allen and Unwin
25	1937	<i>Religion in Transition</i> (C F. Andrews and others)	Allen and Unwin

#### BOOKS EDITED BY C F ANDREWS :

1.	1904	<i>The Presence of God</i>	by C H. Prior
2.	1928	<i>Letters to a Friend</i>	by Rabindranath Tagore
3.	1928	<i>Thoughts from Tagore</i>	by Rabindranath Tagore
4.	1929	<i>Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas</i>	by M K Gandhi
5.	1930	<i>Mahatma Gandhi—His Own Story</i>	by M.K. Gandhi
6.	1931	<i>Mahatma Gandhi at Work</i>	by M.K. Gandhi

#### PAMPHLETS AND COLLECTIONS OF SPEECHES AND ARTICLES .

(Note: Except for Numbers 1, 9 and 10 these compilations were not made by Andrews himself. They are in most cases undated, some of the publishers concerned have gone out of business, but the nature of the subject matter dates them unmistakably to 1921-1923, when they met a popular demand )

1.	1920	<i>Indians in East Africa</i>	Privately printed (Nairobi)
2.		<i>Non-Co-operation</i>	Tagore and Co (Madras)
3.		<i>The Meaning of Non-Co-operation</i>	Tagore and Co. (Madras)
4.		<i>To the Students</i>	S Ganesan (Madras)
5		<i>Independence, the Immediate Need</i>	S Ganesan (Madras)
6.		<i>A Case for India's Independence</i>	S Ganesan (Madras)
7.		<i>The Oppression of the Poor</i>	S Ganesan (Madras)
8.		<i>The Indian Problem</i>	G. Natesan (Madras)
-9.	1923	<i>Visva-Bharati</i>	G. Natesan (Madras)
10.	1934	<i>The Zanzibar Crisis</i>	Kitabistan (Allahabad)

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